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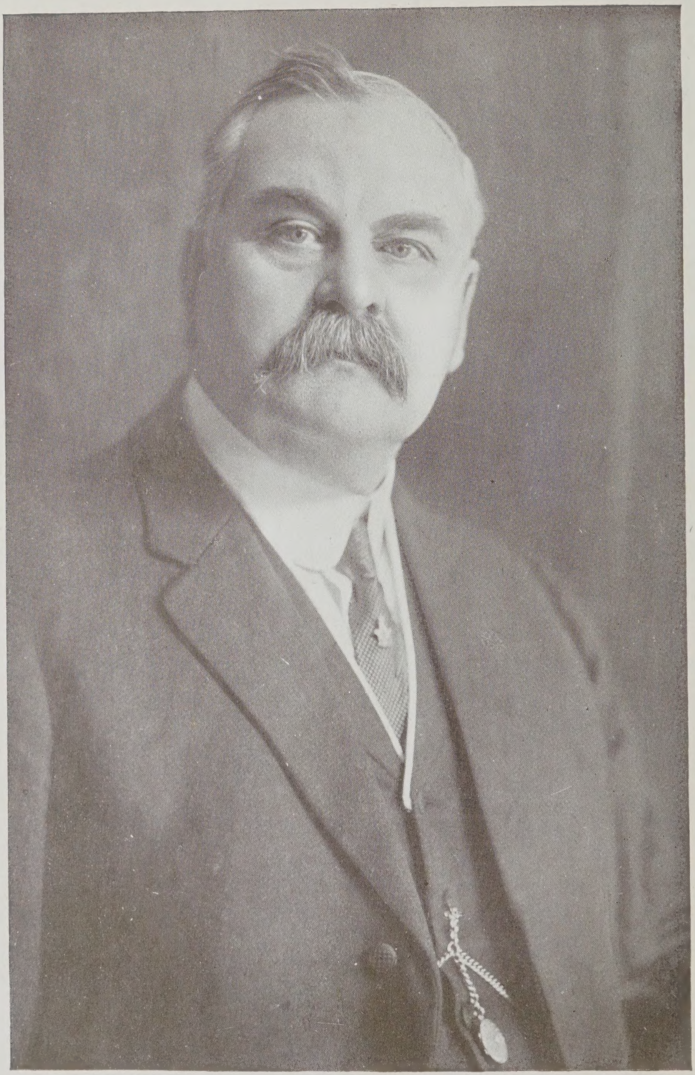
EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA



ROBERT J. STUART, Esq., President 1914-1915

EMPIRE CLUB of CANADA

ADDRESSES DELIVERED TO THE MEMBERS
DURING THE SESSION 1914-1915

EDITED BY ALFRED HALL
SENIOR CHAPLAIN

GOD

SAVE THE

CANADA AND A UNITED EMPIRE

KING

TWELFTH YEAR OF ISSUE
PUBLISHED AT LONDON AND TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS LIMITED

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THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

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CONSTITUTION

Organisation of Clubs and Branches

Art. 1.—(1) The organisation shall be called THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA.

(2) Branches of the Club may be established with the authority of the Executive Committee, and subject to such conditions and regulations as may from time to time be decided upon by the Club in Toronto.

Classes of Members

Art. 2.—The membership of the Club shall be open to any man of the full age of eighteen years who is a British subject, and shall consist of active members, life members, and honorary members.

Active Members

Art. 3.—(1) Candidates for active membership shall be proposed and seconded by two members of the Club in good standing, and shall be elected by a two-thirds majority of those present at any meeting of the Executive Committee.

(2) Active members shall pay an annual fee of $2.00. This sum shall include a free copy to each member of the annual volume of addresses. No member in arrears for fees or dues shall be considered to be in good standing, or shall be eligible for office, or have the right to attend at any meeting of the Club.

Life Members

Art. 4.—(1) Life members not exceeding ten in any one year, may be elected from time to time at any open meeting of the Club, upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee. Provided, however, that Ministers of the Federal Parliament and Premiers of the different Provinces of the Dominion of Canada may be eligible for election as life members at any time, even though their election may cause the number of life members to exceed ten in any one year.

(2) Life members shall pay a fee of $25 in one sum.

Honorary Members

Art. 5.—(1) Honorary members may be elected, upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee, at any general meeting of the Club.

(2) Honorary members shall be exempt from the payment of fees, but shall not have the privilege of voting or holding office.

Officers to be Elected

Art. 6.—(1) The officers of the Club shall consist of an Honorary President, a President, First, Second, Third Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Secretary, or a Secretary-Treasurer, and twelve other members, all of whom shall be elected by ballot. These members, together with the officers before mentioned, shall constitute the Executive Committee. Past Presidents of the Club shall be *ex-officio* members of the Executive Committee.

Election of Officers

(2) The election of officers of the Club shall take place at a general meeting of the members to be held in the month of May in each year at a date to be decided upon by the Executive Committee, and this meeting shall be deemed to be the Annual Meeting. A Committee to nominate the officers for the new year shall be appointed at the meeting next preceding such annual meeting, and such Committee shall report to the Annual Meeting.

(3) Two auditors shall also be elected at each annual meeting.

Filling of Vacancies Among Officers

Art. 7.—In the event of any office becoming vacant by death, resignation, or otherwise, the vacancy thus caused shall be filled by the Executive Committee, and the person so chosen shall hold office until the next annual meeting.

Duties of Officers

Art. 8.—The duties of the officers shall be those customary to such positions in similar organisations.

Holding of Meetings

Art. 9.—(1) The Club shall hold general meetings weekly from October to May, both inclusive, in each twelve months with such intermissions as from time to time may be decided upon.

(2) At the Annual Meeting a report of the year's proceedings and work shall be submitted by the President, and this report shall be accompanied by a report of the Treasurer, duly audited.

Notice of Meetings

Art. 10.—Written notices shall be given to the members of the Club of all meetings. Such notices shall be sufficient if addressed to the members, and deposited post paid in the Post Office at Toronto.

Quorum at Meetings

Art. 11.—Fifteen members in good standing shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Club, general, annual, or special, and the presiding officer shall have a casting vote. Six members shall form a quorum of the Executive Committee.

Limitation of Business at General Meetings

Art. 12.—No business other than the hearing of the address and notice of motions shall be introduced at any general meeting of the Club, unless it has been submitted to the Executive Committee and received its approval.

Calling of Special Meetings

Art. 13.—Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be called by the President, or on a requisition signed by three of its members. Special meetings of the Club may be called by the President, and shall be called by him on a requisition signed by twelve members, and stating the object of the meeting. This object shall be stated in the notice calling the special meeting.

Amendments to Constitution

Art. 14.—This Constitution may be amended at the Annual Meeting, or at a special meeting called for that purpose, subject to a two-thirds majority vote of the members present.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT

GOVERNING THE AFFILIATION OF

THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE

AND

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

1. That the Royal Colonial Institute and the Empire Club of Canada be affiliated with a view to mutually promoting the object for which both were founded, namely, the Unity of the Empire.

2. That members of the Empire Club of Canada introduced by the Secretary of the Club on reporting their arrival in England to the Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute be made Honorary Fellows for one month.

3. That residents in the Dominion of Canada may become both non-resident Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute and Members of the Empire Club of Canada on being duly proposed and seconded, and on payment of an Entrance Fee of One Guinea and an Annual Subscription of One Guinea, for which they will receive the Journal of the Institute, *United Empire,* free of charge, and have the use of the Institute Building when in London as a Standing Address. This subscription will cover membership of both the Club and the Institute, and shall be allotted to the Institute and the Club in the proportion of three dollars and fifty cents to the former, and one dollar and fifty cents to the latter.

4. That all publications of the Empire Club of Canada shall be transmitted to the Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute as soon as published, and each Member of the Institute, so desiring, shall be entitled to a copy of the annual volume of the Empire Club Proceedings and Addresses for the sum of seventy-five cents, or three shillings.

5. That the Monthly Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, *United Empire,* shall be supplied to the Members of the Empire Club of Canada who are *not* Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute at an Annual Subscription of One Dollar, including postage, the ordinary subscription being one shilling per copy or twelve shillings a year exclusive of postage.

Received and adopted by the Empire Club of Canada, October 17, 1911.

FOREWORD

By Sir JOHN S. WILLISON, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

The Empire Club of Canada, at Toronto, rendered a conspicuous service to the whole Dominion by the arrangements made for the session which opened soon after the outbreak of war.

These addresses give a wide survey of Canadian conditions, and express many phases of Canadian opinion. It is significant of the relation of Canada to the Empire that men so widely separated in political thought, and representing so many pursuits and interests, could appear so naturally before an imperial organisation. Among the speakers were the Prime Minister of Canada and the leader of the Liberal party in Ontario; Rev. Dr. Herridge, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and Dr. McCrimmon, Chancellor of McMaster (Baptist) University; Sir George Foster, who although he now lives in Ontario, had an early, long, and honourable political connection with the Eastern Provinces; Hon. Arthur Meighen, a virile spokesman for the Western Prairies; and Hon. C. J. Doherty, who represents a Quebec constituency in the House of Commons, and belongs to the religious minority.

The address of Mr. Doherty asserts in unequivocal language the right of Canadians to equal citizenship within the Empire, and foreshadows an Imperial federation. In this he only expresses opinions which have been proclaimed alike in Canada and in Great Britain by the Prime Minister. Both doubtless express the settled if not wholly articulate feeling of the Dominion. In all these addresses there is a common assertion of devotion to the common Empire and zeal for free institutions. There is as strong an assertion of the duty of Canada to sacrifice to the utmost in order to maintain the integrity and authority of the Empire, and to ensure that British ideals of freedom and justice shall flourish in enduring vigour over all the great spaces of earth which acknowledge the King's sovereignty.

INAUGURAL DEMONSTRATION

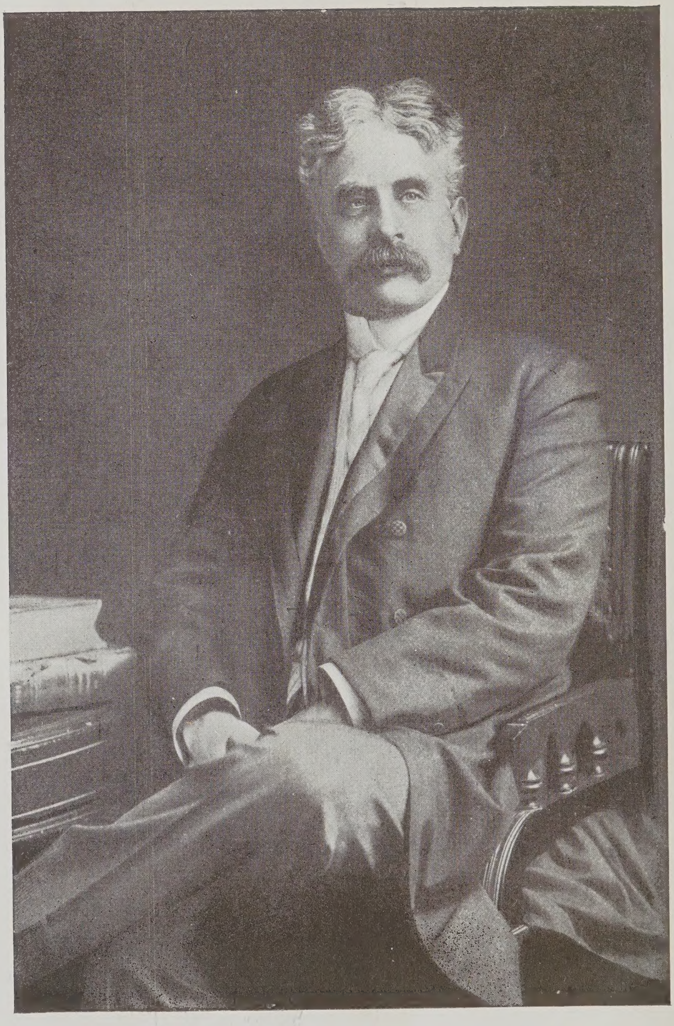
THE outbreak of the Great European War, in the Autumn of 1914, profoundly influenced the Winter Session of the Empire Club, as will be seen in the brilliant series of Patriotic Addresses which follow. Nothing could be the same as in quieter times. In furtherance of that noble philanthropy, the Red Cross work, to which the Empire Club made the initial contribution in the Dominion, the Executive arranged for a popular Patriotic Demonstration. On Tuesday evening, November 3, a great and representative concourse of citizens assembled in the Massey Hall to hear a lecture by H. B. Ames, Esq., M.P. (now Sir Herbert Ames), of Montreal, on "The British Navy," illustrated by a magnificent series of lantern slides. The public imagination was touched, and a deepened sense of security under the aegis of the Imperial Fleet was imparted. The National Chorus, under the baton of Dr. Albert Ham, rendered a selection of national songs, which aroused the enthusiasm of the assembly to unexampled fervour. In addition to Mr. Ames' facile and illuminative treatment of his great theme, the other addresses were of the highest order.

Hon. W. H. Hearst, Prime Minister of Ontario; and Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux, a former Post-Master General of Canada, spoke eloquently on the Empire's cause; and Ven. Archdeacon Cody sounded forth a lofty challenge to duty.

Not only were the function and value of the Empire Club exhibited in this memorable celebration, but a great session was successfully inaugurated, and a further substantial sum was added to the Red Cross Fund.

EDITOR.

The Object of the Club is
the Advancement of the Interests of
Canada and a United Empire



THE RT. HON. SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, K.C., M.P.,
PRIME MINISTER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

CANADA AND THE GREAT WAR

AN ADDRESS BY RT. HON. SIR ROBERT L. BORDEN, PRIME MINISTER

Before the Canadian and Empire Clubs, at Toronto, on December 5, 1914

YOUR HONOUR, MR. MAYOR, AND GENTLEMEN,—I appreciate very much the opportunity afforded me to-day of speaking to the members of these two clubs. As the Mayor has fortunately observed, recent months have afforded the opportunity rather for work than for speech-making. It does seem very proper that the first public utterance that I have made since the outbreak of the war, except in the course of the parliamentary session, should be made in this city of Toronto; and I am very glad indeed to acknowledge here in the outset the great feeling of appreciation that is entertained, I am sure, by all the people of Canada for what has been done in Toronto and what will still be done, I am sure. When the Mayor spoke of the spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness which pervades all the people of this city, I feel that the like spirit prevails all through this country. I am perhaps a little at a loss for words to describe it—"Faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." I believe that the word " charity " is translated in the New Version as " love." But neither the word "charity " nor "love " expresses precisely the spirit which I feel pervades the people of Canada at the present time. It may be described as the desire to help, sympathy, co-operation, self-sacrifice, the spirit which pervades men and women alike—and God bless the women of Canada for all they have done in these days of trial and stress!

It is fitting I should speak to you of that which is uppermost in the hearts of men, the great trial and stress through which this Dominion is passing, in common with all the Dominions of the Empire at the present time. And I desire to emphasise in the first place my conviction, my supreme conviction, that the statesmen of Great Britain strove most earnestly to find an honourable way by which peace might be preserved and war avoided. And I believe no people more earnestly desired to avoid war than the people and nations that compose this vast Empire. Why is it that war has been forced upon it? The public journals to-day, the information you have got from many sources, make it unnecessary that I should say much about this. But I do desire to say this: it seems to me this war was inevitable. The policy of the German Empire under Prussian domination is foreshadowed in the words which found expression by the great Prussian statesman Bismarck in 1862, "These great questions are not to be settled by speeches and majority votes, but by blood and iron." This policy of blood and iron seemed about to consummate the realisation of that which had been the dream of the German people for centuries; the German Empire was constituted, the King of Prussia became its Emperor; then followed in quick succession the attack on Denmark in 1864, the overthrow of Austria in 1866, and the downfall of France in 1870. From that time until the present, the policy—I will not say of the German Empire, in one respect, but of the oligarchy which dominated it—has been to make Germany all-powerful on land and sea. And you will realise, gentlemen, what it would mean if the dominance of the German Empire upon the ocean were at all comparable to that which it has attained upon land. Make no mistake, gentlemen, you are face to face with the most highly-trained, most powerful military organisation the world has ever known, and you are at least impressed with the strength of that organisation which our men are going forth to fight. So, I say, we have to realise this great task we are undertaking, to realise as the world realises to-day, that the cause for which we are fighting is just, that it is the cause of democracy against a militarism which, if it does not meet its downfall in the next year or eighteen months, will dominate the world, and throw back the work of civilisation for the next hundred years at least.

I don't know if you are all familiar, as those who are obliged to study the matter are, with the astonishing teaching to which the German people have listened for the last fifty years. Men who have exercised unbounded influence upon the thought of the young men of Germany are the great historian Treitschke and his disciple Bernhardi. Let me read to you a little of the characteristic teaching which has gone forth through the universities, and has been preached by the War League and the Navy League and every organisation that studies to influence the German people:—

"War," says Bernhardi, "is in itself a good thing. It is a biological necessity of the first importance. . . . War is the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power; efforts to secure peace are extraordinarily detrimental as soon as they influence politics. . . . Efforts directed toward the abolition of war are not only foolish but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatised as unworthy of the human race. . . . Courts of arbitration are a pernicious delusion. The whole idea represents a presumptuous encroachment on natural laws of development which can only lead to the most disastrous consequences for humanity generally. . . ." It is almost impossible to believe that such teachings as these have gone abroad from institutions that are supposed to represent the highest culture and embody the most advanced phases of our modern civilisation! Further—"The maintenance of peace can never be, or may be, the goal of a policy. . . . Efforts for peace would, if they attained their goal, lead to degeneration. . . . Huge armaments are in themselves desirable. They are the most necessary precondition of our national health."

Now the influence of this teaching upon the German people has been very manifest in the almost unanimous support which they have given to vast increases in the military forces of Germany, and particularly to the vast increases in the naval forces of Germany. You realise and know, as I do, that the German fleet law passed in 1900, although it did not expressly name the navy of England as the force with which it must try conclusions, described it in most unmistakable terms. From that time to the present, and expressly in the last ten years, Germany has deliberately challenged the naval power of Great Britain; and notwithstanding the most persistent efforts of Great Britain to call a halt and bring about a condition in which the vast sum necessary to support this enormous outlay should not be imposed upon the people. I do not need to do more than refer to the ultimatum presented by the Austrian government to Servia, to which it was necessary to send a reply before the expiration of forty-eight hours—the most extraordinary thing in all the records of history. And although Servia answered with an abject submission, except on one point, that answer was rejected almost immediately. That was done as Germany intended, as shown in the White Paper just presented, with her consent, as you shall find. I say again that the efforts of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and the British government, can only be characterised as the most earnest possible, to find a way, any honourable way, in the conditions which presented themselves, except to take arms, because in 1839 and 1870 Great Britain had pledged herself to defend Belgian territory. In 1870 she signed two treaties, by which she was bound to attack Germany or France if they attacked Belgium. She put the same before France, and she put the same question to Germany. The answer was the same as to that put in 1870—the invasion of Belgian territory. I say, under the circumstances, Great Britain could have taken no other course! All doubt was swept aside, not only in the mind of the government, but in that of all the people, when Germany undertook to invade the soil of Belgium, which we had undertaken by treaty to protect.

Now, the German ideal of government is absolutely different from our own. The unquestioned obedience of the German people in the past thirty years to constituted authority, is one of the most marked phenomena in its national life. They believe the individual exists for the state. They look with scorn, even with contempt, upon an ideal of government constituted by responsible ministers, and which must obey the voice of the people. They believe their ideal of the principles of government is the true one; and some sincerely believe it would be for the advantage of the world as well as of Germany that these ideals should be imposed upon the world. They say, in so many words, as one of their historians puts it: "As the dominance of Prussia over the institutions and peoples of the German people has in the end wrought the greatest good to the German nation, so the dominance of Germans with German forms of government upon the whole world would bring about the greatest ideal of good for the whole world," and therefore justify as they do the dominance of Germans throughout the world to effect that, if necessary by the use of armed force. We will not say the statesmen, but writers, who studied the situation and spoke with great authority, said that war with Great Britain was inevitable. Great Britain occupies a marked place in the civilisation of the world. The British Empire extends over every sea, upon every continent; and we believe, we think we have good reason to believe, it has been a great force in the interests of civilisation, liberty, and humanity. We believe that the British idea of building up dominions throughout the world is the true idea, that is, the building up of dominions to whom is entrusted self-government, not of grace but as of right. Our dominions are built up almost altogether by their individual citizens, not by state undertaking. In Germany the state is ruled, not by the will and consent of the people, but by the influence of a military oligarchy.

The storm prophesied broke in Germany at last with startling suddenness. No one could predict the particular occasion which would be seized; but no one who was a close student of German ideals and ambitions could doubt that as Denmark had her lesson in 1864, Austria in 1866, and France in 1870, there was a very strong and pronounced feeling, in German military and naval circles at least, and I believe it pervaded the people to a great extent, that "The Day," to which the military representatives are said to have drunk, was at hand, and that as Great Britain occupied the place in the sun to which Germany aspired, it must be won by their formula, and that which was attained through centuries of national striving and development could be won by a few days or a few months by German military power.

What did we do, and what was our duty? I came back to Ottawa on the 1st of August, three days before the war broke out. I had the honour of sending a telegram, at first secret, since made public, telling Great Britain we would co-operate in every endeavour for maintaining the peace of the Empire and of the world, but that if war did unfortunately come, the Dominion of Canada stood with Great Britain and all the Dominions of the Empire, to see that the war should be forced to an honourable and victorious conclusion. And as I said to the officers and men this morning, I am glad to have lived to see the day when the public spirit, the national spirit of Canada, has manifested itself as it has manifested itself in the past four months, and will continue to manifest itself until the issue to which I alluded shall be brought about.

We offered them an expeditionary force on the 1st of August. We were told two or three days after to await results. Yet we thought it best to go ahead with it along the lines of the proposal suggested. We took steps at once for the raising and equipment of troops for such a force as was authorised. On the 7th of August, the suggested composition of the force was received from the British authorities, and was immediately sanctioned by Order in Council. Recruiting in the meantime had already commenced, and within, I think, two or three weeks 35,000 men had been enlisted and gathered at Valcartier Camp, and within six weeks from the outbreak of war those men were ready to be transported across the Atlantic, fully armed and equipped for the war.

I want to tell you, if you will permit me, something that will help you to realise the stress of those days. I want to tell you what was done in connection with the preparation of the camp at Valcartier and the equipping of this force. I want you to bear in mind here that Great Britain is not a military country, is not organised on a vast military scale as Germany and other countries, where, when the signal is given, men thoroughly trained can get their munitions and equipment; field guns, stores, and commissariat, and everything necessary for war is gathered together on a great scale. Neither here nor in Great Britain is there preparation on a great scale. Therefore it was particularly creditable to the people—I am not saying to the government—that we were able, by the organising ability fortunately found in this country, to do what has been done in that regard.

I went to Valcartier Camp four weeks after the day the sod was broken for it. The site consisted of a number of little farms, with farm-houses scattered over them. It had been taken for military purposes some time before, but nothing had been done by way of preparing it for use. I want to tell you what was accomplished by the time I saw it. A rifle range comprising a line of 1500 targets, and extending more than three and a half miles, was completed within about ten days. A complete water supply, with necessary piping, pumps, tanks, and chlorinating plant, with about 200 taps fitted to ablution tables and 75 shower baths, was constructed. An electric light, power, and telephone system was installed. Streets were constructed, buildings and tents erected, and an effective sewerage system, comprising over 28,000 feet of drain pipe, was completed. Railway sidings with necessary loading platforms were constructed. Woods were cleared and elaborate sanitary arrangements prepared. Six large buildings for ordnance stores and for the Army Service Corps, buildings for medical stores, for pay and transport offices, hospital stables for sick horses, fumigating and other buildings were constructed and made ready for use within the same period. Thirty-five thousand men were assembled and put through a most systematic course of training in all branches of the service. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineering, Army Service Corps, Army Medical Corps, signalling and ammunition columns were organised, and all were trained in their respective duties. Sixteen thousand men were trained daily in musketry. The clothing and equipment, the transport and supply for 35,000 men were a heavy undertaking, especially in the urgency of haste.

It is difficult for those who did not see the camp, and who have not studied all that has been accomplished, to realise the tremendous demands made upon the organising ability of the Canadian people to accomplish all this. I venture the assertion that the organisation and arrangements of Valcartier Camp have not been excelled in any part of our Empire since the commencement of the war.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail all the equipment, arms, accoutrements, and other necessaries furnished. To equip the force sent forward and to make some provision for future contingents, 290,000 pairs of boots and shoes have been provided, 100,000 forage caps, 90,000 greatcoats, 240,000 jackets and sweaters of various types, 235,000 pairs of trousers, 70,000 rifles, 70,000 bayonets, 80,000 oil bottles, 70,000 water bottles, 95,000 sets of valise equipment, and so on in like proportion over a list of 66 different articles. With the first expeditionary force we sent to Great Britain 21 thirteen-pounder quick-firing guns, 96 eighteen-pounder quick-firing guns, 10 breech-loading sixty-pounder guns, a large number of machine guns, motor lorries, transport wagons, and vast quantities of ammunition. The force was ready for embarkation within six weeks from the outbreak of war, and could have been then despatched if arrangements for escort had been immediately possible.

You perhaps do not realise how great an undertaking it was for a non-military country to assemble, organise, train, equip, and despatch so large a force within that brief period. I am claiming this simply as a credit to the people of Canada, because without the organising ability of the people and the earnest co-operation of the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I readily admit it would not have been possible to accomplish this. Just for purpose of comparison, it is, I believe, the largest military force that ever crossed the Atlantic at one time, 50 per cent. larger than the total number of British troops under Wellington's command at Waterloo, and about twice as large as the force the Spanish expected to land with the great Armada. Of course, it is a small force compared with the enormous forces that are now engaged in the battlefields of Europe. Let me say in passing, that having seen the arrangements which have been made in Toronto for the training of men and sending them to the front, I am delighted with all that has been done, and I take this opportunity publicly to congratulate General Lessard and his staff and all who have helped him for the splendid work done in that regard. I took the opportunity to say this morning, and you will permit me to repeat it here, that the men who are making themselves ready for the stern work which they may be called upon to do later on are serving their country and serving the Empire just as truly as if they were at the front to-day.

Earnest men, with whose ideals I most deeply sympathise, from all over Canada have been asking me, "Why did not we send immediately 100,000 men across the Atlantic, why not send 150,000 or 200,000 men?" Do you realise what it would mean to send men untrained to fight against the most highly-trained troops in the world? I would not be responsible for it if all the people in Canada told me to do it!

I have spoken to you of what we have done. Let me say a word or two with regard to what we propose to do. Since the first contingent sailed, we immediately announced that another would follow. In the multitudinous affairs of the most urgent importance that continually crowd upon those at the War Office, we did not receive an answer as soon as we had hoped. I gave the matter some consideration, and I discussed it very carefully indeed with the Chief of the General Staff and other officers who were proper to be consulted, and with my colleagues, and I arrived at the conclusion that the proper course for us in Canada to adopt was that which has already been made public, but which I may be permitted to repeat. I asked the Chief of the General Staff how many men could be efficiently trained in Canada at one time. He told me that, with regard to climatic conditions, 30,000 was as many as could be trained at one time. We determined forthwith that 30,000 should immediately be put in training, and as soon as 15,000 or 20,000 should be required by the War Office—because all this is subject to their ability to receive the men—as soon as they could be properly convoyed, and the War Office could provide training quarters for them, we would send them, and immediately enlist more, so that the number of men should be kept up to 30,000; and with that idea, until the termination of this war, or until the War Office tells us that men are no longer required, we would keep men continuously in training in that way. Later on, after consultation with the Chief of the General Staff, we found there were such splendid accommodations in various parts of Canada—and particularly the facilities at Toronto are not equalled anywhere in the world, I think—we increased that number to 50,000 men. The General Staff at Ottawa is engaged on that work at the present time, and I rejoice, and you rejoice, at the way in which the young men of Canada are coming forward. Their spirit is perfectly marvellous. The military authorities, the Chief of the General Staff, and all the officers, have this difficult work before them: they must provide training, clothing, accommodation, and equipment, as fast as the men come forward. I am sure that condition will continue until it is no more needful for us to send men to the front.

In the press in various quarters, this number of 100,000 has been suggested. No one knows what the issues of this war may be. No one knows what the requirements may be. I am not prepared to name any figure. But if two or three times 100,000 men are necessary, I think there is no doubt but that Canada will respond to the call. And we are prepared to make that call in the full assurance that it will be answered.

I was reading not long ago General Bernhardi's book in a translation which appeared in 1913. Speaking of the Dominions of the British Empire he said: " So far as we in Europe or in the European theatre are concerned, the self-governing Dominions of that Empire may be dismissed as a negligible quantity." I want to make this prophecy, that if this war continues as long as we have reason to anticipate at the present moment, the military authorities of Germany will find within that European theatre not less than 250,000 or 300,000 of the best troops in the world from those same negligible Dominions!

I have spoken of the training of the men. I am afraid—(cries of "Go on!").

The Mayor: " We've got all afternoon!"

Sir Robert, continuing: I am afraid the Mayor is impressed with the idea that I intend to make a House of Commons speech. I have spoken of the training of the men. You know, as I said to the officers this morning, you might as well send a dozen or fifteen men from the street into a professional football club or lacrosse or hockey club and expect them to succeed, as to send untrained soldiers against highly-organised troops. We must train these men here and in Great Britain; they must be hardened, and brought into such physical condition that they can undergo the hardships of actual service under the conditions which must be present there without breaking down. And understand, that if this training of the men is important, the training of the officers is still more essential, because they are responsible in a certain sense for the lives of the men whom they lead. And the training of the officers is a much more complicated matter than the training of the men. And I say this with the most sincere admiration and appreciation of the splendid spirit with which the officers of the active militia of Canada have undertaken to learn their duties and fit themselves for the work which is before them now. I am speaking in no critical spirit at all, but simply endeavouring to impress upon you, in the first place, that the training of the men is all-important, and in the next place, that the training of the officers is all-essential; and what has gone on at Valcartier Camp, what is going on under such splendid organisation here, is absolutely necessary, and must be supplemented still further by training of the men after they reach the other side. I hope you understand and appreciate that.

Now I know that in the South African War men went perhaps without a great deal of training; but without professing to understand military affairs as many men here understand them, I think the conditions which have to be faced in this war are very different. I say that with all deference to the opinion of men who are better qualified to judge. With reference to the Civil War in the nation to the south of us, men on both sides learned by experience on the field how to fight and to perform their duties as soldiers. But it would be too costly to think of sending our men to learn their duties that way.

When any one suggests that Canada should send 150,000 or 200,000 men at once, let me say that those men, in my judgment, would not only be an incubus but a positive danger; whereas if trained and adequately prepared they will do their part well. I have every confidence in the spirit of courage and endurance of the citizen soldiers of Canada, and all they need is training and preparation to make them capable of acquitting themselves with credit not only to the Dominion but to the armies of the Empire as well.

This has been a great test of the national spirit, and Canada has emerged triumphant. The people have responded, contributions have flowed from all over Canada, great contributions from your city and others, to the Patriotic Funds. I am sure it is a splendid thing to have lived to see this national spirit, and I have spoken of all the work of the women with their desire to help, their model self-sacrifice. Different ideals are put on one side. Races and creeds of the most divergent type have joined together. There has been a splendid spirit. The unity of the Empire has been demonstrated, as well as the unity of this Dominion. And perhaps we may say that we owe this at least to the Kaiser, that the unity of this great Empire has been demonstrated to his satisfaction, I think, and certainly to the satisfaction of others.

I sincerely believe the German people did believe the British race was decadent, that this Empire was a sham and deserved to be destroyed, and that this colossus with feet of clay only needed to be attacked to fall prone at the feet of the Germans. Do the fields of Belgium and France tell you the British race is decadent? I have confidence and belief that the record of Canada will be as worthy as that of the British Isles. The Empire was to fall apart; India was to revolt; the self-governing dominions were to stand aside; Ireland was to go into rebellion. But instead, the whole Empire has become tense with unity again. This is the answer Canada and the Empire have given to the Kaiser. And that is the answer which they will give him to the end!

Now in speaking of all this, I do not want you to think that I do not appreciate all that the world has owed to German thought and achievement in the past. In every branch of art, science, literature, every useful phase of human activity, the Germans have been well to the front. Although I understand and appreciate further in the German people that habit of unquestioned obedience to the dominant Prussian spirit, greatly perhaps to their cost, still I can say this war is really waged against the military autocracy which dominates Germany to-day, while I say that the destruction of that military oligarchy means much to the world, and more to Germany itself; and the German people, therefore, when freed from that dominance imposed upon them by Prussia, may have a future of greatness even surpassing that which they have achieved in the past.

Now I am very thankful indeed to have had the opportunity of speaking to you to-day. Let me allude to the German people in our own dominion. I would like to pay a tribute to what has been done in Canada by Canadian citizens of German descent. I remember the mayor of a city in the western part of Ontario, a city whose population is almost altogether composed of citizens of German descent, coming to me in Ottawa and saying that their purpose was to make a contribution in that city to the Patriotic Fund greater per capita than that of any other city in Canada. They have accomplished, or nearly accomplished, what was proposed at that time. And as far as concerns those who have been brought to this country upon the invitation of the people of Canada and the government, Germans and Austrians who have come to make this country their home, I desire to say, that I have been very closely in touch with them, and they have given every satisfaction; with very few exceptions their conduct has been exemplary and all that could be desired. They will make good citizens of Canada, they and their children. I am sure we realise the trying situation in which they must be placed. One of them was telling me how he almost got into a fight with a neighbour over the question, and he said to his neighbour, " I know I am wrong; forgive me; but there is something in my heart—I have tried to get it out, and I can't get it out." You appreciate what that feeling would be for a man whose relatives are still natives and citizens of Germany or Austria. So I think we owe to these people consideration and fairness.

Your Honour, Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen, I must tell you how deeply I feel the honour of being privileged to speak to you to-day. In conclusion, let me say that Canada, I believe, is united in the strong conviction that our cause is just, and in the inflexible determination to make it triumphant. I believe that that is the spirit of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And our people realise fully that this terrific conflict was not of Britain's seeking. Let me say just one word as to what may be the result in the future. No one can tell the fortunes of war. I believe this war can have only one conclusion. But reverses may come, and if they do come, it should be our watchword and that of the people of Canada, this must only inspire us with deeper courage and greater determination. Our fortitude and endurance must equal all demands which the future shall make upon us. All that our forefathers fought for and achieved, all that we have inherited and accomplished, our institutions and liberties, our destiny as a nation, the existence of our Empire, all are at stake in this conflict. And I am confident that the resolution, the determination, the self-reliance, the resourcefulness, which never failed Canada in the stress and trials of the past, will assuredly not fail her now!

The Hon. ARTHUR MEIGHEN, K.C., M.P.,
Solicitor-General of Canada.

THE WAR

AN ADDRESS BY HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN, K.C., B.A., M.P., SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, December 17, 1914

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I think it is only about twelve days since this club was addressed on the subject of the war and Canada's part in it by the Prime Minister of Canada. Mindful of that fact, and knowing also how careful one has to be in addressing an audience in the city of Toronto, I have great doubts as to the wisdom of my venturing to speak to you on the same subject this afternoon. I deny to no other the same tribute when I say of the Prime Minister that he has good title at this time, in this the first real crisis of our nationhood, to speak to his countrymen. He derives that title not only from his exalted post, but from his high character long tried in the furnace of Canadian politics, but derives it perhaps more from his fidelity to the central purpose and unity of the Empire, both of which are now under the challenge of war. I speak of course with lesser authority, but I have no alternative; I could choose no other theme. The people of Canada now think of nothing else. I hope that remains true; I hope it is true in the fullest sense. We have other things to do, other tasks to perform, but all things must be done and all tasks performed with an eye to success in this struggle. I hope that the war absorbs the Canadian people till the war is over. Not that it may unsettle or terrorise any mind, but rather that it may arouse and concentrate all the people in this country. On that depends the safety of our cause and the deepest safety of the land we love.

I desire to speak, with some diffidence indeed before the Empire Club, of the meaning of the struggle, of the stake that is going to pass one way or the other with the event.

No one but a fool believes we are fighting for territory, the ordinary prize of war. We have all the territory we can take care of. It may be, and it may not be, that when all is over more territory may be added; if so it will be in order to make better our security; but the world knows we are not fighting for territory. The stake is a thousand times bigger than that. The stake is as big as the conflict, and the conflict is a world convulsion. The stake is the destiny of mankind.

Thinking is the distinctive attribute of humans. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; and if we can get at the philosophy of a country we have the key to its policy. If any people organise and centre themselves loyally around any system of thought, then we know where to find that people on any question. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," saith the wisdom of Solomon, "for out of it are the issues of life." Now picture to yourself 65,000,000 of the human race of advanced intelligence, who make the state their ideal, who make the power of the state the object of their worship, and who consequently believe that there can be no right either of their own subjects or of other powers or other interests antagonistic to the Fatherland. Picture that people and their satellites and slaves on one side, and then on the other an array of nations who still cling to the belief that the ordinary standards of rectitude apply or should apply to nations as to men, who still believe in public law, and who as a consequence believe that small nations, as small men, have a right to live and to be free; and you have a vision of the two camps that face each other in Europe. At bottom it is a conflict of two schools of thought. There is the German school of Frederick the Great, of Nietzsche, of Bismarck, of Treitschke, and of Jagow, fed on the doctrines of Nietzsche for the most part, who worshipped force, who hated the ordinary virtues, which applied, as he said, only to the herd and had no meaning when applied to the masters; in other words, when applied to the nations. Fed on that doctrine is that school. On the other side the British school of Bacon and Burke and of Pitt and Canning, of Asquith and Lincoln and Wilson, the school that pins its faith to public law and that directs the course of its policy with regard to public law; the school that believes that man is first after all, and that the state was made for man, and not man for the state, which believes that small nations have rights as well as large nations, not the same rights because they have not the same responsibilities, but in as far as the right to life, to freedom and the pursuit of happiness is concerned, the very same rights as the large. We proclaim now as we always have proclaimed our allegiance to that faith. We expose the course of our policy. It is a course marked with error, as every human enterprise is marked, at the same time with indelible proofs of our allegiance to international equity and good faith. We can afford to smile at taunts from Berlin. Our past is before the world. It is true, but it is a matter of regret and not of boast, that we have erred on the side of aggression; but that has not been the course of our policy. It is true that the ambitions of our leaders, perhaps the momentary passion of our people, has hurried us into errors of aggression, but we know this, that public opinion when informed of the facts in any British country, will stand for no wrong against another power. We say that wrong is not justified by success, that the triumph of might does not justify the issue. The other side say differently. They proclaim that international obligations have no meaning as applied to nations. Now I do not wish to be understood as making that statement and applying it only to what we call the German governing body, the German autocracy. If it applied there and there alone, we would not see the phenomenon we see to-day in Europe. I believe that what I ascribe now to German autocracy and German policy is a doctrine that has sunk deep and burned far among the German people. Austin Harrison, in a work just published after ten years' sojourn in that country as a journalist, states that beyond a doubt that people to the extent of over 90 per cent. sprang joyfully to this war, that they are behind the doctrines that are at the root of the war, openly, and as he says—and as doubtless is true—honestly behind them. I would be wasting time to go further into the conflicting ideals that are now for adjustment. There are those who say we are fighting the cause of right against might. I put it in no such form. If might and right are to be referred to the arbitrament of the sword, we know which one would triumph; might always triumphs when it comes to war. The point is this: we are deciding now in the year of grace 1914 whether might is going to spring to the side of right or not, whether the world's muscle is going to be found on the side of justice and democracy or on the side of wrong and crime. Sovereignty they proclaim their ideal, their hope, and more than that it is the passion of their people. The state is power and power is everything, and the power of the state is represented in the army and the gunboat, and for the army and the gunboat they order their lives. Sovereignty, in as far as it relates to their own subjects, we cannot object to; that is their own domestic affair, but Deutschland über Alles means a lot more than that. It means release, at the demand of self-interest, from every international obligation. It means more still; it means that the power and the dominion of the State of Germany must be decided freely and for themselves and by themselves alone, and that power and that dominion means nothing fixed and nothing determinate, but simply all that the sword can carry. That power and that dominion, Prussian aggression and Prussian conquest, is justified, they say, by Prussian culture. That is Treitschke faithfully translated. Prussian culture is the justification, and no other justification is needed, even for organised brutality. Prussian culture is its own justification, and that is all you need to know about it; that is the beginning and the end of the argument. Clear the road for Prussia; we have our culture on board and that is all you need to know. When Frederick the Great said 150 years ago that the nation which had a chance to humble its rival and did not do it was a fool, he was only the forerunner of Nietzsche and Treitschke of last century; he was the voice crying in the wilderness. And when Bismarck, following in his footsteps, proclaimed the doctrine of blood and iron he was the same. When Bernhardi preached in cold ink, or rather advanced the blasphemous doctrine, "Ye have heard it said in olden time that a good cause will justify even a war, but I say that war will sanctify any cause," he was only the echo of Nietzsche and Treitschke; he was only the exponent of the school, and he spoke in the main for the German people. And Jagow was no more and no less than a faithful disciple of the same school when he gasped at Britain's attitude on the neutrality of Belgium, and called the treaty of 1839 a scrap of paper. But the tragedy of it all is that the multitudes of that country and of other countries where their race has gone, saw the doctrine applied and worshipped it. They saw the doctrine applied by Frederick the Great and Bismarck in Silesia and Schleswig-Holstein, in Alsace and Lorraine—the trophies of the sword wielded by might. They saw and in great measure they believed. And with what result? Here the organising power of the German people is seen in the Pan-Germanic League and its dominating influence on German policy, and a campaign of education headed by university professors. It is a recorded fact of the historian that so has the army been exalted in that country that every school-girl hopes to marry a lieutenant, that every lawyer, every postman, every railway foreman, every judge, every university lecturer, feels himself a numbered part in the great regimental state machine. Then the Navy League and its propaganda, building a body of opinion behind their fast-constructing fleet, the most remarkable propaganda, the most spirited and effective propaganda in the history of nations. The result is the embodiment of modern Prussia, an Empire which throws to the world the winged phrase, "Our future lies upon the water." Without the consent of Germany's ruler, nothing must happen in any part of the world. Another of their writers puts it in even bolder form than that when he says, "Last century saw a German Europe; the next shall see a German world." So if we are asked why cannot two schools of opinion live side by side, is not the world big enough for the British ideal and the German ideal to get along, we answer no. The German ideal is such that if it is to be allowed to live and spread there is no room on earth for another. The advancing of the one means the destruction of the other, and the world is making its choice now. The biological idea in Bernhardi's work, science or Kultur as they call it, has developed a cancer in world politics. Success in this war means its extermination. Defeat—forgive me for mentioning that word—means the desecration of every principle around which our race has rallied in the storms of two thousand years. It means the surrender of what to us is the Ark of Civilisation, it means the progressive delivering over of humanity to a new-fangled patriotism.

Such is the historic foundation of the conflict, as I conceive it. We have to get it all into our minds, or we shall never see the bigness of the issue, we shall never wholly understand the stake unless we go further back than the immediate causes of the quarrel and understand its historic foundation. But to know that is not enough; to know that is not sufficient to satisfy us. Though we may have been right in our teaching, our professions, and right in our practices as a nation, if we were wrong in the immediate cause then ours is the greater fault. And an excuse will not do; even a good excuse will not satisfy the British people. We must be in this war to prevent national humiliation, to avoid national annihilation, because the first is the prelude to the second. We must be in it to avoid national dishonour and disgrace, for dishonour is the open door to disintegration and decay. No great nation ever has, or ever can, survive the loss of the respect of its people. Veneration for the national honour is what holds empires together, and that is why the British Empire counts her dominions in the seven seas. When national honour has been at stake, Britain has never flinched from war, never in a thousand years in the theatre of world events, and we are not the generation, if we judge by the evidence now before us, to count the value of our name at a lesser price, never, no matter what the cost. Never is what we have said during this hundred years of peace, and never we say now after four months' trial of war; never, in the words of one of our statesmen spoken seventy years ago next April; never, if the country be surrounded with dangers as great as those which threatened her when her American colonies and France and Spain and Holland were leagued against her and when the armed neutrality of Belgium dissipated her maritime rights; never, though another Napoleon should pitch his camp in sight of Dover Castle; never, till the last is staked and lost; never, till the last struggle of the great English people for their place among the nations. Was honour at stake for us in this war? It takes some presumption to ask that question in the hearing of intelligent people.

Was honour at stake? We owe it to the wisdom and prescience of Sir Edward Grey and Asquith, we owe it to the historic fact, a truth that posterity will recognise the world over, that wherever Germany may have been successful, or however she may have succeeded in science and the arts and philosophy, in the sphere of diplomacy she has been outplayed at every point. Such has been their skill that her cause stands to-day exposed in all its deformity and nakedness to the world; and the question, Was honour at stake for Canada? has only to be asked to be answered. There was wrong in the immediate cause somewhere; in the facts that clashed and lit the flame there was wrong somewhere, wrong as monstrous and terrible as the war itself. You cannot have war without wrong. War is wrong; it is the baldest form of wrong, it is the fulfilment of wrong, the result of wrong. There must be wrong on one side or two or there would be no war. That was not Treitschke's belief; he thought war was majestic and divine, the great medicine for the sick world; but even Sir Edward Grey could not preach a doctrine like that before this club or before any British people, and get a hearing. There was wrong; where was it? Belgium is a little country, situated like Servia between the iron camps of three or four great powers; it lay there to parry competing ambitions, a buffer state to prevent their clashes. For that reason its presence was accepted by the powers, and its own integral and independent character were accepted by the powers, and that is why its integrity, its independence and its neutrality were guaranteed by solemn treaty in 1839. Belgium, on her part, undertook with all her strength to maintain that neutrality. "Hands off, no passage to belligerents," is a cardinal element of neutrality, by the Hague Tribunal, by international law, and by common sense. Situate as Belgium was, it was the very essence of neutrality itself. In return for that undertaking on her part, the five powers guaranteed that they themselves individually would respect it. That was a step forward for civilisation. It lasted for seventy-five years, till the fourth day of August last; then it was that Germany played the last act in a twelve days' drama of crime. That day she plunged her millions into the heart of

Belgium against a small and guiltless people. Belgium kept the faith; she remembered her undertaking of 1839; she stood upon her bond, and where is Belgium now? Where is Belgium at this hour? A desert of death, drenched in blood and tears. Children will weep and strong men's blood will boil centuries from now over the sufferings of Belgium. But she kept the faith, and because she kept the faith the issue of this war is now already determined, because the pluck of Belgium, if nothing else would have done it, has saved Europe. Her cry passed to Britain: "We have kept the faith," said King Albert, "will you keep yours?" Britain chose, and everybody chose: "It was only when confronted with a choice between keeping our solemn obligations in the discharge of a binding trust and a shameless subservience to naked force that we threw away the scabbard. We do not repent our decision." So said Asquith and so says every man who names the name of Briton. There is not time left to inquire into the merits of the quarrel between Austria and Servia, or into the merits of the quarrel between Germany and Austria, and France. The inquiry is important; it would have been a whole lot more important if Germany had kept her hands off Belgium, but when the pro-German wants to argue with us we say to him, First tell us what Belgium did, tell us what was her offence, tell us why she should be ravaged by a giant, and when you have answered that we will listen to the rest of your argument. If he looks at bleeding Belgium and tries to answer, he will never get to the rest of his argument, but if he does it will not sound any better.

Here is Austria and Austria's ultimatum; over against it is Servia and Servia's reply. Standing beside Austria is the shining armour of the German Emperor; and when you find strength and insolence on one side, and weakness and humiliation on the other, it is not usually very hard to locate right and wrong. Let the lion and the lamb, says Germany, let the giant and the dwarf fight it out alone; the giant is my partner. Not while I live, is Russia's reply; Servia must do right, she must atone her wrong if wrong there be, but she must not be crushed. Britain took no sides, she promised no support, she exhausted every resource to secure delay, to secure the solution. What, then, is her offence? That she should have stood in shining armour beside Germany and threatened Russia with war if she dared protect her little Slav neighbour, and because she did not, says Germany, we hold you guilty of this bloodshed, even the butchery of Belgium. Imagine the apostles of education and culture solemnly pressing such humbug on the world!

The task that confronts us is a big one; it is the biggest task that ever confronted a nation or a combination of nations; but it is a task that we have to perform or go down. We have no alternative. It is for us the survival of Britain and what Britain stands for, or it is annihilation, either slow or swift. There can be no compromise. A compromise would be a sin against ourselves, against our children, and against civilisation. If we keep the facts that I have recited in our minds, and they are not hard to remember, keep them alive and lighted there, then Canadians will do their duty. Surely if we are men we need no other incentive. Let us remember what is written in the White Books, and let us remember what is written in the German White Books, and that is all we will ever need. Germany says, "All the time we were exercising our mediatory offices with Austria." Were they? If so, why do they not print their messages in the White Book? Not a line that passed from Berlin to Vienna appears in the White Book.

I shall not undertake to preach duty to the citizens of Toronto. Thousands of the best-minded in this city have already pledged their lives to their country, and thousands more are ready to do the same. Those at home are doing well their part; that is all that can be asked. It is too soon and there is no object or advantage to be gained in trying to measure the results of a conflict like this. There are some who weigh the legacy of hatred and recrimination that is sure to come out of it and last for decades, and the load of debt and death, and who will find even in victory a balance of ill. There are others who see a humanity purified by suffering, with the demon of militarism cast out, softened by misfortune, and they find a satisfying preponderance of good. But what is the use of trying to value an unpurchased future? The future is going to be just what we make it, and we are in the process of the making now. We may be in it for months and we may be in it for years. It is a time for toil and bloody sweat, for courage and good cheer. It is a time to take inspiration from the memory of our fathers and from the example of our million brothers who line the battle front. It is a time for each man to judge not his fellow but to very sternly judge himself. We may have to go down into the valley of the shadow, but if we do well our part, if we see that might, that every form of might, springs to the side of right, that the world is now on the side of justice in a war of selfish aggression, then we will finish well our part, and we can count our inheritance in terms commensurate with our work. The test of the people in this country is coming. It is a test not for one but for all, not for governments alone but for the individual. Every municipality, every county, every city, every board of trade, every patriotic club, every government, every province, has its work to furnish men; that is the chief call, and that call is in the ear and let it stay in the ear of every heir of a British birthright. To furnish men is first; to relieve the distress, to find work, to keep up the spirit of the nation. The Canadian government is under a load of responsibility, and we do not seek to evade or to minimise by one jot or tittle a responsibility that we must discharge in a manner worthy of our place in the Empire, in a manner that will stand the retrospection of generations to come. What a time this is to live for! It seems the focus of both eternities, and for the balance of our lives the best measure of our worth will be how we behaved in the war. The Canadian government seek to evade no part of their responsibility. Eight million of our people call upon us, they place in our hands in large measure the lives of their sons and the resources of the nation, and they place it in our hands unreservedly for the purposes of this conflict. It is our object not to expend but to conserve. We seek to conserve and not to expend, but we seek first success in this war. Every call of duty and of interest sounds the same note to us, every call that means anything to the sane sons of Britain. We purpose to do our part, but woe to the government, woe to every unit, woe to every governing body that has under our constitution any measure of governing power, that stays its hand before all is fulfilled. Now what is to be fulfilled? I cannot speak with authority, nor can our government; that time in the progress of Empire has not yet arrived when we have a distinct and authoritative say in what the work of Empire is. But I repeat the words of one who spoke for a thousand million of the human race, and I name our task as follows: " We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure more than all she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secure against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation; until the military domination of Prussia is fully and finally destroyed." When the great Asquith, his two sons at the front, himself a type built for stormy times, uniting in his own person the strength and the gentleness, the majesty and the grace, the changeless wisdom that denies to no man's country what he demands for his own, when Asquith stood at the front of the British nation and uttered those words, he made the most momentous pronouncement given to the sons of men in this generation. Our part is to do and die until that work is done.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Premier Hearst, seconded by Mr. N. W. Rowell, and enthusiastically carried.

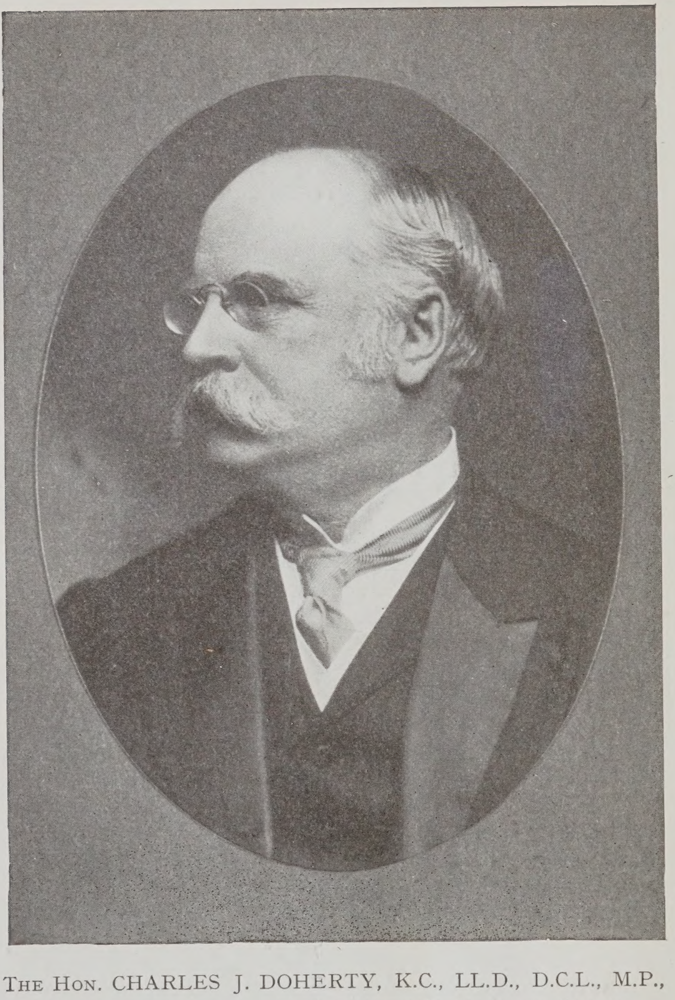
SOME THINGS THE WAR MEANS

An Address by Hon. CHARLES J. DOHERTY,
K.C., LL.D., D.C.L., M.P.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
January 14, 1915

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I am sure that the very fewest words of thanks will be accepted by you, Mr. Chairman, as expressing my high appreciation of the all too flattering observations with which you have introduced me. For them I thank you. I thank you also, and the members of the Empire Club, for the honour that they have done me in asking me to address them. You have spoken of the Club as being honoured by my presence here; I have no doubt the observation was kindly meant, but I have equally no doubt that you all realise how in the plain and simple and unvarnished truth the honour under the circumstances is all mine.

And now for the subject I have to talk to you about. You know that subject, and therefore you know that I bring you nothing new. Great indeed would be the perspicacity, and however great the perspicacity, greater still would be the presumption of one who would claim to reveal to the members of the Empire Club meanings in this war hitherto undiscovered. That black cloud of horror that so fills and darkens our atmosphere, that the timorous almost doubt whether the sun of Christian civilisation is still shining behind it, has been peered into by those among us who are endowed in the highest degree with a penetrating mental vision; they have told us whence it comes, what it portends, what it means. Even those of us, however, who can make no pretension to any such exceptional endowment, so filled have our minds been with it, so full our hearts with loving anxiety for those over whom, in common with ourselves, it lowers, that by very dint of anxious study we have not been able to miss all of its meanings. It is of



THE HON. CHARLES J. DOHERTY, K.C., LL.D., D.C.L., M.P.,
MINISTER OF JUSTICE AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF CANADA

some of those among the most obvious, and at the same time meanings that the war has more particularly for us, that I wish to talk to you to-day. I am not quite clear that it is correct to describe them as meanings; perhaps you will think that in what I am going to say I am rather speaking to you of things that the war reveals to us, of things that the war tells us. However, I trust you will not be captious and quarrel with me if what I say does not respond absolutely accurately to the title that has been announced as attached to the observations I am going to make. You are not going to learn anything from what I am going to say, but after all it may do us no harm to chat a little about things we know. I might, perhaps, speaking for myself, correct that and say things I think I know.

The first meaning that this war has for us is a something that it is perhaps especially inaccurate to describe as a meaning. It is perhaps especially a something that the war has told us, that the war has manifested to us and revealed to us. I need not say that I do not purpose to stop even for a moment to refer to what this war means in carnage, in destruction, in suffering, in sorrow harder to bear than pain, in loss of life, and in those losses of things beside which the loss of life is a trifle. Nor shall I pause to speak of those more cheering and more elevating meanings of the war—bravery, sacrifice, endurance, the ready and persevering response to the call of duty, the heroism that sends men to death without a murmur, and the greater heroism that leads women to give up their loved ones to death. All those meanings this war has, but all those it has in common with all other wars; perhaps in this instance in a greater degree, therefore involving greater horror and greater inspiration. All these things, too, it means to all the world, and as I said, it is of some things that the war means to us that I wish to chat with you to-day. The first of these things, as I said a few moments ago, is one that is perhaps peculiarly inaccurately described as a meaning of the war, and still it is a something that the war has brought out, brought home to all of us in a manner that it never was brought home before. It is found in the revelation that, thanks to this war, we have had of the reality of something that is the most important of all things to this Empire that we love. I have spoken of this war as a cloud. As that cloud hovered over our sky there flashed through it an illuminating ray in whose light we saw as we never saw before, we realised as we never began to realise before, how absolutely one we all are—we who as Canadians, or Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or Irishmen, or South Africans, or Newfoundlanders, or Australians, or East Indians, are proud to acknowledge ourselves the subjects of His Majesty the King. While that flash brought out in dazzling clearness that oneness of heart and mind, it did not blind us to the existence of the diversities between the peoples who together go to make up that vast phalanx of the subjects of the King. While that flash brought out so absolutely beyond a doubt our oneness of mind and heart in the face of the great fundamental issue of the struggle, it did not do otherwise than make clear those diversities that exist between us. It revealed to the world, particularly to the enemy that had hugged to his heart the delusion that those diversities divided us, and dispelled forever for us even the shadow of doubt that notwithstanding our differences of race, of origin or of blood; notwithstanding that our different countries are scattered and widely separated over the face of the globe; notwithstanding that all of us were strong peoples with strong and often differing beliefs, with strong and frequently opposed convictions, and strong and, in many cases, warring prejudices, if you will; notwithstanding that the interests of the different lands in which we have our homes were not always identical, we had a common bond, the strongest of all, in our fealty to institutions devised to give to all who come under their operation the widest possible measure of liberty—in our loyalty to the King who was the common sovereign of us all, whose crown was the link that united our countries into one whole under the sway of his sceptre, the symbol of those institutions. The enemy learned and we realised as we never had realised before, that these very diversities that, it seemed, have separated us, really serve to make us more united in defence of those institutions which in their operation have proved adaptable to such diverse peoples and conditions, and have fostered the untrammelled development under one crown of free and self-governing nations differing in so many respects. Differences of opinion there may have been as to the extent to which this or that class or race had to the full the enjoyment of the benefits of those institutions, but one mind alone could there be, one mind alone was there, that those institutions must be preserved for the benefit of all, and defended for the good of all against any attack that endangered them, come whence it might. Liberty is the seed; loyalty is the golden grain that repays a thousandfold the sower. Just in that measure in which the seed of liberty had been scattered with generous hand over the different lands that go to make up our great Empire, so in the day of need was abundant the harvest of loyalty that gladdened the heart of the reaper. And so the first great meaning of this war is that it has revealed and put beyond doubt the fundamental oneness of our scattered and diverse people. When the institutions under which they live, and the crown that symbolises those, are in peril, this first great lesson is that this war is, for all of us in all the lands the flag floats over, our war.

Has it ever struck you that it is a long time since this terrible struggle began? Before the war is a very remote period indeed. When one looks back to things that used to be said and discussed in that period, it seems like looking back to a distant age. I remember, for instance, that people used to say—now I am not talking politics—that when England was at war, Canada was at war. Who says that now? Who thinks of this war as anything but our war? The Empire's war, the Empire which includes Canada just as absolutely as it includes England. His Majesty's war, His Majesty, of whom the Canadian is just as proudly a subject as is any inhabitant of the United Kingdom. We all know now—I think this war has taught us that—that we should have said, when His Majesty is at war, his subjects are at war, as we Canadians are certainly his subjects. It does me good now, as a Canadian, to remember that even in that remote time, though we spoke of any possible war as directly England's war, and only incidentally Canada's, at times, at all events, we showed that we knew better. It is good now, in the clear light that shines upon us, to remember that even before the lightning flash from the war cloud, the last proposal that the Canadian government put forward, looking to participation in defence, was not put forward as a contribution in aid of England but as a measure for the common defence of the Empire. In those days, too, people talked about what we owed to England, and treated participation in defence as a payment to England. To-day, in the light that the cloud brought with it, we know there is but one defence, our own as much as England's, that what we do, we do for the common defence, and if we pay a debt we pay one owing to Canada and to Canada's self-respect and self-protection as one of the great aggregation of nations whereof the United Kingdom is the centre, but Canada an essential part.

The war has revealed a second thing to us Canadians. It has made clear to us what we saw, it is true, but perhaps a little dimly, before, something which is the corollary to the oneness of all the nations of the Empire in the face of danger from the outside world. It has put beyond the realm of debatable questions the imperative necessity of means being found whereby the United Kingdom shall share with the younger nations of the Empire the control of and the responsibility for those things that make for peace and war. This is the Empire's war, not England's, and yet it grows out of treaties made by the United Kingdom alone, out of relations that are to-day recognised by the outside world as being the foreign relations of the United Kingdom alone; that is, so far as she entered into those treaties, and in her direction of those relations, in so far as they led to this war, she was absolutely and entirely right, no one in this country questions. Not in Canada any more than in England are solemn contracts scraps of paper; not in Canada any more than in England is there any disposition to be guilty of a breach of faith, or to condone such breach on the part of others; not more in Canada than in England is it recognised that in the domain of international law the necessities, real or imaginary, of the great and powerful justify the violation of the rights of the small and weak. For these reasons, then, were this war not ours, were it England's war alone, I doubt not the people of Canada would stand by her in it. But it is nevertheless true that our recognition of this war as ours, our participation in it, spontaneous and voluntary as it is, determines absolutely once and for all that we have passed from the status of the protected colony to that of the participating nation. The protected colony was rightly voiceless; the participating nation cannot continue so. The hand that wields the sword of Empire justly holds the sceptre of Empire. While the Mother Country alone wielded the one, to her alone belonged the other. When, as to-day, the nations of the Empire join in wielding the sword, then must they jointly sway that sceptre. By what means this great change is to be brought about it is not now the time, nor is this the place, to discuss. It is a problem of great difficulty and great complexity, but in due time, when this gigantic struggle is over, the descendants of the men in whose hands the British constitution grew, broadening down from precedent to precedent, the sons of the fathers of our Canadian Confederation, of the creators of the Australian Commonwealth and the South African Union, will find a way. Weighty and complex as the problem is, urgent as is its solution, it is after all a domestic question, and a wise and united family does not discuss domestic questions when the enemy is at the gate.

If there be one thing that is more clearly than another written upon the face of this war, it is that we are at grips with an enemy who, whatever the motives that impel him, by whatever reason he may justify it to himself, has set out to impose his views, his Kultur as he delights to call it, because he has or believes he has the power to do so. To the issue so raised it would appear absolutely immaterial whether those views are right or not, whether that culture that he has be superior and as priceless a boon to the world as he affects to believe it, or on the other hand as barbarous as the rest of the world conceives it to be. The great fundamental question is whether one people, merely because it is powerful, has a right to impose its conception of civilisation upon all others or upon any other or others; whether the smaller nations are to be refused the right to enjoy in their own way their modest place in the sun, and the less powerful peoples the right to live their lives and work out their destinies in conformity with their own conceptions and in accordance with their own traditions. That this German-made war presents that issue is in itself alone reason sufficient why the civilised nations should take up the gauntlet she has thrown down, why this war should be fought out to the only ending that any believer in the right of men and of nations to freedom and in that Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may, can contemplate as possible. This being so, may we not profitably ask what lesson does this meaning of the war carry with it? Perhaps in no other conflict has ruthless determination to make brute force prevail over and stamp out the right of the weaker been more clearly exemplified. May not the world-wide horror which this undisguised determination has inspired serve a useful purpose? May it not perhaps impress upon us all in a striking and lasting way how important a duty is owing by strength to weakness? If we feel, as I believe we all feel, that, other questions aside, Germany's action towards Belgium would by itself alone call for the determined resistance of the world, is it not because the world has come to realise more than ever before that for peoples and for nations, as for individual men, strength is not the sole title to existence and to respect? Is it not because the belief has become more generally accepted that power alone does not give to the state that has it the right to impose its will, nor power combined with the belief in the superiority of its own civilisation confer the right to force that civilisation upon other nations or other peoples, merely because they are, for lack of numbers or lack of resources, unable effectively to resist? May, or rather does, not the acceptance of that belief suggest that just as between states the more powerful is guilty of wrong calling for general resistance when it seeks to force, to impose its views upon, and to dominate the weaker; so as between peoples of different races or belief living within the limits of the same state, there is upon the more numerous a duty not to seek by the power their numbers give to impose their views upon those who may be less numerous? Does not the action that has evoked such general condemnation, by mere force of contrast, call for a renewed expression of our admiration for the justice as well as the wisdom that led the statesmen of the United Kingdom in the building up of this great Empire in the larger and larger measure as the years went by, to recognise the right of all the people of our far-flung dominions overseas to follow within the law their own customs, to retain their own tenets, beliefs, and traditions? Should it not inspire us all, in the measure in which opportunity may come to us, to contribute to the maintenance of that policy that has done so much to bind together the different people, the heterogeneous populations of this mighty Empire, and is not that duty peculiarly to stand shoulder to shoulder in her defence that has made them all lovers and defenders, even to the death, of those institutions with which England has endowed that Empire and which she has made available to the peoples of the world who are wise enough to adopt them?

And so where I began I close. The first great meaning of this war to us is conveyed by its revelation of the spirit that has brought together as one the diverse peoples of the Empire. Deeds, not words, are the witnesses to that spirit that makes them one in heart and one in mind to-day. The war's last meaning and the lesson it carries with it point the way to the preservation of that spirit. The respect of the right of the weaker is the bounden duty of the stronger; that is as true within the states as between them. That great truth taken to heart and acted on will be the surest pledge of the continued oneness in heart and mind of this Canadian people, the stream of whose national life has been fed from so many different sources, and of that of all the races of this mighty Empire that, please God, by the united action of all her peoples shall triumph in the mighty struggle in which with her allies she is engaged for the defence of right against might.

Have I tired you with these, possibly not too clear, but I trust not absolutely meaningless, meanings of the war? If so, will you pardon my words? It appeared to me that there was in some of these things that the war tells us something that might help us all more fully to realise what is after all the direct, immediate and imperative message and lesson that the war has for us, that is, that now and here, by reason of all it means, because it is our war, the Empire's war, the war of freedom, the war of right against might, of the defence of the weak against the aggression of the strong, it behoves Canada, as, please God, she will, to do her part in it to the last man and the last dollar. It behoves us all to so bear ourselves that when the triumph has come, when the cloud has broken and scattered and the bright sun of peace shines once again on a world where the reign of right has been firmly established, those who shall survive, those who shall come after us, Canadians of that future bright and long day of peace, shall look back to us Canadians of this darker day of trial and say with pride, Our fathers bore themselves as men, our fathers of all the races who made the Canadian people, English, Irish, Scotch, and French, all of their sons equally did their duty, knew what the war meant, and we who enjoy all that their triumph has preserved for us thank God that they knew what the war meant, thank God for what the war and its result meant.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Sir William Meredith, and seconded by His Grace Archbishop McNeill.

Sir DOUGLAS MAWSON, K.B., D.Sc., B.E.,
The Antarctic Explorer

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION

AN ADDRESS BY SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON, K.B., D.Sc., B.E.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, January 22, 1915

YOUR HONOUR, MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN,—It is a great pleasure for me to be here, though, as the President has said, things are a little rushed. It is very interesting to meet representative people such as those in this gathering, as one goes around the Empire and thus sees what the spirit is like. Some of you may know of me, and some of you know nothing of me; the fundamental thing is that I belong to the Empire. That is the keynote of everything in our Empire in these days, and it is the one thing that is going to be our beacon-light in the future. Though I was born in England, I have lived most of my life in Australia; formerly on the staff of Sydney University and latterly with Adelaide University. The University of Adelaide is very generous in a scientific way, and almost all the time I have been with them I have had unlimited leave on full pay. They believe that there are two ways of spending the money that is in their hands as trustees for the advancement of science; it may be spent either in the classrooms or on the field, and they interpret things in a generous way, and I think in the long run they find it is a good thing, not only for Adelaide University but for science generally. My present trip around the world is undertaken very largely for financial reasons. I am very sorry indeed that I am giving any lectures in which the proceeds are not going to the war, but from some of my lectures the proceeds go to the war and from some they do not. I have been hit very badly myself; just at the tail end of everything, when our expedition was wound up with great success—although we had our tragedies—the war dropped in a few weeks too soon, and left me in the hole, for I was unable to dispose of certain publishing rights, and there are salaries left unpaid, but it is not very serious, and I think I shall clear it off in this trip around the world; and any lectures which are not given for the war funds are given for that purpose. I like you to know that, because I personally do not touch any of the funds of the expedition, nor ever have; the Auditor-General of South Australia handles all the accounts. I receive nothing only my salary from Adelaide University, so I am all right anyway.

Apart from the Empire connection, I have always felt a great interest in Canada. We had with us on Shackleton's expedition an Ontarian, Dr. Machell; he was a medical man on the *Nimrod.* He is a quiet, unassuming fellow, and likely you never heard of him, but he was a typical Canadian and very well liked by all on the expedition. A man whom I met before he went with Scott was Wright, a very fine fellow; he comes from your University here in Toronto. Before starting out, while we were expounding our expedition, Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for Canada, sent me a cheque for a thousand pounds, stating that it was a little present from one part of the Empire to another; that was his view of it, with the Empire spirit always at the front.

I like the title of this club. I have been three times around the world and in a good many parts of the world beside, and it seems to me that imperialism is the one great thing that is going to lead to a happy and prosperous future. This Empire is a phase in the unification of the world. We started in the early days, a long time ago, with the unification of the counties in England itself; instead of fighting each other, with their separate heads, they arranged to work amicably together throughout the whole region. Now distant parts of the world come together to work with one object for right and for good, and with the code of Christianity at their head, I hope, at all times, and with no hard feelings toward another man because he happens to be of another nationality. We wish to be one people with one moral code; that is the only way we shall reach final unification. We cannot help differing as peoples in different parts of the world. Here in Canada a type must develop; the environment develops a different people; but there is no necessity to develop a different mental attitude towards our neighbours, and towards everything we are faced with in this world. It seems to me that the majority of the nations now warring against each other on the Continent surely do not want to fight. As we say, people get their monkeys up, somebody says you are hurting somebody else, and gradually the case is worked up so that we start fighting about things that ought not to be at all. I am not saying we are fighting without a just cause. From a very careful consideration and knowledge of the subject, I know that as far as Great Britain is concerned, Great Britain is acting as a sort of big policeman to try and enforce this moral code. The British Empire is suffering severely at the present moment; is suffering a shock and a loss that will be felt to the very last moment, and thousands of years to come the effect of this war must remain. You cannot have the flower of a nation killed off without irreparable damage. That sort of thing perpetuates itself, and has caused France to be at a lower ebb to-day than she ought to be, after the Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, when the high stock of the country, that had taken a long time to breed, was gradually cut away and lost. We never can make up for it, but surely, had we refrained from taking up arms in a cause such as this was, we never could have survived the awful position in which we should have been put for all time. We would have been in a worse case had we not gone to war; it would not be so much that the vitality of the nation would be sapped, but the very moral character of the nation would be depleted. War at the present day, in the height of civilisation and amongst the leading powers, is certainly a crime, and we must hope that in the future it is made impossible; we must do all we can to prevent recurrences of this sort of thing, and it seems to me that this Empire is a conjunction of the people of the world with the one object in view to uphold peace, to reason over matters and not to fight over them, for, after all, when the fighting is all done then the argument will come just the same. Of course we meet a stubborn country like Germany—there are one or two things about the Germans, perhaps, that we do not like, they are a little overbearing and arrogant perhaps for the British people, but there are ways of getting over all these things, and we hope in the future, with united strength, to be able to do it. It almost brings tears to me to think that the United States has broken away from the British Empire; mistaken policies in the past, when Empire was new to Great Britain, led to that. There was no need of it. People wanted a different type, and now that she has broken away Britain has lost and lost heavily, for some of the most adventurous people of the Empire left her shores. Was her strength not sapped to that extent, and has it not been lost to all practical purposes in a struggle like this? So we do not want the best people of England, the most virile people of England, to go to distant parts and then say good-bye to the homeland; we want them to go there to get stronger developed and multiplied, and all remain together. Had the United States been now with us, I think that extra strength would perhaps have prevented Germany from going to war, and the whole thing might have been settled, as it may be settled in the long run, without such brutality and mortal combat.

The world has a common foe, and that is the unknown. At all points there is that which we cannot understand. We think, perhaps, in our day that we have reached the top of the tree of knowledge, and we wonder how people could get along twenty years ago without knowing anything about—perhaps Röntgen rays or something like that. We wonder how a hundred years ago people got on without electricity, or gas-lit streets, without anæsthetics or wireless, or even without telegraphy of any kind. But people in a hundred years' time will wonder how we got along, for every year brings new discoveries, and all these go toward creature comforts for the world, and that is what we want to get at. I do not mean to say that we do not want to have hardships, but after all hardships are relative matters. If we can add to the creature comforts, that is going to multiply our lives and make them fuller. We can do more, and let us hope we are doing it, toward the good of the whole world. We can do so much more now than a man a hundred years ago could do, and so it will always be. There is nothing wrong in finding out about things. The more we know, and the higher our civilisation and science is, the better. It requires money, a great deal of money, to advance science, and in these times of war there will be a shortage of course of that sort of thing. Suppose, for instance, that instead of building an extra Dreadnought a few years ago, Germany had said to Great Britain at Great Britain's request, We will knock off one Dreadnought from this year's building programme if you will do likewise. It would have hurt neither nation. If that money had been devoted to exploration of the Antarctic regions, for instance, the world would have been so much richer. Though it seems a long way from here to the Antarctic, that continent at the South Pole is almost twice as large as Europe. It is a big piece of land, and you cannot have any piece of land on the earth of that size which has not bound up with it certain facts that are of supreme importance to science generally. Even to the chemist who works in the laboratory there are facts coming back from there that are going to give new ideas to him, and fill up his chain of evidence, and lead to new results in chemistry that will reflect on the creature comforts of the world. They are all bound up together, and you cannot advance one realm of science without helping others. This Antarctic question is to be tackled, and it is going to be pushed through, in little bits as money comes forward, and we are going to know all about it in time. Even a few years ago, had we had the money value of that Dreadnought at our disposal, it could all have been done, and without any hurt to Germany or Great Britain. I have heard people say, That is all very well, but if you were to do away with the army and the navy what a lot of people would be out of employment. That is quite wrong; I would get them all employed if I had the public funds; I would put them all at scientific work, and they could work overtime if they liked. There is plenty to be done; the more we inquire into the unknown, the more we find we do not know. We do not know what such a fundamental thing as electricity is; we handle it, we are able to use it, but we do not know what it is. We do not know what time and space and gravity, and such fundamental things, are at all. Did we know some of the fundamentals of these big things in nature, then our scope would be opened up enormously. The ordinary layman has no idea what it means to be able to handle the bricks of the house instead of just living in the house. If we could get down to these fundamentals we might find the reasons for life, and so on, and get right down to the very bottom. It is those big things that we do not know, and we shall not know all until we know the cause of life, and so forth.

But that is getting too far afield; I shall come back to my subject. I would like to tell you a good deal about this expedition. I am not one of those dry-as-dust lecturers, and I do not like talking without being able to illustrate my points in a better way than my words are able to make plain. I have a wonderful lot of pictures, and my lecture is just a succession of pictures, from one end to the other, strung together to illustrate the work, so I feel that if I were to tell you much about it here I would not give you the same impression and I would waste your time. But the fundamental fact was that our expedition set out to open up new land. We were not after the South Pole; Captain Scott was out then, and we felt he was the man to do that for the British Empire, and we took a large area of unknown land where other expeditions had not landed, where only one or two spots of land had been seen away back in 1840. It was a big field; there were some who thought we might not be able to get into the land at all on account of pack ice, but it all turned out well in the long run. We landed three separate parties a thousand miles apart and they worked all the time, and the ship came down during the summer, and much mapping of the coast was done. A thousand miles have been put in and 500 miles of the coastal platform surveyed by the ship. We used wireless telegraphy for the first time, and things went off very well, but there was a great tragedy. It was nearly a year after the Scott tragedy; it was in December 1912 when it happened. Myself and two others, Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz, when we got 311 miles out on one sledge journey, the rear sledge fell down a deep crevasse and Ninnis was killed. The crevasse was unfathomable, and we lost all our provisions. We had a struggle to get back, for there was no vegetation. The Antarctic continent is less interesting than the Arctic, because it is very barren. In the interior there is nothing but ice. On the way back there was nothing but the dogs that died of starvation, and then the rest of them went for food. It was a ghastly struggle; Dr. Mertz died a hundred miles from the hut; the dogs were all dead, and we were dragging the sledge ourselves. The last hundred miles I was done out and at the end of my tether, and it was a miracle how I got through. I dropped into a crevasse and got out again. I think Providence must have been with me from the start, because I went over the crevasse first with the sledge, and then fell down afterwards. I lived on the dogs' meat that Mertz died on, and there were many things that seem miracles; not only getting out of the crevasse where there was no help whatever, but at the last extremity coming on a cache put out by a search party. If it had been fifty yards to either side I would not have seen it. The whole thing was a miracle in its way.

Let me say in conclusion that it has been a pleasure to me to have been honoured by you here to-day, and that I am particularly glad that this is an Empire Club. We are getting on pretty well in the war now. I know Canada has sent over a great number of troops, and we are sending a lot from Australia. By the way, ours are going to have a scrap very soon I think. They are in Egypt; it is a fine place in the winter, a fine place for a holiday; but these men are not there for a holiday. They have been well equipped and they are now waiting for the Turks to come over the hundred miles of desert, and see what they can do with the Suez Canal. There are a great number of British gunboats at intervals down the canal to sweep the Turks, and there are about 50,000 troops at the back of them and the Australians to give an account of themselves. I don't think the Turks are going to do much there.

We are very proud of our Australian navy. (A voice—"Where is it now?") The War Office knows all about that and nobody else does. There was a question once whether we would give the money direct, or whether we would build for ourselves and make them a colonial part of the navy. There were lots of us against that idea of a colonial part of the British navy; at first I must say I was one of them, but it has turned out the opposite way. I think now, in the light of recent events, it is the right thing for

Australia to have her own navy; she is more likely to take an interest in it, and more likely to give the money; and manned by Australians it develops the navy spirit there, develops men for the sea. Of course this must be at the bottom of it, that as soon as there comes a time of war such a force should be put at the supreme disposal of the Admiralty in London, as ours was. I believe in self-government strongly, and say that the navy should be run by that state and put, like everything else, at the absolute disposal of the head body in time of trouble. There should be representatives in that head body from all the self-governing dominions, of course. When Von Spee's squadron got out of Kiao-Chow they got down close to Australia, and their intention no doubt was to make an attack on Australian shipping. They went away, and we wondered why, but it was made clear. The best of our ships was a Dreadnought cruiser and she was much more heavily armed than any of Von Spee's ships, and she could have waded right through them without being hurt at all. We just happened to have her. Until now British ships have manned the Australian station, and of course only second and third class vessels were kept there, because it was not supposed that they would ever be needed except for policing and so on. But the German ships came around, and it was because the Australian ships were there that they did not approach our shores. New Zealand adhered to the old system; there were British gunboats there and New Zealand was in a blue funk all the time. The Germans came as far as Samoa and then went back. The *Australia* steamed over waiting to hear of them coming near New Zealand. The British gunboats were quite inadequate there, and eventually the Japanese boats came down. Japan has been a very good ally. Australia will get the first trouble from Japan, if there is any trouble, because we do not allow any Asiatics in at all; we do not let any Europeans in if they cannot read and write their own language. It is a good thing, provided we can maintain it; I do not think it is worth fighting for, but when we have an island continent we would like to have it all of European or British descent if we can get it; and it will make such a strong country, being water-bound, that we would not be dictated to in the future, but our population is so small now that we are open to invasion of course.

Another thing we have there which I strongly and thoroughly believe in—and I do not know of any argument against it—is compulsory training. Optional service and compulsory training. I do not believe in a man fighting unless he thinks he should fight, either from a moral obligation to his country, or that he wants a scrap. Compulsory training is quite a different thing, and it has been a great success in Australia, and I hope to see it in Great Britain. Lord Kitchener, when visiting Australia some years ago, advocated it, and it was taken up immediately, and every boy of from twelve to twenty serves one hour a week in military training, and a fortnight a year in camp. When the men are twenty, if they are wanted to fight, they know all about the game and in a month or two they can join the colours. But it does not mean that they need to fight. A few men in a regiment, who do not want to fight, spoil the whole morale, but by all means train the young men; it is good physically, if it is good for nothing else.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by His Honour, Col. Hendrie, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and seconded by Mr. Justice Craig.

[Sir Douglas Mawson also addressed 4000 children at the Massey Hall in aid of the Red Cross Fund.—*Editor.*]

AMERICA'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

AN ADDRESS BY DR. J. A. MACDONALD

Before the Empire Club of Canada,
February 2, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Three hundred years ago Europe, with strained eyes, gazed westward across the unknown seas. All was waste and wilderness. To-day America looks back to Europe to the ancient homes of our peoples in Britain, in France, in Germany, in the Low Countries, in Italy, and in the Near East. What has America to show? What has Europe to learn?

The two English-speaking nations of North America stand aghast at the collapse of European ideals. All the highest achievements of Europe, all the things that make for progress and freedom and justice, the work of a thousand years and the hopes of a thousand more—all have been crowded back into the melting-pot of brutal war. At its best war is barbarism. Brute force belongs to the brute stages of human development. The carnage of these months in Belgium and France and Austria and Servia and on the borders of Germany and Russia is a triumph of the savage instincts in humanity. No matter who is responsible for it, the lining up for mutual slaughter of millions upon millions of men from the foremost nations of Europe, for the alleged purpose of settling some international dispute, is a blank denial of civilisation, a crime against humanity, an apostasy from Christ.

Over against that ghastly failure of Europe is presented in America the celebration of a full century of unbroken peace between the greatest Empire the world ever saw and the world's greatest Republic. This is indeed the wonder of the world: more than 400,000,000 people of all races and colours and languages, covering one-quarter of the land area of the globe, live at peace under one flag: under another flag live nearly 100,000,000 of as progressive people as the world knows: and these two flags for a hundred years, fold in fold, entwine in a common ideal, for a common purpose, to promote the freedom and progress and peace of all humanity. In these days, these days of staggering and bitterness, when the war-cloud of Europe looms blackest, when its thunders speak of death and its lightnings flash of hell, I turn again to America, and, at the close of this unparalleled century of Anglo-American civilisation, I thank God and take courage for all the world.

In preparing the way for America's greatest achievement the American colonies of the eighteenth century played a necessary and notable part. They achieved one thing which informed and thoughtful citizens of Canada and Great Britain now know was unique and of world significance. That one thing was the declaration of the right of a free people to govern themselves, the declaration before all the world that any people who desire self-government and are fit for self-government, must be given the chance and responsibility of governing themselves; the supreme declaration of democracy that the authority of all human government is based on the consent of the governed.

It was not, indeed, for independence the American patriots strove; it was for self-government. Independence may be only the noisy clamour of the law-breaker and the libertine. But self-government any free people of the Anglo-Saxon breed must have or be slaves. It was for Freedom's sake the forefathers came three hundred years ago. National autonomy, for men of the British blood, is of the very essence of national freedom. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton and John Adams proved themselves sons of the same British blood when, against the arrogance of the monarch and the ignorance of the aristocracy of England, they stood, in the hour of supreme struggle, for the rights of British freemen in New England and in the South.

Self-government was the end. The Declaration of Independence came to be the means. Had any other way been known to history by which a colony could come to national self-government, except the way of national separation, the American colonists of 1776 might have taken that other way. But the world knew no other way. The colonies took the old way of revolution, paid the old price, suffered the old loss, and won the old prize. That contribution to world democracy, despite the losses and sacrifices which revolution always brings, marked in itself a new epoch in world history, and is the greatest achievement of the United States of America.

Canada also has made a great contribution to the political thinking and the progress of the world. It is even yet the habit in some quarters to call Canada a "colony," and to regard the Canadian Dominion as having done nothing of which the world may well take note. That habit persists not in the United States merely, or in Britain, but in Canada as well. It is still counted for loyalty with some Canadians to ascribe every Canadian achievement to Britain (or, as they say, England), and to confess Canada's littleness and lack of achievement in the thought and government of the world.

And yet history, even the short history of Canada, records the fact that in the struggle and movement which confederated the British North American Provinces into the Dominion of Canada and gave to the new Dominion the rights and responsibilities of free national self-government, a thing was done which was absolutely without precedent, an achievement worthy of Pilgrim blood which has changed for ever the political history of the world.

What is that supreme achievement of Canada? It is the gain of national self-government, without the loss of the nation's historic background. Self-government had to come to Canada as surely as it had to come to the United States. The day of its coming, which ended in the Quebec Conference of 1865 and the passing of the British North America Act in 1867, was a long and stormy day. No man saw clearly. There was no blazed trail. No people had ever gone from colonial subjection to national self-government except by one road—the road of separation. There were those in Canada who believed that self-government must take that one road of separation, and they fought against self-government. In Britain statesmen in both parties thought the separation of Canada inevitable. They were prepared to grant not confederation merely, but independence as well. Beaconsfield and Gladstone both thought what was called confederation and autonomy would lead straight to the independence of Canada and its separation from the Empire.

But in Britain, and especially in Canada, were statesmen of the farther vision. They saw, dimly and fitfully saw, the rise of a new Canada—a new Canada leading the way for a new empire. Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Papineau, Baldwin and Lafontaine, George Brown and John A. Macdonald—men of vision, men of courage, men of faith, they went out not knowing whither they went; and by the trails they blazed the people of Canada have come to their own, to their rights of free citizenship, to their responsibilities of national self-government, to their obligations and dignities in Canada's Imperial relations.

And so it has come about that not by constraint, not by compulsion, but by the free and deliberate choice of Canadians themselves, Canada's Imperial relations are what they are, and in the great days to come shall be what Canadians choose to make them. Not in tariff and trade merely, not in citizenship and defence merely, but in all the great choices of Canadian nationhood the law of the nation stands:—

> " The gates are mine to open,
> And the gates are mine to close."

And that achievement of national self-government within the world circle of the British Empire, free from the embitterment of war or the alienations of strife, is Canada's greatest achievement. It is a new, an original, an epoch-making thing in the history of the world.

And Canada's achievement for herself changed for the world the constitution and spirit of the whole British Empire. It did more. It made for the Empire a new prestige and a greater prominence among the nations. On the old lines the Empire could not endure. The old idea of " Imperium," the idea of ancient Rome and of modern Germany, with its centralised sovereignty and its subject states, had no future for sons of the British blood. Its day was done. Unless there came a new idea the break-up of the Empire was inevitable. The coming of Canada brought that new idea—the idea of national freedom and national autonomy, not without but within the Imperial circle. Canada achieved it. After Canada came Australia, then New Zealand, then, only yesterday, South Africa. Those four overseas Dominions, with the ancient self-governing colony of Newfoundland, constitute, with the Mother Country, the great, strong right hand of the world Empire of Britain. Those five fingers are bound in that hand, not by bandages of weak dependence, not by bonds of compulsion, but by the vital ties of a common blood, a common purpose and a common Imperial will. And not in the mailed fist of threatening or oppression, but in the handclasp of world-friendship, those five fingers stretched over the seven seas—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and to-day, as the war in Europe attests, the great Empire of India—those five fingers all close toward the palm.

But the greatest thing of all is the joint achievement of these two English-speaking nations of North America. That supreme achievement which North America can show the world is an international boundary line between two nations across which in a hundred years neither nation ever once launched a menacing army or fired a hostile gun. Think of that achievement! A thousand miles up the mighty St. Lawrence, a thousand miles along the Great Lakes, a thousand miles across the open prairie, a thousand miles over a sea of mountains—four thousand miles where nation meets nation and sovereignty meets sovereignty, but never a fortress, never a battleship, never a gun, never a sentinel on guard! Four thousand miles of civilised and Christianised internationalism—that is North America's greatest achievement.

And why America's achievement? Why America's alone? Not because these two nations are spent and wasted forces, degenerate sons of coward sires, weak to defend a national right, slow to resent a national insult. No redder, prouder, hotter blood ever beat in British veins than the Pilgrim blood of New England, the Cavalier blood of Virginia, the Celtic blood of North Carolina, or the blood of the Ulster Scot of Kentucky and Tennessee. The same blood, red, proud, hot, throbs through Canadian veins from

Cape Breton to Vancouver. Not blood from Britain alone, but from France as well, and from Germany. All the great war nations of Europe through the generations have slit their own veins and poured their best blood, their hot war blood, into the heart of America. If blood tells, that blood should tell in us.

And that blood has told. The men of America, in the United States and in Canada, have never belied their breed. The blood of the lion, the blood of the eagle, the blood of the bear, the fiery bloods of all the beasts of Europe's war jungle have mingled in the veins of America. Sons of that blood, we, like our sires, have been little used to lie down at the bidding of any man. On the battlefields of the Revolution the American Republic justified its breed; and in the deadlier Civil War, with more prodigal hand South and North alike paid the full measure of devotion to causes they deemed to be great. Canada's half-century of national history has no war page, and no battlefield consecrated by the blood of her sons; but, not once or twice in Britain's blood-writ story, the sons of Canada, by their deeds of valour in the Empire's wars, proved to the world their British heritage.

And they will prove it once again. Thirty-three thousand men have gone. If needs be, 100,000 will follow. In a war that is not our war, or Britain's even, but Freedom's, the British blood, the French blood, the German blood, red and hot and true in Canadian hearts, will be poured out on the awful altar of the world's war for the rights of British freedom and the cause of the little peoples. No, whatever else may be true, Europe cannot say that North America's greatest achievement was wrought by nations of the lesser breed and the craven heart.

Nor can it be said that this continent has been without excuse for war. Again and again questions have arisen, situations have been created, tempers have been aroused, which in other times and for other nations would have involved the excuse of national honour and vital interest, and the gauntlet would have been thrown down.

Neither can it be argued that the United States and Canada have kept the peace because of their equality in war forces and the power of each to resist attack from the other.

Our two nations divide almost equally this continent between the Arctic and the Gulf; but in numbers and developed resources and war equipment there is no equality. On one side are nearly 100,000,000 of people; on the other side less than 8,000,000. One maintains a seasoned standing army; the other until the present war in Europe had only the beginning of a militia. One boasts a navy third, if not second, on the high seas; the other has not even a naval programme accepted by parliament. To all the boasted defence policies of the war nations of Europe, North America offers straight contradiction, and through a hundred years of peace these two civilised nations have given to Europe's war lords the unflinching and triumphant lie.

Why, then, this achievement of North America in international civilisation, while on other continents the nations crouched under the burden of their wars and lingered in the half-barbarism of their armed peace until they broke into hideous war. Why? For one thing these two English-speaking nations of America have each developed into a national unity of its own, self-contained, purposeful, free. The Great Lakes are not barbarised by the black menace of forts and battleships, because the two nations they divide desire supremely to be free, are fit for freedom, and have each united all their peoples in unchallenged devotion to freedom's great experiment. Through this one great lesson in North America the American Republic and the British Empire are working into the public opinion of the world this maxim of international politics: Any nation that desires to be free and is fit to be free, and stands for national freedom, must be given freedom's unfettered chance.

A civilised international boundary and a century of peace. That is America's greatest achievement. That thing, unique, original, North America alone has done. And because of that achievement these two nations have earned the right, when this wicked war is over, to stand up in the councils of the nations and teach the homelands of American colonists the more excellent way. What the sons in America have done on the Great Lakes, on the St. Lawrence, on the Niagara, and across the sweeping plains, the fathers in Britain, in France, and in Germany might do, ought to do, on the North Sea and in the Channel. It can be done on all the continents. The jungle can be made a neighbourhood. The remainders of barbarism can be swept away on every boundary line. If America takes her stand and leads the way all the continents will do it.

Here we stand, we of America, facing the colossal failure of Europe. The boundary lines between European countries are yawning with forts, bristling with bayonets, and most of them bedabbled with blood. For forty years those defences have been a growing menace to all the world. Europe has been an armed camp. The nations lived in the Fool's Paradise of Armed Peace until they found it the Fool's Hell of Bloody War. They all said: "In Peace prepare for War." Here in North America our two nations for a hundred years have been saying: "In Peace prepare for More Peace." In Europe they got, as they were bound to get, the thing they prepared for—War. In America we got, as we deserved to get, the thing we prepared for—a hundred years of More Peace.

But this hundred years of peace has not saved America from the colossal failure of Europe's half-century of preparation for war. North America has become a neighbourhood; but Europe remained a jungle. The world is too small for any continent to live to itself, or for any country to stand alone The United States in this war is neutral, and neutral, I hope and pray, it may remain. But neutrality has not saved the people and the interests of this Republic from its share of the world's sorrows, or of the incalculable suffering and loss which this war entails. Canada was worlds away from the mad vortex of European militarism, but the widening circle of that awful maelstrom has swept Canada into its deathful whirl. There is not a shore in the Southern Seas, there is not an island in the lone Pacific, there is not a whaling vessel in the frozen North, that has not felt the dread undertow of Europe's upheaval.

America had indeed dreamed of unbroken Peace. The Forefathers dreamed it for New England. The Fathers of Independence planned it for the United States. To Canada war is a new and surprising experience. We had all thought a war in Europe never could come nigh our dwelling. But it has come. And it shall come nearer still, into our homes, into the bleeding places of our hearts. We have been parties to the world's uncured and unchristian folly. The Republic and the Empire both have said: "In Peace prepare for War." With half the homes of Europe bleeding at every pore, we cannot expect and we cannot ask that our homes and our counting-houses and our nations and our continent, alone in all the world, shall be spared the world's awful baptism of blood.

But a new day shall dawn. Out of this weirdness and welter a new world shall rise. Up from this horror and death America must come with its schools and colleges and universities and churches; America, having seen enough of blood and carnage in the Old World to take a fresh stand for the New: America, with its eye undimmed, its faith unbroken, and its hope triumphant in a new life, a larger life, a life not of militarism and world-mastership, but of love and justice and the brotherhood of man!

Please God, this will be the end of autocracies, the end of despotisms, the end of war lords, the end of secret diplomacies of deceit, the end of menacing alliances and threatening *ententes*, the ultimate and everlasting end of the Religion of Valour, of the Cult of Violence, and of the barbaric appeals to brute Force.

And please God, too, this will be the end of all ambitious and arrogant Imperialism, the end of that ignorant and vulgar jingo lust for colonies and for mastership and for the domination of the world. A new-born world already begins to heave above the horizon line. It will be a world of free nationalities: a world of righteous democracies, in which there must be no supremacy and no servitude: a world where no master will be allowed on land and no mistress needed on the sea. Over free peoples there can be no dictator, no autocracy, no mastership. Every nation, great or small, must be master in its own house—little Belgium as truly as great Germany, the year-old China as truly as the ages-old Britain. The Might of all must defend the Right of each. The glory of the Strong must be in the help of the Weak. The Ten Commandments must be written on the heart of the world's democracy; and into the Congresses, the Parliaments and the Chancelleries of the nations He must come whose Truth and Justice give the Right to Reign.

Many people are now asking if this hideous conflict in Europe is indeed the Armageddon of the Nations. It may be so. Certainly from the ends of all the earth the nations are coming to its awful slaughter. Gog and Magog are coming.

But Armageddon, when it comes, will be something more than the crash of mighty navies and of armies rolled in blood. It will be the conflict not only of brute force against brute force, but of ideals against ideals, of character against character, of life against life, of civilisation against civilisation. It will be, as it ever has been, Cæsar against Christ, Corsica against Galilee, Will-to-Power against Will-to-Serve. Armageddon is the conflict of Ideas.

And because it means Ideas it means also America. Here on this continent the new Idea was released to all the world—the idea of Freedom, of Justice, of Peace. That Idea was set free on Plymouth Rock by the Pilgrim Fathers three hundred years ago. By the two nations of this continent, the heritors together of the freedom of English-speaking civilisation, that Idea shall be vindicated against all world-despotisms everywhere and for ever. That is America's Mission. It may seem Canada's Martyrdom. But for world-freedom, for world-justice, for world-peace, these two nations of America shall stand. And we stand with the Motherland that gave us birth, and with the Sister democracies on all the seven seas, to make America's international civilisation the triumphant experience of all the continents. Whether neutral or combatant, the nations of our English-speaking fraternity shall stand shoulder to shoulder for the good of all our peoples and the freedom of the world.

" In the day of Armageddon,
  In the last great day of all,
Our house shall stand together,
  And its pillars shall not fall.'"

CERTAIN PHASES OF THE WAR PROBLEM

AN ADDRESS BY HENRY MARSHALL TORY,
M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.C.

President of the University of Alberta, to the Empire Club of Canada at Exhibition Park, Toronto, Wednesday, February 3. *A thousand men in training for the Canadian Contingent were also present.*

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I consider it a very special honour to be permitted to speak to you to-night. Yesterday, I was to have addressed the Empire Club at luncheon, but was prevented by a storm from reaching the city. I can assure you, gentlemen, I appreciate much more the honour of being permitted, under the auspices of the Empire Club, to speak to you, soldiers of Canada preparing to defend the Empire.

Gentlemen, we are living in very special times, so special that it is difficult for us to realise the significance of what is happening. In the long history of the development of human liberty we find only three or four similar periods. These periods are unique because the future, not of individual nations but of civilisation, depended upon the turn of events. This was due to the fact that the very foundations were being tested upon which the superstructure of civilisation was being built. The records show that whether men knew it or not the conflict in these periods centred around ideas rather than persons and that in the long run ideas, rightly founded, are more potent than persons.

In the very dawn of European civilisation a series of events occurred during which the light of liberty was threatened with extinction before it was fairly lighted. I refer to the effort to establish the tyranny of Persia upon the free soil of Greece. On that occasion the future of Europe, unfolding in the life of the people of Greece, was threatened by the tyranny of Asia expressing itself in the absolutism of Persia. You will, I am sure, remember how Greece, invaded as Belgium is to-day, answering the call of liberty, not only conquered her enemy and re-occupied her own soil, but by her deeds of valour made her name for ever glorious.

A similar period occurred in the days of the Old Roman Republic. Then it was Africa *versus* Europe. The story of that struggle is one of the most inspiring in human history. Out of that conflict emerged, ultimately, the Roman Empire, but what was more important, the ideas of law and order, liberty and justice, for which the Roman people stood, were given a chance to grow and develop for the future good of the whole human race.

Another series of events of equal significance occurred just as the Christian civilisation of Europe was beginning to emerge out of the barbarism of earlier times. This time it was the united forces of Asia and Africa expressing themselves in the tyranny of Mohammedanism that had to be met. Making their way across Asia and Africa, like a nightly avalanche, the Mohammedan hosts entered Europe through Spain, determined to blot out its rising civilisation. May I recall to you the fact that on a battlefield not far from where the British and French soldiers are to-day staying the hand of the German invader our European forefathers led by Charles Martel met and defeated that Mohammedan host and once again saved Europe.

The instances I have mentioned show the conflict of Europe with external enemies. Permit me now to recall one instance when the conflict was from within. I take the great outstanding example of modern times and refer to events familiar to you all, those associated with the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. I mention this because in that series of events our immediate forefathers in the British Isles bore a most conspicuous part and became, as we are again called upon to become, the saviours of Europe and the defenders of the Public Law of the world. Napoleon, who aimed to establish a great empire to include both Europe and Asia, saw after he had practically conquered Europe that there was only one thing standing between him and success, and that was the British Empire. He, therefore, spent two years gathering an army on the western shores of France for the purpose of invading Britain. He told his generals and soldiers that it was absolutely necessary to undertake the conquest of the British Isles. I would recall to you to-night, when Admiral Jellicoe and the great British Fleet are standing between the Empire and invasion, that for two long years the wooden walls of the fleet of that day, under the control and direction of the great Nelson, held back Napoleon from the British shore. And I would remind you that when the time came that Napoleon had completed his plans, he said to his admirals: " Gentlemen, we must have possession of the English Channel for eight hours, give it to me and I will make England an appendage of France." You know what followed. Upon that first Trafalgar Day the ambitious plans of Napoleon were stayed for ever by the great victory which the great Nelson won.

I said that these events were unique in that the whole future of civilisation depended upon the outcome. Had the Persians conquered Greece there would have been no Europe as we know it. It might have become a duplicate of Asia. Had Carthage conquered Rome the whole stream of human history would have been turned into a new channel. Had the Mohammedans conquered in their first great movement into Europe, there would have been no Christian civilisation. Had Napoleon succeeded in his conquest of Britain, there would have been no British Empire nor British civilisation as we understand that word.

Gentlemen, we are living in an age and witnessing events equal in importance to those already mentioned. Once again we have the clashing of old forces; absolutism and liberty have met. Upon the outcome of the strife the whole future of civilisation depends. Is the future to be controlled by those forces which make for liberty and justice, or those which make for absolutism and might? Whether we desire it or not, our future as a nation, as a nation within this great Empire, is being decided upon the battlefield of Europe. That is why it is Our War, that is why We must be actively engaged in the struggle.

Now, if what I have just stated is true, then the causes leading to this war are not superficial and insignificant;

they are deep-seated and far-reaching. Never having known oppression and having lived all our lives in an atmosphere of peace and prosperity, it is difficult for us, Canadians, to realise the situation as it exists in Europe, and to see how fundamental in its nature is the struggle.

Permit me to call your attention to a few facts which show how essentially different Europe is from America.

Take the race problem as an illustration. Racial hatreds growing out of a thousand years of strife, tempered only slightly by Christian sentiment, abound everywhere. The appeal to racial pride has been a potent factor in making modern Germany the military power she is to-day. One cannot be in Europe a week without being made to feel the force of these sentiments. Let me give you an illustration of the curious working of this factor. I happened last year to be in the city of Budapest in Hungary. I was a guest on that occasion at a banquet given in honour of some visitors to the city. During the evening I had an opportunity of discussing with a number of public men the relation of Hungary and Austria. I found that to this day the Austro-Hungarian Empire was held together, not by the bonds of good-will, as we would suppose, but by the bonds of fear. The average Hungarian hates the Austrian with a bitter hatred. The only difference between his hatred of the Austrian and of the Russian is that he hates the Russian a little more. Because he hates and fears the Russian and because he wishes to preserve his race life and his political entity, he has allied himself with the Austrian Empire.

I passed from Austria into Hungary in the company of an Hungarian gentleman. I had on my coat a little Hungarian emblem significant of my visit to the country. Before we passed the border line this Hungarian gentleman came to me and said,—"Please take off that emblem; it would not be wise for you, and although I am an Hungarian and my country is part of this empire, it would not be wise for me to wear it in the city of Vienna. We are not liked in that city, and our emblems and colours are not welcome there." The reason why Austria and Hungary are bound together, people who really hate each other, is because of the fear of another race, a fear on the part of

Hungary that their race may be submerged by the great Slav Empire.

This antagonism between various races—an antagonism of which, thank God, we have no experience in this country—exists everywhere. Sometimes I have had a fear that the difficulties under which we are living might bring about dangerous conditions in the Dominion of Canada. We must look to the wise guidance of the men who are controlling the destinies of this country to make such a state of affairs impossible.

Then I would call attention to the environment in which the people of Europe live; it is so different from ours. Each nation is surrounded by or adjacent to others with different laws and different views of life. The conflicts of a thousand years have left fear and distrust everywhere. Preparation for war is regarded as a normal state of life. I might give an illustration of this. On the occasion to which I have just referred, in a little address I gave I pointed out the fact that in this country we lived side by side with a great nation that had a boundary line 3000 miles long, and that along that boundary line of 3000 miles there is not a single gun pointed, there is not a single regiment drawn up to protect us from one another, our relations are so friendly. Men who were present who were not familiar with our history, came to me and said, " Surely it is not possible that two nations live side by side without having this conflict going on, at least this apparent preparation for conflict." When I emphasised the fact that such was the case, they said: " What a happy country it must be in which you live! " How different is the state of mind that exists between those people and their neighbours and that which exists between us and our neighbours.

Then I would emphasise the fact that their educational institutions are permeated by a spirit entirely different from ours. In this country and in all Anglo-Saxon countries we have been taught for the last two or three generations that the thing we are to look forward to is a time of permanent and abiding peace. In our schools it has been impossible to teach or practise anything pertaining to the militia. Just one year ago I had under consideration, in the University over which I have the honour to preside, the possibility of having an officers' training corps. When the matter was under consideration, we were compelled to pause out of respect to public opinion. I had to ask myself whether it would be wise for this institution to establish a training corps for officers of militia, and decided that for the moment it would not be wise so to do, because there were indications that an agitation against it would be raised in the newspapers of the country. That has been the chronic state of feeling in Canada and also in the United States, and largely so all over the British Empire. Our belief in peace, our desire to keep the peace, our ambition to live in harmony with our neighbours, has resulted in our keeping out of educational institutions everything that even seemed to point toward militarism. The unpreparedness of the Empire as a whole when the war began is a sufficient answer to the charge that England brought on the war. How different is it in Europe! All over the European countries, in every nation you visit, you find preparation for and thought about war, about military things.

Last year I attended a banquet given by the students of one of the great universities of Germany. Now, I have been at many university banquets in Canada and the United States, but at none of these have I ever heard the question of war discussed. On that occasion, however, the glory of Germany and the might of her army were the themes of nearly every student speech. It was about the time when Britain made the suggestion that a halt should be called in fleet building. We were told repeatedly at the banquet that the time was not far distant when the clash of arms must come. The assembly was assured that Germany would build her fleet and man her armies, and when the time came, Germany, with her mighty army, would spread her civilisation, her Kultur, over the whole world. They would defy England and do just as they pleased. They were making these statements in the presence of strangers, invited guests. That was the spirit of the occasion. I mention that to you because I speak to men who are going to the war, but who have not been brought up in the spirit of war, though, thank God, as a people we have not lost the power to defend ourselves when occasion arises.

This leads me to one other point—the development of the military spirit in Europe. I think I am justified in saying that in the last forty years Europe has been an armed camp. The possibility of such a state of affairs grows out of the facts I have just mentioned. Nothing can stay this but an understanding between the leaders of the various nations which would recognise and ameliorate racial differences and look towards a peaceful solution of their difficulties. I trust, gentlemen, I am justified in saying that this was made impossible because of the military spirit and race pretensions of Germany. I am not going to argue that question. The record shows that she alone, led by her war lords, refused to consider any agreement looking to the amelioration of these conditions, because she had set before herself the task of dominating Europe, through Europe the world. From the hour he ascended the throne of Germany, the Kaiser, in spite of his peace pretensions, has been preparing for the day when Germany would be ready to strike for world supremacy. He refused to listen to proposals which looked toward peace before the war began, because he with his ally had deliberately planned the war to begin when they were ready and when they thought they could succeed. Servia was an incident. The treatment of Belgium, with its dark deeds of shame, is the normal manifestation of the military spirit of Prussia. But that is another story.

I must in closing call your attention to a few things that are at stake in this war and that vitally concern us as Canadians.

In the first place, the right of small nations to exist at all is at stake. Leaders of German thought have openly declared that the state unable to defend itself by force of arms has no right to exist. We were complacent enough to believe these statements to be the offspring of minds disordered by desire for military glory and did not believe such judgments could be held by responsible political leaders. The invasion of Belgium, whose integrity Germany had guaranteed and whose neutrality she had promised not to violate up to forty-eight hours before invasion, was a death-blow aimed not only at Belgium but at all small nations which stood in the way of the domination of Germany. That this is a fair interpretation of her action, I believe, will be the judgment of history. In the long story of human conflict it is questionable if any nation ever had such treatment as unoffending Belgium received at the hands of Germany. And it is equally doubtful if ever a small nation rose more gloriously to the occasion.

Further, the sacredness of international treaties is at stake also.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Last year there was a dispute between England and the United States as to the interpretation to be put upon a certain treaty that had been entered into between the United States and England. Now, that treaty might reasonably be interpreted in two ways. The United States interpreted it in one way and England interpreted it in another way. The Congress of the United States of that day said to the public, " We have the authority and the power to interpret this treaty as we please, and we believe that ours is the rational interpretation of this treaty and we intend to abide by it." Congress put itself behind that interpretation by a legal enactment. A little later on came a President of the United States who held a different view. He went into the Congress of the United States of America and this is what he said—in meaning if not in words—to the American Congress: " Gentlemen, this nation is strong enough to interpret that treaty as it sees fit; we have power enough to interpret that treaty and to carry out our obligations under it in terms which this nation may determine;" but he also added: " Gentlemen, this nation is not strong enough to defy the moral judgment of the world, and we are bound to put on our Statute Books an interpretation of that treaty that will satisfy the moral judgment of the civilised nations to-day, who believe we were taking advantage of them in what we did last year." Then be it said—to the everlasting credit of the people of the United States of America and the Congress of the United States of America—that when it was put to them in that form they wrote into the Statute Book an interpretation of that treaty which was in accord with the common judgment of nations whose interests were affected. Now, I ask you to compare that with the interpretation which the German Emperor and his government put upon treaties over which England and Germany went to war. When the German Emperor and his government were presented with the British point of view with regard to that treaty, they did not deny their obligations; they called it a "Scrap of Paper," and declared that their necessities must first be considered. They practically said to the world, "So far as we are concerned, treaties have no meaning for us; we reserve the right, in emergencies, to interpret them to suit our convenience." Only recently some public journals in Germany have openly made the statement that they intended to interpret any treaty to which they had written their name in the interest of the German Empire. Now, England has gone to war over a treaty. In reality that is what she has done, and she has said, "International obligations made by great nations must bind them one to another, and they must abide by the obligations into which they enter." In my judgment, England has given a new moral status to international treaties; she has set a moral judgment for herself on which she must act on all future occasions; and she has made a moral judgment in regard to treaties by which every civilised nation in the world must hereafter abide.

You gentlemen who are taking your sword in your hand in defence of that position will be the men who will compel the nations of the earth to recognise the sacredness of those obligations.

Then, again, the whole body of international law by which the nations are governed in relation to one another is at stake. For 500 years, the Christian conscience of the world has been at work framing regulations by which nations would govern themselves in their relation one to another. Bit by bit, step by step, those obligations have been written either in the form of treaties or laws to which the nations have agreed, and they have said that by these laws we will abide in all our international relations. I think I am safe in saying that there is hardly a principle of international law that has not been violated by our enemies in this great war so far as it has gone. To-day, there is no international law except as England and her allies abide by the regulations and laws to which they have set names. One of the great results of this war will be that the status of international law will be re-established, and it will be re-established because Britain and her allies will win the war, and, backed by the Christian conscience of the civilised world, will have the power to see that in future these obligations will be respected.

But there is one other thing at stake in this war that is more sacred to you and me than any of those I have mentioned—the great sacred principle of liberty is at stake. You will remember how the British people wrested their liberty step by step from tyrant kings. Germany to-day is in the state of liberty that we were 500 years ago. Any man familiar with our constitutional history knows that under the Great Charter granted in 1215, we enjoy privileges that are not open to the men who live in the German Empire to-day. The clash of arms is the clash over certain ideals. The right of men to live and be free, to think and be free, is at stake. The question to be decided is this—Is the future of the world to be in the hands of a Military Tyranny or a Free Democracy?

The Emperors of Rome, the Stuarts of England and the Bourbons of France tried the experiment which the German Emperor is trying. Over and over again men have tried it. Napoleon Bonaparte tried it, and he would have succeeded for a time but for the might of England's navy and England's sword. It is the same old conflict. We, in Canada, are apt to think that it will not come home to us. We are so far from the field of conflict that it takes time to get down to the depths of our hearts what it all means. What would it mean if some morning we got the news that the British fleet had been destroyed at sea, and that the German fleet had started to make its way across the Atlantic? Where would our freedom be? It would not last one hour. We would have a military despotism set up in the Dominion of Canada unless our neighbours to the South had the will and power to protect us. We know that even if they have the will they have not the power.

There is nothing more clear to-day than that the designs of the German Empire have been against the British Empire rather than against France and Belgium. Nothing is more clear than that. We are only now becoming familiar with the military literature which for the last twenty years they have been producing. We are a complacent sort of people, and do not bother our heads much about these things, but we are now becoming familiar with their propaganda, the ruling strain of which is, "England is our only foe." In this they are only expressing the idea that has been in the minds of the ruling class of Germany ever since the days of Bismarck.

Gentlemen, you are taking upon yourselves the great responsibility of protecting these ancient liberties dearly bought. It is an awful war, but it is a holy war. As God lives, it is a holy war, and every man who buckles on his sword should do so in that understanding. You are the living embodiment of the belief expressed by Byron that—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won,"

and you will go into the battle with some understanding of its significance and meaning.

My heart bleeds at the thought that some of you may not return. I confess to you that I am never able to speak about this matter without feelings of emotion and without a consciousness of pain. Some of you may not return. Your names, if you do not—and whether you do or not—will be enshrined in the memory of this great country in future. We will always remember, and our sons and our daughters will remember, that in this battle which was fought and which will be won, you are the men who took the responsibility of winning it for us. And, gentlemen, if you do not return, as some of you may not, what shall I say? Well, I can only quote that oft-quoted line of Macaulay's, words which he puts in the mouth of Horatius of old—

"How can man die better
  Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
  And the temples of his gods?"

There certainly is no higher ambition that can inspire the breast of any man than to live for his country, and when the crisis comes to die for his country.

I want to thank you, gentlemen, for your patience in listening to me. I confess that I am speaking under rather difficult circumstances, for I am not accustomed to addressing audiences of soldiers, neither am I accustomed to speak under conditions quite similar to these. I thank you for your attention and wish you God speed in the accomplishment of the noble purpose on which you have set your hearts.

A vote of thanks was proposed by F. B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C., and seconded by Rev. Alfred Hall.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, EMPIRE BUILDER

AN ADDRESS BY REV. BYRON H. STAUFFER

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, February 18, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am sure that it was nothing but the absorbing thought of the war that has kept Canada from remembering that the fifteenth of last month was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir John Alexander Macdonald. Britain will never forget her Cromwell and her Pitt, and her Bright, her Disraeli, and her Gladstone, and the British Empire will never forget the hero whose name we add to our list of immortals, John Alexander Macdonald, who had much of the force of a Cromwell, some of the compacting and conciliating tact of a Pitt, the sagacity of a Gladstone, and some of the shrewdness of a Disraeli. To read the biography of John Alexander Macdonald is, essentially, to read a new world biography. It is grounded in humble origin, small beginnings, and intense struggle. No American statesman's life surpasses his in the poverty of his birth and his boyhood, the paucity of his opportunities, the swiftness of his ascent, or the permanence and majesty of his achievements. We are touched by the story of Andrew Jackson's tobacco shanty of his boyhood, by Abraham Lincoln's mud house, by Garfield's canal boat; but just as pathetic is the introduction to life of this child of the clan Macdonald, born in a lowly dwelling from which his parents with their baby boy were harshly evicted and compelled to cross the Atlantic to seek the meagre living of the pioneer. His father was but an average man, not very bright and not very industrious. Like Napoleon and Lincoln he received from his mother his physical and mental strength, and the best introduction that we can give him anywhere is that throughout his long career he almost worshipped his mother. Of his early life we know but little, and for good reason—his youth was so short. He fairly leaped into maturity. He was a lawyer at twenty-one, and bounded into fame at twenty-three. Somebody describes him as he was then, a young lawyer just admitted to the bar: Stood five feet eleven, black shaggy hair, clean shaven, liberal mouth, clear eye, big cravat, grey trousers, gay vest, black frockcoat. Now let me tell you how I first saw him, and perhaps how you first saw him. He came to our town —and it was almost high treason in our house even to stand and watch a Tory procession go by. I remember seeing him come down King Street. Spying a couple of men on top of about our only three-storey building that we had in town, and seeing them wave flags, Sir John jumped to his feet and took off his cap and answered the salute vigorously. It was enough for me; it was such an unconventional thing that I found myself in the skating rink in the afternoon well up at the front. Up rose Sir John to his feet. His rising was very deliberate; he took a long time to get square on his feet, and as he was swaying back and forth with his hands in his overcoat pockets, my Grit neighbour who sat beside me whispered, "The old man is drunk." And our Tory neighbour in the next row in front of us said, "Drunk, is he? Well, he knows more drunk than Ed. Blake ever knew sober, anyway." While the crowd was cheering, off came Sir John's overcoat, that great big fur-collared overcoat, which was so popular all over the Dominion. It was a good omen for the crowd; the taking off of his overcoat looked as though he were getting ready to lick every Grit orator in the Dominion; the crowd yelled again. He had just opened his mouth for his first word when over at the side of the platform a little girl was climbing up the stairs burdened down with a gigantic bouquet. Sir John saw her a long distance away. Edward Blake had been in town a couple of weeks before, and he too received a bouquet from a little maiden. Edward Blake made an awkward bow, never thought of kissing the girl, made a feeble attempt at a smile, and the whole business was awkward indeed. Sir John saw the maiden coming down the line, put his hand to his chin, looked fondly at her, smiled with his mouth, with his eyes, with his brow, and even with his ears I thought at the time. Firmly planted on his feet, he lifted her up bodily, gave her a resounding smack, and put her down again. And the Tory neighbour in front said, " Now is he drunk? " Sir John watched the girl go off the platform, shaking his head a bit as much as to say, " I am sorry I haven't her sweetness and her innocence." The crowd seemed to look at it that way too, and they began to cheer anew.

The chief thing about Sir John's physique was his nose. I think I could draw a picture of that nose, although I lay no claim to being an artist; it was the centre and almost the circumference of his face. For fifteen years *Grip* had never issued a number without a picture of Sir John's nose; and when Sir John died, *Grip* died too. Sir John was in a barber shop in Ottawa one day, and the barber was shaving his upper lip, lifting his nose in the operation. Another statesman came into the shop and said, " Hello, Sir John, I guess the barber is the only man in Canada that can have you by the nose? " Sir John said, " Yes, and at that he has his hands full." His eyes were penetrating and twinkling, his mouth generous, his face sallow and wrinkled with strange lines playing over that countenance as much as to say, " I like you all, I have kindly feelings toward you all, and yet I do not care a straw what you think of me." So the hearer was impressed. He was lithe, slightly stooped, neatly dressed. He had an elastic constitution, which permitted him to do a day's work every day until the month of his death. Sir John usually rose early, and after a happy morning at home, usually playing " Hearts " with his invalid daughter, left for the Parliament Buildings before noon, directed the meetings of committees, received delegations all the afternoon, began the parliamentary session proper after six o'clock, listened, perhaps, to a six-hour speech from Hon. Edward Blake until after midnight, and then rose at one o'clock in the morning, alive as a boy, cheerful as a songbird, to dissect the arguments of his opponents, and by three o'clock seemed to be just as strong as at the beginning of the long day.

His was a great life span. His official life reached back to 1844; think of that. Lord Palmerston was still Premier of England when Sir John was an active leader in Canada.

When Louis Napoleon was still Emperor of the French, when John Tyler was President of the United States, when Bismarck was an obscure country squire, when Lincoln was unheard of, and when Theodore Roosevelt was yet unborn, Sir John Macdonald was well into his life task. But our wonder grows when we reflect that that career was continued through forty-seven years of parliamentary life. He was the leader of his party for thirty-six years; he was a Minister of the Crown for thirty-five years; he was Premier of this Dominion for over twenty years. The public life of the average American statesman is very short; Lincoln was before the public but nine years; McKinley was in national prominence but thirteen years, Cleveland, fifteen years; Sir John Macdonald, forty-seven years. In those early days he did Canada great service. Had he died in 1861 his name would have been in history. Constitutional government was in its swaddling clothes; he came too late to assist us in getting our citizenship, but he was always most loyal to the Crown and had a profound respect for Canadian autonomy. His first declaration in 1844 ought to be resounded through the Dominion in this fateful year of the war. " I need only state," he said, " my firm belief that the prosperity of Canada in the long run depends on the Mother Country, and I shall resist to the utmost any attempt, from whatsoever source, to weaken that union with the Motherland."

In 1847 we find the poor lad of yesterday a Minister of the Crown, and only for nine years after that date was he out of office. Who was the Father of Confederation? You remember the old picture of the Fathers of Confederation, and Sir John does not really appear in the centre of that picture. George Brown's patriotism and sacrifice, I think, made Confederation possible. You might say the same of Sir George Cartier and Sir Charles Tupper. It was probably suggested first by Sir Alexander T. Galt. But if you ask who worked out the idea, who proposed and conciliated and compromised and blended until the fragments of five provinces were welded into one there is only one answer; Sir John Alexander Macdonald was the Father of Confederation. So said Sir Wilfred Laurier on the occasion of the meeting of the House after Sir John's death. " We cannot conceive," said Sir Wilfred, " of anybody else being able to do it; Brown could not have done it; Cartier could not have done it; it needed a statesman to bring about these things." He was the Benjamin Franklin of that convention. He had a way out as a compromise at the last. The best testimony of his power was that immediately after Confederation he was Premier, and he was the overtowering figure of the Dominion from that day until his death.

Sir John's career, like a summer express train, ran in two sections. It was a Niagara, if you please, with a cataract in between. It was as if his star had an eclipse midway in its journey across the heavens. The first half ended in 1873; the second half began in 1876. The intervening three years were his eclipse. The greatest test of a life is in its power to resurrect itself after failure. Only a Mohammed can come back to Mecca; only a Napoleon can return from Elba; only a Calvin can come back to Geneva; and only a Macdonald could come back to Ottawa after what occurred in 1873. What amazes us is when a man rises phœnix-like from his ashes, and continues his career and augments his power. That is what Macdonald did. Remember, he was sixty-three years old when he came back.

" Paint me as I am," said Cromwell to his artist. " If you leave out the scars and wrinkles I shall not pay you a shilling." Sir John has been charged with many offences, and I think he would say if he were here, " Paint me as I am." Some of the charges were true. Now all absolve him from receiving personal benefit from his mistakes. He died poor, and that is the best testimony that you can give a preacher or a statesman, that he died poor. Commissioner Starr, I believe, left an estate of $500; Sir James Whitney could not pay his doctor's bill. A statesman should die poor. Sir John Macdonald was also charged with drinking, and I would be afraid to deny it, but this ought to be said, that he married a wife who watched him, nursed him, kept him from temptation, and brought his life to a sober and triumphant end. The faults of some great men look great because their souls are great. Warts appropriate for a giant would deface a baby. The knots on a California redwood are greater than the entire trunk of a spindly poplar; and big men's faults are often more attractive than the sum total of the little negative virtues of their critics. What happened in 1873? This; it was charged that Sir Hugh Allan had contributed to the campaign fund of 1872 on the promise of getting the C.P.R. contract. Sir John admitted the contribution, but denied the consideration. I like his frank speech to the House in which he said, "I throw myself upon this House and upon the country. If mistaken in that, I confidently appeal to the higher court, the court of my own conscience and the court of posterity." The country said Guilty, and hurled Sir John's government from office. Alexander Mackenzie swept the country and Sir John retired to Toronto, discouraged and cowed. His enemies and many friends thought that he was fallen to rise no more. In those unfortunate days it has freely been said that Sir John took more and more to drink. He called a caucus of his party at the beginning of the next session of the House, and begged them to choose another leader. They adjourned the caucus and he said he would give an answer to-morrow to their urgency in asking him to continue. The next day at the time of meeting there was no one in sight in the caucus room; Sir John was there alone. He looked about, but no member of his party could be found. He walked out into the House and found on the opposition side his forty-five followers present, ready to give him a rousing cheer. It touched his heart; he was as jaunty as ever, and in five short years he marched back to power, hurling his enemies from the ramparts and leaving them scattered remnants. That closed the case; the country had forgiven him, and as he said in 1881 when the case came up again in some man's speech, "There is the record; there is the appeal to the country, and I am Premier of Canada." How did he do it? As he would have played a game of checkers! The greatness of the man is here; he watched his chance, he took advantage of hard times. General Hard Times has defeated many a man; he wrecked Cleveland and may wreck Wilson for all we know. Eggs were ten cents a dozen, butter twelve cents a pound, chickens 45 cents a pair. You could buy a great many things in Canada with a $5 bill in those days; the only possible difficulty was in getting the $5. This is not the place to discuss the tariff problem, and yet England's answer yesterday to the German statement as to what they would do if we would let food go into Germany, seems to be applicable. Britain said yesterday that when her enemy broke the rules of naval warfare, there was nothing left but for Britain to break the rules too. That seems to be the case with the tariff. Canada seems to have been from tradition a free trade country, but when the American tariff went up it was necessary to put up the tariff here. I have no doubt in the world that if this country and the United States could from the first have had unrestricted reciprocity with a tariff against the goods of Europe, perhaps we would have every bit of the prosperity that we have had; but that was impossible after we got started. The American tariff was a reality, and Sir John's only answer to that tariff was the National Policy proposition as he brought it before the country. The country was carried by storm in favour of his remedy. Sir John was again the Premier. Good crops followed, and the farmers really thought that Sir John made the weather. He wittily helped along these notions. A little while after the introduction of the National Policy he said when he made a speech in Toronto, " A citizen of Toronto assures me that his Conservative cow is giving three quarts of milk more now than she did before the election. And a good Conservative lady told me that her hens lay more eggs, bigger eggs, fresher eggs, and more to the dozen than they ever did before."

He was great in his political sagacity. He declined a place in the British House of Commons because, he said, " I am helping to build an empire here." Take any of his great notions and they show that he possessed the far-reaching ken of enlightened statesmanship. His policies are ours of to-day. His divorce policy, for example; he absolutely refused to consider putting a divorce court into the Canadian constitution after the fashion of the United States. He held to the idea that divorces should be hard to get. Take his Canadian Pacific Railway policy. Were we to do it over again I have no doubt that public ownership of that railroad would be our programme, but it is hardly possible to imagine that in those days a government ownership proposition could have been carried. It seems almost unreasonable to us now to think that the Canadian Pacific Railway venture was ever flouted, ridiculed, laughed at. Sir John was the one optimist in the pessimists' innings. When the Canadian youth were going into the United States by thousands he said the time will come when we shall get them back into our west with compound interest. It was a bright moment in 1886 when he began his trip across the just completed Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific coast. He then prophesied they would need a second and even a third transcontinental line; and even if, for the moment, we consider now that perhaps the National Transcontinental line has been premature, to-morrow after all will justify all the railroad building that Canada has done. When Sir John was in Regina a little example of his shrewdness and caution appeared. A real estate man (for Regina was ambitious in a real estate direction then, just as western cities are now) wanted to draw out Sir John and get just a little testimonial from him as to what he thought of Regina—possibly to put on his letter head. So he walked up to Sir John as the statesman was looking out over the prairie, rather a barren prospect at that time from the depot, and asked, "Sir John, how do you like the prospect?" "Well," said Sir John after thinking a moment, "if you had just a leetle more hill, and just a leetle more water, and just a leetle more tree, I think it would be very good."

May I say also concerning our Confederation scheme that Sir John A. Macdonald had this thought that it should be the inverse of that of the Republic to the south of us. That is to say, instead of leaving everything to the States except what is precisely committed to the authority of Congress, we should have everything left to Ottawa that was not definitely put under the control of our provincial capitals. So our constitution is the exact inverse of that of the United States. Consequently we have avoided a great deal of the States' rights clatter on account of his sagacity in that direction.

No talk on Sir John would be complete without referring to his Washington Treaty days, when he was a Joint High

Commissioner in 1871. He gave Canada its first launching toward nationhood; before that time no treaty had ever been submitted for ratification to the parliament at Ottawa. Britain had always done that without any reference to us. The Treaty of Washington, of course, was hardly satisfactory to the Canadian people; there were a great many things that we would have had otherwise. Sir John A. Macdonald made a bitter fight on some of the propositions of the American Commissioners. I suppose that it is an open secret, and in this body it need not be avoided, that the attitude of England at that time was not at all satisfactory to the Canadian envoys. They were ready to use Canada as a pawn in the interests of the United States. Sir John was told plainly that there was a growing party in England that was in favour of turning Canada adrift, and that if Canada continued to embarrass the British government in its relations with the United States, that that party in favour of turning Canada adrift might be in control. Sir John replied that he was grieved to think that Canada was an embarrassment to England; inasmuch as these men took that attitude he must insist that the Treaty should be ratified first of all by the Canadian Parliament. He said in closing, " I hope that the day will come when Canada will be the strong arm of the Empire, and not a source of worry or embarrassment."

He was great as a political leader; he was known as the Old Chieftain. He was born a leader; he had that peculiar quality which we call magnetism, which I suppose is another word for love. Magnetism is that quality which compels a man to walk ten blocks out of his way in order to meet you, instead of walking ten blocks out of his way in order to avoid you. Magnetism was the quality which Sir John held. A country member of Parliament—I think his name was David Thompson of Haldimand—said, " I was sick nearly all the session, and at the last I went back to Ottawa. The first man I met was Blake; he passed me with a simple nod as if he had forgotten I was away. Then I met Cartwright, who was just as cold. Then I met Sir John, who rushed across the chamber, slapped me on the shoulder, grasped my hand, and said, ' Davy, I am glad you are back again; I hope you will live many a day to vote against me.' It was pretty hard not to follow a man like that." He had a prodigious memory; he could recall names and faces after a lapse of thirty or forty years. In Vancouver in 1886 a man came up and said, " Sir John, you don't remember me." " Oh, yes," said Sir John, " in the picnic in 1856 out yonder in Lindsay you held an umbrella over me on a rainy day while I made a speech; " and he recalled the man's name. He compacted his friends into a unit. He could take a heterogeneous mass of Orangemen and Roman Catholics, of Irish and English and Scotch, down-east free traders and Ontario high protectionists, of farmers, manufacturers, and labouring men, and consolidate it into one fighting body as Oliver Cromwell could with his prayer-meeting soldiers. He could put every man to work. He was a great maker of cabinets; as he said, " I am somewhat of a workman myself; I am a cabinet maker." The Tuppers, the Tilleys, the Carlings, the Haggarts, were nearly all the creation or the development of his power as a cabinet maker. Alexander Mackenzie could not develop great men. He was a stone mason, and he wanted to put in every stone, and every stone would have been well laid if he had had an eternity to do it. But this was Sir John's great gift; he knew how to select men and how to let them do the work. He said in late life that the first fight that he had in a law case was a physical one with the other lawyer. He said the old Court Clerk was his great friend, and while Sir John was hitting the other fellow he would shout out, " Order in the Court, order in the Court," and then whisper, " Hit him, John." And Sir John said whenever he entered a political campaign he could hear the voice of his old friend the Court Crier saying, " Hit him, John."

I suppose he would not be regarded as an orator quite of the class of Bryan or Laurier. I think he had several men in his party during his last years who were more finished orators than he would claim to be. And yet, if holding and arousing and convincing and persuading people is oratory, he was an orator. He was a stump speaker of the Lincoln type. He said that during his first session he decided to change his mode of speaking in Parliament to extempore speaking, and he prepared carefully, stored the facts in his mind, and as a result was very quick at repartee. He had the art of adapting himself to his audience and usually spoke briefly, although some of his great speeches were somewhat lengthy. Everything he said bubbled over with wit, as you well know. Somewhere back in northern Ontario he was making a speech, and ventilation and other conditions seemed to be against his making very good progress in the meeting. Back at the end was an Irishman, evidently a Grit, that finally bawled out, " Aw, you go to H——." Sir John looked a moment and said, " Gentlemen, I have been in public life for thirty-five years, but this is the first time I ever was invited to Grit headquarters." The meeting, of course, went on then with a new buzz.

He had a great heart, as big a heart as ever beat within a human breast. He was always thoughtful of the feelings of the other fellow. He had an old lawyer named McIntosh in his office in Kingston, who was getting so old that he was absolutely useless, and yet he came down every morning and went through the motions; until one day, knowing that he could not earn his money, he went to John A. and said, " Mr. Macdonald, I will have to give up, I know I am useless to you." And he put his arm around the old lawyer and said, " Why, Mr. McIntosh, I couldn't open the office without you in the morning; you look after the law students, you see that they do their work right; you open the office; you get the newspapers ready for me, and show me the leading legal news in the morning. You must stay here, and if you insist on it I will just raise your wages a bit; I don't want any other lawyer in town to get you." Even his rebukes were cushioned with kindness. D'Arcy McGee was a member of a coalition government in the early days. D'Arcy was going around town and stopping at nearly all the taverns, and once in a while of a Saturday night would have to be carried out of a bar room. The temperance folks in Parliament said McGee's actions were a disgrace, and they said to Sir John, " You are the man to call him to time." Sir John felt it would hardly be consistent for him to do this, of course, and so he put it off from time to time, until by-and-by they were more insistent and said, " You must rebuke Mr. McGee. So he took D'Arcy to one side one morning and said, "My boy, this is a small government we have, you know, here in Canada, and they think it is hardly large enough for two drunkards, and I guess you will have to quit."

He had a tender heart that was easily touched. When David Mills exonerated Hugh John, Sir John's son, in connection with some corruption charges after his name had been bandied a good deal, the veteran Premier, his eyes full of tears, crossed the House to thank his adversary. When Thomas White died, Sir John arose to speak, and after saying, "Mr. Speaker," sank to his chair, threw his head on his desk, and sobbed with unutterable sorrow.

He died in harness. The country went into mourning; the voice of angry debate was hushed. Upon his casket was a wreath from the Queen, who, shortly afterwards, made his widow a Baroness. He had three funerals; one in Ottawa, a stately solemn pageant; one in Kingston, a loving expression of the affection of his neighbours; and one across the sea in Westminster Abbey, with the Sovereign and the Princes of the blood for mourners. In the crypt of St. Paul's you will see his face in marble, and underneath the bust his words, which are the conclusion of the whole matter,

> "A British subject I was born;
> A British subject I will die."

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by A. A. Wright, Esq., and seconded by Dr. Clouse.

THE PROSE AND POETRY, REALITY AND SPIRIT OF CANADIAN IMPERIAL SERVICE

AN ADDRESS BY LIEUT.-COL. W. N. PONTON, M.A., K.C.

Before the Empire Club, Toronto, February 25, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I need not say that I feel perfectly at home; I would be recreant to my duty and privilege as a member of the Club if I did not feel at home. Like Lord Rosebery, when he came to Edinburgh after a long absence, I can say that "I am come to mine own ancient city, mine own fellow-citizens, mine own neighbours, and mine own friends." The best ten years of my life—of course, some in Belleville excepted—were those spent at Upper Canada College, the University, and Osgoode Hall. One hundred and eighty-nine of the old Upper Canada College boys are now doing their duty in France and Belgium, and two Victoria Crosses have been won by them in the past. At the University of Toronto Parade the Duke of Connaught said that never in all his experience had he at any educational centre inspected 1590 men and 26 officers of the physique, stamina, and spirit which the Officers' Training Corps of the University of Toronto presented. If I feel at home by reason of being in old Toronto and by being a member of the Club, I certainly do so the more when I see my old comrade Colonel Brock here, and Major Pope, with whom I served for twenty-five years. It is wonderful what that comradeship is doing; it is wonderful, the unity of the community, the brotherhood of solidarity, which comradeship in arms and the "will to be one" is producing. It has wiped out all politics, all sectarianism, all denominationalism; we are all exuberant in united strength and proud of our common citizenship. We hear so often of the sacrifice of service of those boys at the front. Any one that reads their letters, any one in contact with them, any one that has worn the King's uniform, and has had the privilege of translating the spirit that animates them into action, knows it is no sacrifice of service, it is the glory of service to the boys who are privileged to serve and who are doing their duty at the front. The sacrifice of service comes home to the mothers and the wives and the sisters and the sweethearts, but the glory of service is theirs, and the glory of it is in doing things together, the glory of co-operative comradeship. It seems to me that is the very essence of it. There is something more than even the fraternity of your Oddfellows and Masonic Lodges; there is something better:

> " To count the life of battle good,
> And dear the land that gave you birth;
> But dearer still the brotherhood
> That binds the brave of all the earth."

Read those boys' letters and you will find that they realise that which binds the brave of all the earth. Two young Canadian officers conceived the idea in the last days at Valcartier, on Citadel Hill, of lighting a bonfire and having the officers come up. It was not till after the last post was sounded, and the officers went up on the top of that hill looking down on the tented 30,000 men below and exchanged stories and sang a few songs by the embers of the fire; and then suddenly out from the sky flashed the northern lights, " fearful lights that never beckon, save when kings and heroes die," the grandest display that has ever been seen down in Quebec, they say; and something came over them, they rose up and clasped hands around that bonfire and they felt the thrill of comradeship going through them, and they felt that they were now really on Imperial Service. Speaking of little incidents that come out in correspondence, one incident struck me when we were singing " God Save the King," and I would like if we might sing " Rule, Britannia," before we go home, because it has been sung under circumstances in which it was never sung before. Thirty-one transports gathered at Gaspe, having come down the river under small convoy. When the boys were on the decks wondering where was the fleet they had expected, they saw seven streaks of smoke on the broad expanse of ocean, and gradually the streaks of smoke assumed form and they saw that they were battleships and battle-cruisers of the Old Mother's navy, coming over to convoy them across the ocean. Gradually as they approached, they saw the Admiral's ship was leading, with the Admiral's flag flying. One of the captains of one of our Ontario battalions said "What about 'Rule, Britannia'?" No sooner suggested than done, and with greater volume than ever before the grand old song rang out from the *Cassandra* and spread to the other troopships, and the moment it reached the Admiral's ship the signal was given and the engines stopped, and the great fleet of battleships glided by instead of steaming by, so that they might take in every word and note of that welcome from the lusty sons of the Grand Old Mother, accorded in that great Imperial spectacle to the fleet that was to guide and guard them over. And when they came up to these Canadian men singing as they never did before, the Admiral's flag dipped, and the sailors manned the yards; and the letter-writer says, "We suddenly stopped singing and something came up in our throats, and we think it was our hearts." They never had such a greeting from any of the sons or colonies or sister nations as they had on that memorable occasion when 31,000 vibrant, virile young Canadians welcomed them in song.

We hear and utter many things in these days of suspense; we say "Business as usual"; we have heard it at the Associated Boards of Trade this morning at least ten times. Don't we think there is something more than that? It is all right to keep the wheels moving, and keeping business and commerce as usual—to do our best. But should there not be a little *more* of the citizenship, patriotism, loyalty, fellowship, a little more of that feeling that knits us together as a British unit, fruitful and faithful—a little *more than usual?* We have all *felt* loyalty and thrilled with patriotism. I believe the English language was given to us at this time of storm and stress and crisis, to *express* our thoughts. I believe we should be demonstrative in our sane yet strenuous patriotism and loyalty. Twenty millions only spoke the grand old English language a hundred and ten years ago, and now, the miracle of history, 180,000,000 speak it. The Roman Empire never saw anything like that in the development of language. I was taught philology in the old days by Professor van de Smissen, whom I am glad to see present, but I never dreamed of the national and imperial power of a mother-tongue. After all, the Empire is not bounded by geographical dominions or frontier boundaries, but the Empire is the empire of living thought, and there is no greater weapon ever given to a race to be thankful for than the language we have to express those thoughts. Where is the British Empire? We cannot bound it; I defy surveyor, architect, or engineer, or any one else to draw an accurate map of the British Empire, because it is just wherever the Union Jack flies; no, it is more, it is wherever a loyal British heart beats. This is only one ganglion, as it were, one nerve centre, one redoubt, of the British Empire that is spread all round the world. You know the flag that floats in the beams of a ceaseless morning; it is that wonderful wonder-working flag, but after all it is only symbolic. It took centuries to blend those crosses, but they are blended; the colours don't run, and they will never be unblended. There is something in a mother-tongue, yes, and a motherland, I would not exchange that expression for all the fatherlands in the world. Yes, but just that word Motherland and mother-tongue; it is under that sign that the British Empire has conquered. "Remember your nearest and your dearest," said Wellington, "what will they say of you in England?" That was the note. And Nelson said, "Remember, boys, that the girls at home have hold of your tow-ropes," and they believed it implicitly, that the spirit of the girls at home and the dear ones at home had hold of the tow-ropes. There is where the chivalry comes in; it is not mass and multitude that have brought victory to the British army. A lawyer in Montreal met an obstinate but respectable German fellow before internment, and got into a discussion with him about the relative merits of their respective empires, and the German said "I think you call your land the Motherland, and I think you call your language the mother-tongue?" "Yes, we do," said the other. "Well, there is something effeminate about that, something womanish, that is just what I would expect," the German said to the Montreal lawyer. "We prefer the Fatherland; we sing 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' and there is something manly there that gives us a stiff backbone, and we go right ahead. "Yes, right ahead, did you say? Do you know the difference just now between your Fatherland and my Motherland?" "I don't know anything particular," the Teuton replied, "except that we are going to beat you." "Oh, no, the difference is just this: I can go to my Motherland but you cannot go to your Fatherland." The discussion, I fancy, was ended there, but after all, verbal victories do not count for much; you know it was said of the Duke of Wellington that he never spoke against a foe, he fought him:

> "Whose life was work, whose language rife
> With rugged maxims hewn from life."

He never spoke against a foe, never in *hate*, and yet there was no one that could administer a castigation in a few sentences more effectively than the Duke of Wellington. You remember when he went to Europe on one occasion representing the power of Britain, some of the young French officers, still smarting under the defeats he had administered to Napoleon's marshals, turned their backs on him; and when some one came and apologised for their behaviour he said, "Never mind, I am more accustomed to see their backs than I am their faces." He never spoke against a foe, and we perhaps should not spend our energies in speaking against the Germans, though there is a unanimity of adverse public opinion condemning them. Our men fight buoyantly, gallantly, in the trenches, and they are fighting men with foam-flecked lips of hate. But our men are fighting more earnestly now because they are fighting as avengers to expiate the wrongs done to civilisation, to expiate the inhuman wrongs to the little nations. They are fighting against the bully, as Britishers have always fought, the bully of Europe. They are fighting now, not exactly at a white heat, but in living earnest, and while we cannot hate—we do not want to hate—yet we can speak with *wrath* when we think of the atrocities that the Huns have perpetrated. Never mind the dozens of mutilated children spoken of; take the two cases verified. Suppose there were no more than that little one that came to our own famous Canadian doctor and said, " Doctor, don't you think the good God will let them grow again? " The wealth of England would buy back those little arms if it could, but it cannot. The crime must be expiated; nothing else can do it. Our mutilated wounded, too, must be expiated. Nothing else but blood can do it. And the violation and sacrilege of the temple of the living God, those great temples expressing in arch and altar and pillar;

> " Unity, mystery, majesty, grace;
> Stone upon stone and each stone in its place."

Nothing but expiation will do. While we must not speak against a foe in the sense of speaking only, let us try to be like the Irishman; let it be words translated into action, let there be " fulfilment in our tongue." What else have they done? They have invited the condemnation handed down the centuries in Holy Writ; " Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmarks." That is only part of what they have done. Little devoted, dissevered Belgium; that is the answer to all their professorial sophistries. Treaties are the currency of international statesmanship and international exchange. Woe to the nation that debases that currency! Germany has attempted to debase that currency. A scrap of paper. They forgot the seal was there; that when Palmerston signed he did not merely sign, but the Great Seal of Britain went on it, just as the Great Seal of Prussia was affixed with the signature of Bülow. We have our own scrap of paper; this old parchment [showing] represents the title of 400 acres in the old United Empire Loyalist district of the Bay of Quinte, but that scrap of paper has Brock's signature on it—" Isaac Brock, President of Canada "; that gives validity to it. It is not President of the Committee of Council, but simply plain President; a wonderful piece of history is exemplified there. That would be enough, because Brock was the man who more than a hundred years ago said that in his belief—and we can take it home now—" I know that a nation of freemen, enthusiastically devoted to King and constitution, can never be conquered." The old seal was there, with the grand old Royal Arms on it, and the insignia of the navy on the other side. The wax there implies the cohesion of the Empire, and the wax is just coloured to a nice gunpowder tint, with British gunpowder, because what we have we hold; in other words the army, the right hand of Empire, stands behind it and we guarantee possession of those rights and that title by the Great Seal and the army that is ready to support the treaty and the seal.

I am speaking of the poetry and prose of service, the realities and verities of service. We speak nearly altogether of our boys, and how often we forget our girls. How often we forget to mention those gentle Red Cross nurses, those efficient nursing sisters at the front. And added to the ministry of this personal service, don't let us forget what women have done in all the thoughtful planning and all the practical efforts that have gone out to those boys of ours. They are not merely comforts, they are life savers. They can get the government supplies sometimes, but they are not as comfortable or as cheering as those that come from the dear old home. Into the web and warp and woof of the wool and yarn that comes from the dear old home is woven far more than the mere heat or the mere knitting; it means infinitely more to them. See to it that the supply is kept up continuously. See to it that wherever goes the British stamp, a chain of good gifts and good greetings goes to the army in the field, His Majesty's Post Office will find them; in the trenches and everywhere the post office will penetrate, and nothing can stop any parcel or any letter that we may send; the boy will be found. Keep the supply up because there is where the cheer goes.

"God gives all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one place should prove
Beloved over all."

That place is home. We are lengthening the cords, but we are strengthening the stakes. We have sent them out in expansion and cohesion both. Long is the way, far-reaching the touch, but we have strengthened the stakes because we have sent them out for a worthy cause and with faith in us. Do you know that our Ontario Brigade have got out two or three issues of a publication, well-edited, among the non-commissioned officers, and it is partly filled with cracking jokes, just as Baden-Powell in Mafeking published a daily paper " shells permitting " to keep up the spirits of the people committed to his care. But it ends up with this, " On no account allow the enemy to cut the lines of communication with the dear old home." That is the boys' message to us, too, and I am sure we won't let a line of cleavage have a place in our daily touch. That is one thing we may do, keep the spirit here, keep a radiating centre. Let them realise that here in the Canadian home, the British home, wherever it is, there is something to rely on, a basis of confidence that works reciprocally. We have confidence in them, but we will have still more when they know they can have confidence and trust in us, and we are radiating it to them. This was sent from the School by John Henry Newbolt:

" ' Oh, captains unforgot," they cried,
' Come you again or come no more!
Across the world you keep the pride,
Across the world we mark the score.' "

Let them know that we are marking the score, following them with vital interest, every one of them, not my boy and your boy, but all our boys, because we merge our common parentage, all of us are parents to our boys, our boys at the front. That is the bit of service that links us all in this wonderful brotherhood of solidarity. We cannot forget that there are trenches and trenches. We cannot forget the navy, and away down in our hearts there is a belief that though we may have our reverses and discouragements, though we feel that it is an almost hopeless task to get over those terrestrial trenches, there is a hope and an optimistic belief that some morning we shall find some real news that the cork has been drawn from the bottle and the rats driven out, and our navy has struck home for the King as they have struck before! Trenches? Yes.

" Across the trenches of the deep
Unflinching faces shine,
And Britain's stalwart sailors keep
The bastions of the brine.

Ocean herself from strand to strand
  Our citadel shall be;
And though the foes together band,
Not all the forces of the land
Shall ever wrest from Britain's hand
  The sceptre of the sea."

Service! We boasted before of our immigration. We boasted perhaps too much; we were the grandest country on the face of the earth. Over at the Imperial Chambers of Commerce in 1912 we were rapped a little over the knuckles for thinking apparently that Canada was about the only place in the whole Empire that the sun ever shone on. It was only the spirit of the west expressing itself, the desire of the young plastic nation to show its lusty power. But it is *emigration* now we are boasting about, and I hope we shall have some more to boast about. Instead of drawing them in from the east and the west and the north and the south, we are sending our boys out. When they came over here with Cabot, those Gloucestershire and Devonshire sailors four centuries ago, this was the song they sang:

" The same goal before us, the same home behind us,
England, our mother, ringed round with the sea! "

Now, 450 years afterwards, the converse is taking place; it is still England, our mother, ringed round with the sea; but she is the goal and not the centre. It is emigration. It is wonderful the change that has taken place, but are we Canadian born doing our whole duty? Are we really? Is there leavening work for the Empire Clubs to do, and the Canadian Clubs to do still, with the young Canadians? I am not speaking of Toronto. Toronto is the Queen City of the province, and we honour you as one that has led us, led the whole of Ontario, the whole of the Dominion, in the magnificent spirit of service. Four thousand three hundred men with the first contingent is a record that no other city can show, no other city in this broad Dominion. I do not speak of Toronto, but just outside let us face realities? Have our Canadian-born boys responded and kindled just in the way that we might have expected? The boys of light and leading have. But there is some little inspiring work to be done. That is why I began by saying that the

English language was given to us to express our thoughts. We have still a public opinion to animate, still some constant mainspring of action to supply—(not in Toronto perhaps)—so that the Canadian born will realise the call and respond in greater numbers than they have in the past. They are responding; they are coming to it. The Drama staged 3000 miles away is gradually ceasing to be a spectacle. It is gripping us. You know when the rally to the colours comes is when the lists come in, when our lists will come in; and they are coming. In Toronto two well-known names already. I do not say that all names are not well known, but the names of Nelles and Pepler appeal to all the old boyhood associations. The lists are coming home—

> " Common graves make common cause,
> A common grief together draws
> Both high and low. A common sorrow
> Links us to face our foes to-morrow."

That common sorrow and glowing sympathy in action will come. Let us face the verities, let us face the realities. It is the glory of service, but we have said good-bye to some of our boys for the last time. We won't even all know where our boys lie, because carnage is sometimes so dreadful and the explosives so terrible that often they are just " in one red burial blent." " *Brothers in arms, brothers in glory, brothers in death, we buried them in one grave,*" is the motto of the Coldstream Guards in St. Paul's Cathedral. We know the spirit that animates our Canadian brothers there at the front, the far-flung battle line, the spirit of responsibility that has come over them on Imperial service. That greatest, I think, of all English modern epitaphs, written over two great soldiers, as truly fighting Britain's cause as though against human foe, stands under the Southern Cross, down in the Antarctic, where Scott or Oates lies, with this chivalrous epitaph: " SOMEWHERE HEREABOUT LIES A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN." That epitaph may be written over many a Canadian boy in sunny but ravaged France, and in the martyred fields of Belgium; God help them to deserve it too. It is not the first time they have been on Imperial service; at Paardeberg the white stones mark the Canadian boys. Many a traveller asks, How are the stones kept white? The women of Natal, and Cape Town, and Bloemfontein—God bless them—come three or four times a year and keep them white, and they can read this inscription on the monument over our Canadians there: "TELL ENGLAND, YE WHO PASS THIS MONUMENT, THAT WE WHO DIED SERVING HER, REST HERE CONTENT." What is the motto of our Ontario Brigade?—"Glad to live, but not afraid to die." That is their daily prayer and daily invocation. Glad to live and to do good effective work in living, but not afraid to die—"*Non omnis moriar.*" They have passed their vigil at Valcartier and Salisbury Plain; now they go out with their spurs and arms—and we have faith in them. They too have faith and will. That faith that in the good old times nerved the heart, gave strength to the weak, and made them conquerors over the armies of the aliens. May we not say to each and all of them as Newbolt has said, after the vigil of the knights:

"So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpet call;
Then let memory tell thy heart,
Britain, what thou wast thou art;
Gird thee in thine ancient might;
Forth, and God defend the right!"

The meeting closed with the singing of "Rule, Britannia."

BELGIUM'S HEROIC RESISTANCE

AN ADDRESS BY S. N. DANCY, ESQ.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
March 4, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—There is only one regret in my heart to-day, and that is that I have not at my disposal something in the neighbourhood of two or three hours rather than thirty or thirty-five minutes, because the subject which I shall discuss is one of such far-reaching measure, that it is absolutely impossible to do justice to it in the brief time which I have. However, it is my privilege to present myself to the Empire Club to-day as a Canadian, born in the City of Belleville, of good Canadian parents; who succeeded in going into Germany and looking around behind the German lines, and succeeded in coming back in safety to my native land of Canada. I have with me my German passports to prove to those of sceptical mind that the statements I make are absolutely correct. I do not just know where we might begin discussing the situation in Europe. So far-reaching has been the propaganda organised by Germany in the United States of America that it might be well at the outset, in view of the fact that I am speaking before an Imperial club, to refute a statement which has been published broadcast by the German government, to the effect that the war was forced on Germany, and that she is fighting for her very life and existence. I have seen with my own eyes, and I have heard with my own ears, sufficient to convince me beyond the shadow of a doubt that Germany has organised this war for the past twenty or twenty-five years, and it is only now when she realises her state of helplessness that she seeks to appeal to the neutral lands in an effort to justify what is possibly the greatest crime in the annals of the human race. I have seen at Maubeuge and Namur and Antwerp the foundations for the 42-centimetre guns, foundations which were carefully constructed in the form of foundations for palatial villas occupied by German civilians. I have studied the network of railways along the Belgian frontier, which proves but one purpose in the German mind, which was the mobilisation and the transportation of troops through Belgium. I have studied the German character in my different visits through Europe, and I have instances beyond number, which now I may place together, and which resolve themselves into one indisputable fact, that Germany knew this war was coming two years back, because I have seen in Berlin the mobilisation orders of 1912 with the " 2 " struck out and the figure " 4 " put in the place of the " 2." I have seen other evidence too, but suffice to say this: Germany organised this war; she thought she could pass through Belgium, that there would be no resistance in Belgium; she thought that Great Britain, with the Empire of which we are all so proud to be members, would lie idle and allow those principles for which she stands and exists, to be trampled under foot. I say that I as a Britisher am as proud of my British birthright as any man in this hall, but if Britain had not come to the assistance of Belgium, I would not have been a Britisher long. Knowing the character of Belgium, and understanding the situation as I do, I know German troops were on Belgian soil two days before war was declared, and it was only out of respect to the neutrality of Belgium that Britain declared war. So it is as I go through Germany to-day, I hear naught but words of abuse and scorn for everything British. I was proud of that, because I know wherever you find hatred and abuse there is some well-founded reason, and that reason is this, that with Britain at war, Germany can never succeed. So it is that as I followed the train of events, landing at Boulogne on the 21st of August last, I followed the British army into the very jaws of that struggle at Mons, where the Germans outnumbered the British ten to one, but the British did not retire because they had to, but only when orders came to retire. Notwithstanding the fact that the average British soldier was not at all pleased with that order, which meant his retirement, he did so gladly; and never have I seen joy written on the faces of any men to such a marked degree as I did at the battle of the Marne when the orders came to the British army to abandon the tactics of retirement and charge the enemy; and from that moment Germany has been driven back to the banks of the Aisne, and she will be driven farther and farther back, because in the last few weeks armies have been gathering numbering nearly 10,000,000 men, to say nothing of the reserves of Roumania or Russia or Belgium. But that army of 2,500,000 men, known as Kitchener's army, is as good as any 5,000,000 Germans that ever stepped. In point of equipment and instruction it is the finest army that ever went to war, and proud as we are of the glorious achievements of the British in the past, and proud as we must be of the glorious deeds of gallantry and pluck of the British soldiers in this present struggle, I ask you to wait patiently for the record that will be set up by Kitchener's new army; and that will not alone be in glory for the British army and the old Union Jack, but it will mean the destruction of every vestige of German armament, the razing of Krupps to the ground, and the setting up of those conditions that will absolutely prevent Germany coming back in five years' time to disturb the peace of the world. Why this world-wide propaganda, if Germany is in the right? If I were in the right, I should be prepared to leave that to the good judgment and intelligence of my fellow-beings; but the very fact that I would set forth a world-wide propaganda is in itself evidence of the fact that I have no confidence in my own case, and seek to set up favour in neutral lands. But Germany has lost. She will never win America to her cause, nor Holland, nor Italy; and I doubt if she can win the German people to her cause before the close of the present war. Conditions in Austria-Hungary point to only one thing. They are of a serious character; the rioting of the mobs in search of food is of passing interest as compared with the discontent of public sentiment; which means, that the Slav population will ultimately rise in revolt to strike at that very monster which has been the hate of every Hungarian in the past, and is to-day the displeasing factor in the life of the Austrian people too; I refer to Prussian militarism. If the world must know the cause of the present war they can read it in two words: Prussian militarism. I have talked with the French Generals; I have spoken to the Belgian Generals; I have discussed this matter with the British Generals too; and there is only one purpose and resolve in the mind and heart of the Allies to-day, and it is this, that peace will be made in the city of Berlin, and that peace will be of such an everlasting and far-reaching character as to put aside for ever the doubt that the tranquillity of this world will ever again be disturbed; and that peace will be written, not at the behest of Germany, but it will be written when the Allies deem it advisable to do so, and not until every force and power of a military character in the heart of the German Empire has been crushed to dust and crushed to ashes.

I was in the City of Brussels when the despatch was flashed across the world, that in the archives of the government buildings there had been found papers which set forth an entente between Britain and France and Belgium, which practically meant that the neutrality of Belgium would have been otherwise violated by one of the allied members. I want to say that I know members of the Belgian government; and I know that when the Belgian government left Brussels for Antwerp, the archives were cleaned and dusted, and if there is any man in this hall to-day who feels that the Belgian government is so short-sighted as to leave in those archives a document of such important character, then you do not know or understand the Belgian character. Those archives were cleaned and dusted, and the statement of the German government to the effect that that document was found is a fabrication of malicious falsehood, and they can never substantiate it in fact. It is absolutely useless for me to waste time in discussing that side of the struggle; that war is here, and although we may differ in political opinions, although we may have our internal disputes, I am proud of one thing. In the South African War there was difference of opinion in Britain and even in Canada; but go from Australia and New Zealand, passing through the heart of the old Empire, right to the far-flying western outpost at Vancouver, and there is no Britisher to-day but who is determined on one thing, the elimination of Germany as a military power, and the destruction of those forces that wish to trample under foot the liberty and independence of small nations. Everywhere you go through England, Ireland, and Scotland, you see naught but that same unanimity of opinion among the whole of the British people; they are resolved, they are in perfect harmony, and even some of the ultra-Irish, who at other times might have got up a little internal strife, are contented with present conditions; because they are giving of their life and of their blood to-day, shedding that blood for the old flag that a few months ago they despised; and with that before Germany, how can she hope to succeed? I can understand the Kaiser; he thought the Irish trouble would disorganise British politics; the statement in the French Chamber of Deputies that their army was not properly equipped gave some force to his hopes; in India and South Africa he saw the possibility of revolt. But, thank God, the life dream of the Kaiser can never be realised—never be realised for one reason alone. You can put France out of this war to-day; you can lay Russia aside; you can ask Belgium to accept a well-merited rest; you can then say to Italy, No, do not come into this war in April, we have no need for you; even tell Roumania it is not necessary that she join the Allies; because with the resources we have on hand at the present moment, Britain is big enough and strong enough to beat Germany on her own soil. Some of you will ask why this great delay, why it is the Allies are not at Berlin. But you must remember this; this is not a war of to-day, it is not a war of to-morrow; this is a war which must and will determine the peace of this whole world for many years or many centuries to come. Britain was not prepared; France was not prepared; France had equipment for 500,000 men, and had to put 4,000,000 men in the field. Belgium was poorly equipped as well. But the British Empire was big enough, and night and day the factories have been busy making supplies, arms and ammunition and uniforms, for the French and Belgians. She has been assisting Servia with money and arms; she brought two corps of the Russian army through England; she has assisted in a monetary way other sections of the allied forces; she has given money to Roumania; she is going to give money to Italy; and in these, and all those almost unprecedented expenditures, what is the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to-day? That Britain can finance this war from the revenue of her foreign investments alone. That must be encouraging news to Germany!

When I was in Germany, I went through the careful guidance of the American Minister, and carrying letters for the American government. In that way I travelled in military motor cars, and occasionally supped with the German officers. In Brussels I saw a proclamation to the effect that the British war loan was a miserable failure, and the German war loan was the greatest success in financial history. What are the facts? Three hundred and fifty million pounds were called for in London, and in twenty-four hours the amount was subscribed twice over. In Germany they took 25 per cent. of the moneys from the private banks and insurance companies to complete the fund, and it was not completed at that, and Mr. Krupp had to come along with a little money to complete it. That is the success of the German war fund. We wait with great curiosity and patience to see the success of a future tax that may be levied on the German people. Finances will play a very important part in this war, and when it comes to finance there is no nation in this world better equipped than the good old British nation. She can undertake anything of a financial character; she has done it before and she will do it again; and, as one Turkish statesman said, as far as British soldiery is concerned there is one battle you can count on the British army winning, and that is the last one. So it is that there is some reason for this unprecedented unanimity in the heart of the British people to-day, because when you see British people unanimous, when you see them in a perfect state of harmony, then let the enemies of Britain beware.

Speaking of the British soldier as a private, I want to pay a brief tribute to the gallantry and pluck and determination of the British soldier. His praises have been sung in song and story; in history some of the brightest pages have been written by the British soldier or by the

British sailor; but to-day, in the very heart of France and Belgium I have seen with my own eyes acts and deeds accomplished by British soldiers, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, that, I tell you from the depths of my heart, have no parallel in British history. I have seen the 9th Lancers at Mons charge through the German ranks, turn and come back, and repeat the charge eight successive times. I have seen three gunners at the last battery silence every gun in the German battery; and then, as if to complete the triumph, the Lancers charged and cut down every gunner that remained at the German guns. Well may the Kaiser say it is a contemptible little army. but good things are wrapped up in small parcels. Some men will suggest poison, but it is just as effective as other things. Going from Mons I followed the retreat of the British army. The British soldier has ever been known for his offensive tactics; never before had his mettle been tried in defensive and retiring tactics, except perhaps in South Africa. Search where you may in the military history of any land, and you will never find a chapter so glittering with gallantry and pluck and success as the chapter that represents the retreat of the army from Mons to the gates of Paris. Three times General French's army was completely surrounded by the Germans, and threatened with annihilation; but three times they carved their way out and left German dead on the field three times as great as the British dead. I saw one instance where the French had failed to come up. The British army was in a critical position; General French addressed a few words to his men; he explained that it meant their lives, but he wanted a thousand men to hold the trenches and let the British army retreat. What regiment do you suppose accepted that duty? The Black Watch. The Captain of the Black Watch told General French that there was only one regiment in the British army whose duty it was to accept that responsibility, and that was the Black Watch. They went into those trenches a thousand strong; they came out thirty-three men alive; and those thirty-three men were rescued by no less a regiment than the good old Irish Fusiliers. Right from Mons to the forts of Paris it was a matter of fighting by day and retreating by night;

so it was that everywhere I went I met stragglers from the British army, men who had been left during the dark hours of the night. Some of them were in rags, some with bleeding feet, some without food for days, but despite their hunger and thirst and want, they had only one purpose, and that was to get back to the army and get another strike at the Germans. And some of them did get back, and some who did return have succeeded in placing under the sod Germans outnumbering themselves many times over.

It is not necessary to go into details to know and understand the character of the British retreat from Mons. It was absolutely necessary, because Kitchener—and that is a name that Germany has learned to respect, despite the fact that she seeks to heap scorn on his head—Kitchener—is the stumbling-block for Von Kluk and some of the German generals—Kitchener's policy was to use up the German machine with the least possible expenditure of men and ammunition and money. Has he succeeded? Look at Europe to-day; the flower of the German army is under the sod; and there is not enough force in Germany if they take every man and boy from fifteen to eighty, big enough to beat the British army alone, to say nothing of the French or the Russians or the Belgians. I was in Paris when Kitchener made a hurried visit to that city; that was the time when the French had failed to come up to relieve the British. He laid down to the French government one cast-iron law, and he told them if they did not live up to that law, he would withdraw every soldier from France. What is the result to-day? There is not a move that the French army makes, but Lord Kitchener is consulted. There is hardly a space in the French line but you will find a few British there to cheer up the hearts of the Frenchmen. So it is that although the heroic Belgians held the Germans back sufficiently long at Liege to allow France time to mobilise and prepare, the resistance and tactics of that contemptible little army has saved France over and over again. It will save the Allies; it will save Belgium, and save the whole civilised world, because if Germany should ever succeed, God help humanity. Militarism in Germany to-day is naught but a tyrannical force; its oppression is telling on the German people. When the war is over, when Prussian militarism will have been crushed for all time to come, I believe some of the gladdest hearts in the world will be found in the peasantry of the German Empire. Of the German soldiers with whom I have conversed, there is not one in ten that wants the war. The war has been forced upon them, and these poor unfortunate individuals are forced into the war, and if they do not march in step, and continue their tactics to please the officers, they have the point of a sword-thrust, and sometimes a revolver-shot, from the German officers to silence them. The German officers imitate the British officers in only one respect, and that is that they want to force this fight. But, thank God, there is one distinction between the British and the German officer. The British officer is found at the head of his regiment with uplifted sword; the German officer is found behind his regiment with pistol lifted to shoot the first deserter.

What is the situation in Germany to-day? It has been my pleasure to visit Germany twice. Never in my life have I seen such a spirit of boastful certainty as I found in the German people on my first visit. There was absolutely nothing that that German war machine could not accomplish; it was invincible. London was to be laid in ruins; Paris was to become a German possession; Belgium was to be another German province. As I pause and view the magnificence of that life-dream of the Kaiser, it is almost startling in its effect. What is the difference to-day? That spirit of boastful certainty has given place to a spirit of doubt; that doubt is gradually growing into a fear, and men who six months ago boasted of the success of German arms, are in that state of mind where they will tell you that Germany may not succeed, but they will fight to the last man and the Allies will never see Berlin. We are prepared to grant that the Germans may never succeed in France or Belgium or Britain, but as to the matter of entering Berlin, let us leave that to the Allies, and not accept the dictates of the Kaiser or the war-lords. We will be in Berlin before six months' time. When I say " we " I speak of the Allies, because Russia will be in Berlin and the Cossacks will be riding up the Unter den Linden long before the Kaiser anticipates. Some say the Russians are not a force to consider seriously. In point of strategy alone the Russians have outpointed the Germans. They have three men to every German, and if they were defeated the other day, that is only part of the general plan, due also to the fact that her railway system is not what it should be. But Russia will have her troops there about the same time as the Allies from the west. An army from France and Belgium and England is going to be rushed across Holland, to join forces from Italy and Roumania. The first duty of that army is to crush Krupp's to the ground, and then complete the encircling movement. The Kaiser will see in September the Cossacks riding down Unter den Linden, and then he will realise that his scheme has failed; but not before. He is an unusual man; he has such unbounded confidence that " Me and God " are going to accomplish this and that. After my study of conditions in Germany and France and Belgium, and particularly in Belgium, I say that if the Kaiser is really sincere then he is absolutely insane; and if he is not insane, then I say he is a criminal. It is impossible to say what character of punishment should be meted out to that man. Some say he should be sent to St. Helena; others say he should be dragged at the end of a long rope through Paris. A Belgian lady said, " Let the Kaiser pass down Rue Royale in Brussels, and let every Belgian lady be there with a hatpin one foot long, and let us all take a jab at him, and we will be perfectly satisfied."

I want to say one thing about the conditions in Belgium. Much has been written about the alleged barbarities of the German troops, perpetrated in the heart of Belgium. What has been written does not represent one half the truth. I have seen the mutilation of women and children; I have seen the non-combatant population driven from their homes and massacred; it has only been a policy of fire, pillage, and murder. The Germans claim that they promoted that policy with a purpose of affrighting the French people, so that when the German armies entered France the French would be prepared to throw down their gauntlet. But little Belgium has withstood the test of steel, and the test of fire, and the test of pillage, and along the banks of the Yser Canal there is a remnant of an army, 55,000 strong, but it is big enough to hold back the hosts, because they can never cross the canal. For months they have attempted to do it in battering their way to Calais. But the little British army held them at Mons, and has held them at Yser for five months, with the whole flower of the German army thrown against that wall of British steel. Had they yielded, Calais would have been in the hands of the Germans in seven days, but even with the Prussian Guards the Kaiser was not able to break down the wall. That wall is there to-day, and the only changeable feature is that it is moving farther and farther north, but not towards Calais.

Barbarities in Belgium, and in northern France, will form one of the blackest pages in the history that will be written in connection with the present war. The first invasion of the German troops represented what we call the professional soldier, bent on the lust of killing and of drink. Drink is responsible in large sense for many of the cruelties in Belgium. But Louvain and Alost and Tirlemont and Malines and Dinant have been sacked by the German troops; women and children have been mutilated and massacred; civilians have been passed to the mitrailleuse, for no other reason than that they were Belgians. The Germans may crush the life out of the Belgian people, but they can never crush the heart out of them. There is only one thing I ask; and that is, that when the Allies go into Germany, do honour to that little state by placing in the front rank the remnant of their army, to prove to the Kaiser and to Berlin that they can survive, and to congratulate the Kaiser on his downfall.

Another point is this: Germany was bent upon the violation of Belgian neutrality months and years before that neutrality was ever violated. In the hotel in Ostend I was talking to the patron when two German guests, who had visited him every summer for the past ten years, were in the act of leaving. He bade them adieu and asked them if they would be back next year again. They said they would be back in fifteen days. They were back in a few months' time, and came with the force that tore down the name Ostend on the station and from the public buildings, and put up the name "Calais," with the intent and purpose of leading the German soldiers to believe they were in Calais; as the German soldiers were led to believe, when they were firing across the inundated lands in Belgium, that they were firing across the Straits of Dover.

Although the German war machine was—I do not use the word is—the most perfected military machine in the history of mankind; and although the Germans may be bright and intelligent in many things, particularly in commerce and in espionage, there is one thing in which they do not excel, and that is the ability to accomplish a purpose which has been set forth, and which means the surmounting of obstacles that may be set up in the form of a British defence or a British resistance, or a Belgian defence or a Belgian resistance.

That is the situation in Europe to-day. In a few months' time the story of this war will be brought to a close. The close of the war may be hastened through the present policy of the Allies to effect the strangulation of Germany. I know from personal knowledge that the food supply of Germany is not what it should be. In the large hotels that gave five- and six-course dinners, to-day they are giving one course, and a man is fortunate to get the one course. In some of the peasant cottages there is absolute want to-day. Famine is staring in the face the Austrian and Hungarian people, and in the east of Germany that monster is fastening his fangs on the people. Internal troubles will in a large measure hasten the end of this war, and when the end of this war does come let us be of the one mind that the force of Prussian militarism has sought to perpetrate upon the civilised world, and on humanity at large, a crime so great that it has no parallel in past history. But, thank God, that even as the German army and even as Prussian militarism were the product and development of an ulterior motive to promote the Pan-German movement and bring the whole world to its knees in humble reverence before that spirit of militarism, still, civilisation has not been crushed because civilisation has developed a force; that force is in the British trenches, in the French trenches, and in the Belgian trenches to-day; it is with the Russians and the Servians, and that force of civilisation has not alone effected the disorganisation of the German plans, placing Paris and Calais and London and Warsaw in the category of forbidden fruit, but it has been big enough to rise in its strength and strike a blow at the heart of militarism, which will mean that that militarism must and will go down. Never can I forget the turning movement in the battle of the Marne. I was in Paris. The very atmosphere seemed to tell you something great was happening. From one station to another troops were being rushed. I went into the station St. Lazare, which was full of refugees who were sleeping in the corridors of that station, hoping that the train might carry them to safety. The government had left for Bordeaux. There was a spirit of unrest in the heart of the people. But something happened; that atmosphere seemed to be charged with something of great moment; it seemed to develop more and more. A train of British wounded came into the station. I took off my coat, and joined with the Red Cross to assist them. I joined that train with the wounded and went almost to the Marne. There I got off and walked and rode in peasants' carts. I met train after train of refugees coming down the roadway. I knew something was happening. I entered into a small hamlet; I saw the Uhlans, and I secreted myself in a haystack, and for four hours I lay there patiently waiting. Then there was a commotion on the roadway, and I saw from my place of concealment German cavalry, infantry, and artillery rushing down the road. I knew not how to understand the scene until only ten minutes later I saw the British cavalry in hot pursuit, and I said, Thank God, the day has turned. And, from that day, I have never had any doubt about the result of the present European struggle.

Things have gone on to a point better and better and better, until to-day, along the banks of the Aisne, the French hold the points where the Germans were entrenched. The Germans have spent their maximum and have failed. They could not succeed. Germany has to-day something like 3,000,000 raw recruits from 18 to 20 years upwards. With those 3,000,000 she can never hope to succeed. She may do as she is doing to-day. I have seen boys of 16 to

18 years taken out of the schools, given 24 hours' instruction, and put into the trenches. She may take the Landsturm, who have been forced into the trenches; but the presence of thousands of those men in Germany to-day speaks in unmistakable language of the dissatisfaction in the Landsturm Guards. So the ever-increasing strength of the Allies is setting up a force of aggression and offence that the German army or the German nation can never withstand or beat back. German trade has been destroyed. In England to-day there is a movement, and justifiable too, to remove those conditions which have obtained for many years; for nearly every article you bought was marked Made in Germany. To the lasting shame of Canada the same has been true here as well.

One lesson of this war is that forts have been proved to be useless. To place men in forts is to waste them. The bayonet has proved its usefulness; obsolete as it was a few years ago, the Germans counted on the big guns, never counting on the individual men. Every victory has been carried at the point of the bayonet. There are many lessons, but the one great lesson I want to force on my fellow-Canadians is this: Provide well in the productiveness of this great world struggle, that little Belgium will be restored. Her independence and her liberty will be placed in that happy position where German militarism can never again hope to annoy or molest it. The independence and liberty of that people must be written in language unmistakable; and a different set of international rules must come, which will mean that when Germany violates the clauses of the Hague Convention, when Germany refuses to respect the laws of God or man, that the United States of America will better employ her time than in sending a note of protest against Britain's action in searching ships for contraband of war, which is justifiable, and was granted by Britain to the United States. She made no protest when Germany violated the clauses of the Convention to which the United States was a party. President Wilson's note of congratulation to the Kaiser has been misinterpreted, and rightly so. If the birthdays of all the monarchs should fall on the same day, he might be justified in sending a note of felicitation, but that was not so. So it is that the

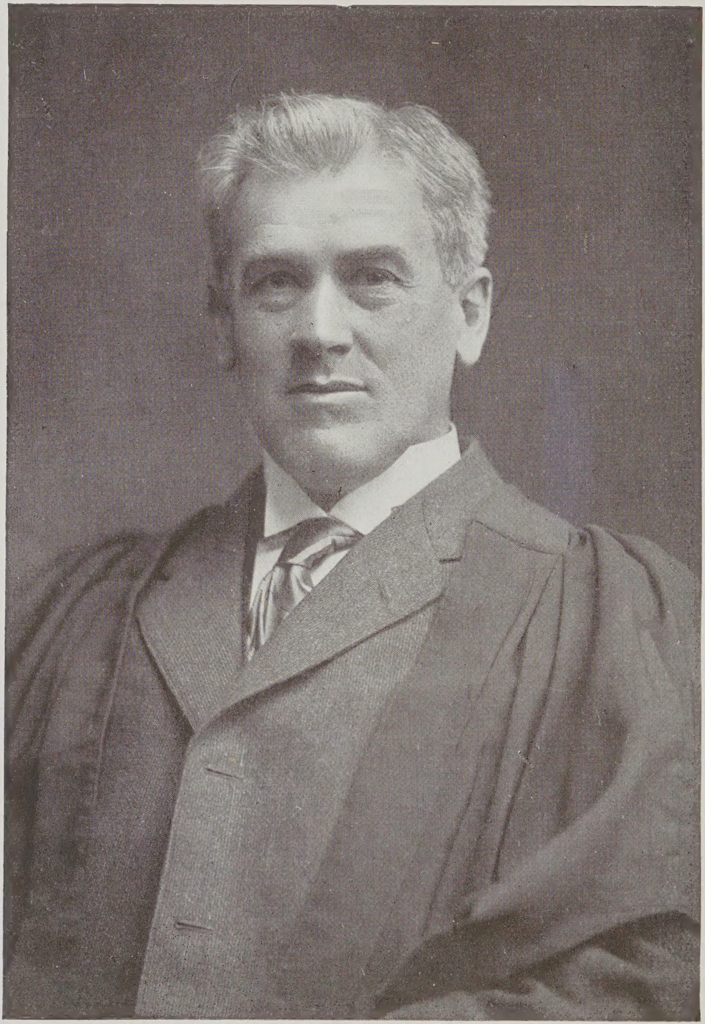
French and Belgian people are displeased with President Wilson to-day. If Wilson is more content to seek out and place the German vote in the United States than he is in justifying the principles of humanity, then it is nearly time the United States of America had a president whose principles represented the good old constitution of our neighbours to the south. The American consular service has accomplished a great work in Belgium and France; that is the one bright star in the diadem of American activity, but there is one hope Wilson can never cherish. At the outset it was said America would be the most influential factor in the determination of the conditions of peace. I make this statement in full knowledge of the facts, that America will never be consulted. The Allies will make that peace, and make it in such a way as to guard and protect their own interests; and, above all, guard and protect the independence and liberty of all classes and all peoples and all creeds.

That is the lesson of the present war to-day. That sentiment which to-day is sweeping over the whole of the British Empire, and that is found in Canada as well, stipulates the ruin and degradation and destruction of Prussian militarism, which has sought to drag down and trample in the dust the principles of humanity. That sentiment will not only secure the success of the British arms, and prove a powerful factor in determining the victory of the allied forces, but it will prove something greater and bigger and grander than that: that if the Prussian people may be united in times of war, they too will be united in times of peace.

Although I do not propose to pose as a political prophet, I want to say this, that this present war is the greatest blessing that the Giver of all good things has ever sent to the British Empire. It is going to unite and solidify the whole of the British people; it is going to concentrate our energies and make the Empire one united and undivided whole. It is going to set up the Empire as the salvation of smaller states. It is going to strengthen the sinews of peace; it is going to develop a greater spirit of patriotism, and that spirit of patriotism is going to develop a greater love of home industry; it is going to set up that spirit in the British Empire that says, "If it is British, it is good enough for us; and if it is not British, we do not want it at all." That is the spirit that the present war has developed for the British Empire; and even as little Belgium will ever rise in a spirit of reverence and thankfulness to the British nation that has come to her assistance; and even as France has called in the assistance of British arms; so will all the nations of the world come to understand and know and prove, in a deeper measure, the great fundamental truths on which this old British Empire is formed. Then it is that, from one end to the other of that vast domain, we shall have pride and justification for saying this is the home of the brave and the land of the free; and that spirit of freedom will sweep over the whole world, and will ever crush and destroy any force that may seek to raise its head in a spirit that means the destruction of the principles of the human race.

That is the story of the war. Victory is all but realised; the allied forces must and will succeed, and Canada is the proudest star in the diadem that covers the globe. Will Canada accept this lesson, that there is only one people who have the right to inhabit this God-given land, and that is the British people; and that British people must live in one hope, the development and strengthening of the British Empire? Do that, and there is only one closing thought that I will leave with you; and it is simply this, that that British Empire will stand out as a mighty citadel of freedom, and at the foot of that Empire will be bowed the head of every small and independent state. The old flag will continue to flow over every land of British freedom within this Empire; the British navy will continue to be mistress of the sea; the army will continue to be the stumbling-block of every force that seeks to destroy the human race. Civilisation will prosper, and, to the glory and honour of the Empire let it be known, that the highest interpretation of civilisation is written in the British trenches in France and Belgium to-day.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker on motion of the Bishop of Toronto.



Chancellor A. L. McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.,
MacMaster University, Toronto

SOME WAR REVELATIONS

AN ADDRESS BY CHANCELLOR A. L. McCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, March 18, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—The war reveals certain great principles of action and certain great trends of history. Some of our preconceptions have been verified; others have not been verified; our minds have been disabused of them. The *New York Times* in an editorial said, "We did not know Germany a few months ago, but we know her right well now." We may not know her to the full, but at least there are a few revelations of which we are fairly certain. The war reveals to us the trend of German ambition. When I think of the history and traditions of Prussia and Germany, three persons come to my mind—Frederick of Prussia, Bismarck, and the present Kaiser. Nearly all of the great nationalistic movements of Germany have their origin in, or flow through, these three men. Frederick had an economic policy; he was a mercantilist, and he looked across the water and saw that Great Britain had become great, which he attributed largely to her wool-industry; so, from a national view-point, he began to build up a silk-industry. A national policy of industry is a good thing for a country as long as it is not allowed to minister to an ultra-egoistic and selfish policy which is antagonistic to the best interests of mankind. Bismarck also had a national policy, and identifying himself, rightly or wrongly, with the system of protection, he developed the industries. There resulted an urbanisation of the population of Germany, and an over-production in certain lines of manufacturing industry relative to the home market. That caused the eyes of Germany to turn to foreign markets, to a foreign trade, to a merchant marine, and to the protection of that marine. The present Kaiser's policy respecting industry and commerce is well known.

There was a populational problem for Frederick the Great; he had to bind together the people of Prussia with a common ideal and certain common objects. The same problem faced Bismarck in larger proportions, to have a confederation of the German states, and building on the foundations of Napoleon, he turned the attention of Germany to certain common objects. You remember he went north to Denmark and seized Schleswig-Holstein. He rapped in 1866 at the doors of Vienna; he brought in the southern German principalities in 1870, having made France appear as the aggressor in the Franco-Prussian War. Now we find the Kaiser with his populational problem of what to do with his sixty-five or seventy million people on an area no larger than that occupied by France's forty million, and the population increasing a million every year. He does not want to lose them by emigration, so colonisation and foreign policies appeal to him.

The military policy of Frederick was to command a large and efficient army, and he was successful in that. You remember the line runs true again with Bismarck and Moltke; they wanted and were successful in getting together a military machine probably as perfect mechanically as the world has ever seen. The present Kaiser goes Bismarck one better; he says, "Not only on land but on the sea, not only a policy respecting the army, but a policy respecting the navy;" and looking out upon the water he says, "Our future is there, the trident must be in our hands; we must send the power of German autocracy wherever the German flag flies."

Necessarily there followed the same evolution in political theory and political practice. Frederick of Prussia had in mind the making of Prussia the dominant power among the Germanic states. Bismarck widened that out and he said, "We must give to this German Confederation, this German Empire, the hegemony of Europe; it must sit astride Europe dictating the policies to the states;" and to a certain extent success has crowned the efforts of the German Empire. The Kaiser, enthused with that policy, and with the problems I have mentioned, began to think about world-empire and to talk in world terms; and so we have the widening horizon and we have the ambition and the trend of German life.

The trouble with Germany was she came late into the world of nations. She found that there was no elbow-room there, and so, if she was going to have a colonisation policy, if she was going to develop that kind of foreign policy to which I have referred, she would have, by main force or by political expedient or illegitimate means, to take possession of sundry portions of the earth. Well, she got a foothold, you recall, in China, in the Pacific Islands and in Samoa in 1900. Before this certain men of commerce had urged Bismarck to have a colonising policy in southern Africa, but Bismarck turned a cold shoulder to that until the middle of the eighties, and afterward was only half-hearted in any colonising policy. The usual programme, of course, was to have some financiers buy up a portion of territory from a native chieftain and then an appeal was made to the German Empire for protection and political power. As late as 1905 and 1911 you remember the present Kaiser endeavoured to get a naval base and a coaling seaport on the west coast of Morocco. He was opposed by every European power except Austria; he was opposed by the United States, who began to understand something of the reason for placing a coaling station there when there were 8,000,000 Germans in southern Brazil. So he found his policy limited in South America and the Far East, and the attention of Germany came closer home. I have no time to speak of Alsace, but there is a festering sore on the boundary line between Germany and France, just because Germany wanted to get more than the dictates of common decency would really allow. But the Balkan peninsula and the Asia Minor peninsula were before the German Empire and the German diplomats. Here is a kingdom falling to pieces, and the boast was made that it would not be very long until the British mails were going down through Vienna and Constantinople and Bagdad to the Persian Gulf. The Kaiser went down and made a personal visit to Constantinople; he obtained options on the Bagdad Railway; he got certain branch lines, and his Germanic bowels of compassion overflowing at the thought of the poor Moslem pilgrims having to trudge to Mecca on foot, he said, "I will build you a railroad." So we find the policy was to Germanise that tract, and using Austria as a cat's-paw he began to shove the Germanic wedge down through the Balkan peninsula. That is the reason he stood by "in shining armour," as he said, in 1908 and allowed Austria to get Bosnia and Herzegovina. That is the reason he stands by to-day, so that Austria may shove the wedge down towards Salonica. So the trend of German ambition is clearly defined.

Along with that is revealed the tortuous and immoral policy of diplomacy of Prussian statesmanship. That is traditional also; it comes from Frederick the Great. Frederick the Great had no conscience about international affairs; he said there was no ethical foundation to be considered when we are looking at international disputes, that it was not a question of right at all, it was always a question of might. That Frederickian tradition has been handed down through the German Chancellery, and again and again you find expressions like this: "In international affairs we never ask whether a thing is right or wrong, all we ask is whether it is expedient or not." The policy of other nations, the policy of the British Empire, may have been immoral at times, but at least there was a conscience back of it that recognised the immorality sooner or later. You may say there was no hypocrisy about Frederick the Great's policy, but there was a great deal of barbarism, and we find the policy which is to-day pursued is not only immoral but barbaric. The same policy governed Bismarck in Schleswig-Holstein, and when he forged the Ems despatch, one of the most despicable pieces of business in diplomacy anywhere. The same barbarism is displayed in Belgium to-day. Our friend Rauschenbusch said it would have been different if it had been the neutrality of Switzerland that had been violated. Of course it would. Any one who has read history knows the neutrality of Belgium and Holland presents a certain screen between the Germanic forces and Britain, and it is not only a question of honour and right and integrity, but also a question of self-preservation. When Belgium's appeal came, it was recognised as having double force. You remember the question was placed before Bismarck, and he said, "Of course we have got to observe Belgium's neutrality; that is in accordance with the Treaty of 1839." But Belgium knew at that time what Britain had done, and she said, "Next to our unquenchable desire for freedom is our imperishable gratitude to the British Empire." Mr. Gladstone, who is not represented by some as an efficient War Minister, said, "If we should ever turn our backs on Belgium, and become parties to the violation of her neutrality, we would be participators in the direst crime which the history of mankind has ever seen." So when Belgium appealed there was that two-fold power behind the appeal, and it came to the British heart. All you have got to do is to think for a moment—and I dare not enter into an analysis of the diplomatic correspondence—all you have to do is to run through that correspondence to recognise the hand of Frederick the Great as it comes down to us with the hand of Bismarck in the present Prussian policy as represented in the conflagration which we find on European soil. You remember that Austrian note: "One of the most formidable notes," says Sir Edward Grey, "ever presented to an independent state"; "Formulated," Russia says, "so no independent state could receive it, and maintain integrity and independence"; and the German Secretary of State said, "There are things there that no state could swallow." It was formulated directly with that in view. Russia said, "I will demobilise if you will let this come to a conference." Italy said, "I do not want war"; and when she found that war must come, she said, "It is not a war of defence, it is a war of aggression, and I will have nothing to do with it." With France not wanting war, and with Sir Edward Grey assiduously, day after day and night after night, endeavouring to keep the peace of Europe, the attitude of Germany was this: "Why, let them fight it out, it is no concern of ours." Fifty million Austro-Hungarians against three and a half million Servians! "Let them fight it out; let that wedge go down towards Salonica!" We can see it now. The German Chancellor went on to say that this was perfectly equitable and just. Sir Edward Grey said, "Can we not get out of it somehow?" He replied, "Do your best with Russia and we will do our best with Austria."

He refused to send a note that would call Austria's attention to the danger; he refused a conference of the Powers; he refused to take the initiative; he said, "We are pushing the button industriously at Vienna"; and that very day was the day the ultimatum was launched at Russia, saying, "Demobilise in twelve hours or we will have war." That shows something of the tortuous and immoral policy of Germany.

The war also brings to us this disclosure, that the German autocracy is incapable of interpreting the British genius and understanding the true spirit of democracy. It also shows that the spiritual bond which binds the Empire is a very real one. That is pointed out to us again and again. Rear-Admiral Mahan, who died a few weeks ago, said Germany thought the day had arrived, but with all her system of espionage she missed the mark. She thought Russia had not recovered from the Japanese War. She thought France was weak in supplies. In the legislature, you remember, it was reported that some of the soldiers had not proper boots, and we find there were other deficiencies that had to be made up. "And look at the British Empire," the Germans said, "they do not know how to colonise; if we were colonising we would shove the mailed fist into the faces of those native people and they would understand who is who." That is what the Kaiser said to his soldiers going to Pekin in 1900: "Act so that no one will look askance at a German in the future." They said, "India will not stand it, and the British were foolish enough to give self-government to South Africa. There are Australia and New Zealand, they are actually building up fleets that may be used against Britain's foes; and there is Canada fiddling away with a naval policy." And coming closer home the Kaiser thought, "They cannot handle their domestic affairs. Look at Ireland; they have applied to me for ten thousand arms, and I said, 'Bless you, my children, not ten thousand but fifty thousand.' In their House of Commons they are wrangling, and they cannot even control their women." So the Germans struck, and there is where we get the revelation of the binding force of the spiritual bond of the Empire. They found they had totally misinterpreted the spirit of the Empire. The fellaheen of Egypt, for instance, remembered what Kitchener had done for him; the Hindu said, "We remember that all that is taken from us in taxation is turned back to us in India itself, and we will stand behind you." One of the great papers, the *Bengali*, said, "If it is a matter of dispute between us we do have differences of opinion, but if there is danger to the Empire we stand as a man behind the British Empire." General Botha said, "There will be trouble down here, but I will take care of that," and he is taking care of it mighty well to the present time. Australia and New Zealand said, "Here are the fleets we have, as far as they are perfected; they are at your command." The British Empire took them, and the *Emden* lies a wreck and the coaling station of Samoa is in the hands of the British through that fleet. Canada said, "We may have been a little lax in the matter of a fleet, but here is a contingent, and another and another and another if you like, and the last man will fight for you." In Ireland the men said, "We will use those fifty thousand arms against the Germans," and John Redmond said to the Cabinet Ministers, "You need not have any anxiety about Ireland; Ireland will look after the integrity of the British Islands." As far as the British House of Commons and the suffragettes are concerned, it is related that Sir Charles Beresford crossed the floor and slapped Winston Churchill on the back; and even the "wild" women proclaimed a truce. Such is the revelation. It is revealed in their manifestoes that the Germans cannot put themselves in the place of democratic people and come to a wise and sane judgment. Take the manifestoes of the theologians and of the professors and of the scientists, such men as Eucken and Harnack and Haeckel; they talk about treason to culture and alliances with barbaric Asiatics and what is happening to-day. It is a notorious thing that the German cannot get the viewpoint of others. Althoff, one of the German directors, said jokingly, in reply to the question why the Germans were backward in political genius, "We have the greatest civilisation ever produced; we are first in art, first in music, first in literature, first in science, first in industry; no wonder we are political asses; there must be a weak spot somewhere." As I was telling the soldiers not long ago, it is about time the asses jumped into the saddle, it is about time that democracy had a chance with such a glorious people as the Germans might become; it is about time that the Kaiser should jump out of the saddle. You remember the story of the man going along on the jackass, with his legs dangling on the side, and the stirrups free. The ass lifted his foot to brush off a fly, and got his foot in the stirrup. The man said, "Well, if you are going to get on, I will get off." It is about time the German people got on. A colonel stood before his mounted troops and said, "Let me give you this order; when you get on those horses, do not get off till I give the order to do so." They saluted and mounted. Murphy was pitched headlong to the ground. He picked himself up as the colonel turned around and said, "Didn't I tell you to stay on?" "Yes, sor." "And you dismounted?" "Yes, sor." "Orders from headquarters, I suppose?" "No," he says, "from hindquarters." Sometimes autocracy needs orders from hindquarters.

In the last place there is revealed to us the fundamental distinction between the British and the German genius when the people are under severe compulsion and pressure. That is represented in the difference between the speeches delivered by the representative statesmen in Britain and the representative statesmen in Germany. Take for instance Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Balfour. They approach their parliament with calmness, and with sorrow in their hearts, with the integrity and the honour and the conscience of the people at stake; they said, We have done our best to prevent this European conflagration, and we could not, in justice to the British reputation, in justice to our treaty obligations, we could not do anything else; we are sorry, but we have to appeal to the fundamental rights represented by civilisation. Why is it that the civilised world outside of the combatants applauded that stand? It is because they understand exactly that the principles of civilisation are at stake. It is freedom or autocracy; it is liberty or oppression. As I told the Americans in Philadelphia the other day, if we do not win, their day is coming when they will have to reckon with autocratic militarism. That was the attitude of the British statesmen. How about Bethmann-Hollweg when he stands before his parliament, I was going to say—before his debating club? What appeal did he make as the great representative of the best civilisation the world has ever seen? What appeal did he make to the honour and the integrity and the conscience and the righteousness of the people? He said this: "Gentlemen, we are in a state of necessity"—I wonder how they got there?—"and necessity knows no law." Well, the Prussian diplomacy has never known any law from the time of Frederick down to the present day whenever there was an aggrandisement of territory in the balance. "France could give a guarantee respecting Belgium; we could not give any such guarantee. France could wait; we could not wait." When did ever honour and integrity wait on opportunism, we wonder? He went on to say, "The wrong, which is contrary to the dictates of international law, the wrong we do we will try to atone for when we have achieved our object." If that is not Machiavelli again, I do not know where you will find it. A Faust trying to explain the sale of his soul. That is the difference in the attitude; it is shown also in the last interview which Bethmann-Hollweg had with Goschen, the British Ambassador. You remember how the German Chancellor fumed up and down for twenty minutes, and at last Goschen got in one word, and that was the word "Neutrality." "Only a word." "But," said Goschen, "it was a treaty." "A scrap of paper." I admire that man immensely because he could keep his head; he said, "You must remember, though it may make no difference to you, that the German Empire's name is at the foot of that treaty; it makes a great difference to us because Great Britain's name is there." And then that German Chancellor shoved his Prussian proboscis up into the face of Goschen and he said, "Well, have you considered the cost of keeping your faith?" And Goschen still kept his composure and said, "It has never been characteristic of the British Empire to break its faith through fear, and it will not begin now."

There is a difference in the genius also as represented by the literary productions of the two countries. Just think of the national Hymn of Hate which has been produced by the Germans. Just think of how it runs:

"French or Russian, it matters not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming peace will seal.
You we hate with a lasting hate,
And we will never forego our hate;
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and only one—
ENGLAND."

To which Lewis replies:

"Now that the pæan of hate has sounded,
And the hymn of wrath has sung,
What sounds from the British legions,
From the battle lines far flung,
From the watchers in the trenches,
And the watchers on the seas,
And the multitude of British forces
In other lands than these;
From dark unknown Australia,
And New Zealand, what of her?
From India's faithful millions,
And Canada, what answer?

We are coming, Mother England,
We are bound to keep you free;
Not for the hate of German brothers,
But for the love we bear to thee;
And we will never forego our love,
We love as one, we hate no one,
We have one love and only one—
ENGLAND."

R. E. Vernede represents England apostrophising the sea:

"Hearken, O Mother, hearken to thy daughter!
Fain would I tell thee what men tell me,
Saying that henceforth no more on any water
Shall I be first or great or loved or free.

But that these others—so the tale is spoken—
Who have not known thee all these centuries
By fire and sword shall yet turn England broken
Back from thy breast and beaten from thy seas.

Me—whom thou barest where thy waves should guard me,
  Me—whom thou suckledst on thy milk of foam,
Me—whom thy kisses shaped what while they marred me,
  To whom thy storms are sweet and ring of home.

' Behold,' they cry, ' she is grown soft and strengthless,
  All her proud memories turned to fear and fret,'
Say, thou who hast watched through ages that are lengthless,
  Whom have I feared, and when did I forget?

What sons of mine have shunned thy whorls and races?
  Have I not reared for thee time and again
And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces
  Sea-ducks, sea-wolves, sea-rovers, and sea-men?

Names that thou knowest—great hearts that thou holdest,
  Rocking them, rocking them in an endless wake—
Captains the world can match not with its boldest,
  Hawke, Howard, Grenville, Frobisher, Drake?

Nelson—bravest of them all—the master
  Who swept across thee like a shooting star,
And, while the Earth stood veiled before disaster,
  Caught Death and slew him—there at Trafalgar.

Mother, they knew me then as thou didst know me;
  Then I cried Peace, and every flag was furled;
But I am old, it seems, and they would show me
  That nevermore my peace shall bind the world.

Wherefore, O Sea, I, standing thus before thee,
  Stretch forth my hands unto thy surge and say:
' When they come forth who seek this empire o'er thee,
  And I go forth to meet them—on that day.

God grant to us the old Armada weather,
  The winds that rip, the heavens that stoop and lour—
Not till the Sea and England sink together
  Shall they be master! Let them boast that hour! ' "

The thanks of the meeting were tendered to the speaker by the President.

THE WAR AND THE CHURCH

AN ADDRESS BY REV. DR. W. T. HERRIDGE

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, March 23, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for the kindly way in which you have been good enough to introduce me to this club, and I count it an interesting circumstance that the subject of "The Church and the War," on which I am to say a few things, was not chosen by me but by the representative of your club who conveyed to me your kind invitation that I should be your guest to-day. I cannot but feel that there must be a substantial reason why this subject was selected by you. As I dare say you know, in his earlier years the poet Coleridge was a Unitarian clergyman, and though he soon left the pulpit he never lost that oracular manner which some people seem to think is its exclusive monopoly. One day, walking with his friend Charles Lamb, he said in his finely pompous way, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" To which Lamb answered with a merry chuckle, "I never heard you do anything else." It may be that your club felt that as I happened to be a preacher, they had better make a virtue of necessity and take a sermon as genially as possible, because that is what might happen, whatever the subject. But I think there is another reason why you chose to ask me to speak on this subject to-day, because are we not all feeling just now the seriousness of life? Whatever our attitude towards creeds and churches, to whatever church we belong, or even if we belong to no church at all, we are trying to get down to the roots of things, and the religious instincts, which, I need not remind you, are part and parcel of our being, are coming into more active exercise. Amid all the changing tumult of the time, we want to reach certain truths which are unchangeable and eternal, and you will allow me to say that I do not think that we preachers ever had a better chance than we have just now; and if people will not listen to us, it is no use putting it down to the unconquerable depravity of the human heart; it will be our own fault. All kinds of men are challenging the church to-day; it will not be enough for her to point to her creeds, however orthodox, nor to rest upon her ecclesiastical authority, however well buttressed and defended. She will be tested and valued according to the work which she accomplished in actual life, according to the quality of her guidance and inspiration. There is no doubt about it that the church in the past has been too other-worldly, too much concerned about the life to come and too little concerned about the things that she should do every day. It used to be thought a sign of exalted piety to be always sighing for a mansion in the skies. There is nothing necessarily pious about it; one may have a healthy desire to live and yet be a good man. There was a bishop once who was sick, and the doctor came to him and examined his lungs and said, " Bishop, your lungs are in a bad state, and I think that in your condition of health the climate of Algiers will suit you best." And the bishop said, " I do not see how I can leave my work; I have a large diocese to look after, and no one to take my place." The doctor said, " I may just as well be plain with you; you have either got to go to Algiers or go to heaven." " Oh, well," he said, " I think in that case I will go to Algiers." We preachers have got to vindicate our existence in this present world; we have got to show a healthy, normal delight in the things that are seen and temporal, and have that attitude of mind—the attitude of the man of the world in the best sense of the term—tolerant, broad-minded, sympathetic, believing and feeling that nothing is foreign to him. If we have any decent work to do, we cannot be blamed for wanting to have a chance to do it, and we need not concern ourselves so much about the future—that will come all right—so long as we as men, whether we are connected actively with the church or not, as men on this earth of God's are trying to live as men should.

Now I want to say to you that I cannot but believe that war and Christianity, as I understand its teaching, are incompatible. Alfred Noyes, the English poet, has a poem called *Lucifer's Feast,* in which the English and the Germans are having a banquet. The first course in the banquet is a child's bleeding heart, and the other courses are equally gruesome; and they drink a toast to "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, the grand self-sacrifice that made us what we are." And the Germans cry, "Hoch, hoch, hoch"; and the English cry, "Hip, hip, hurrah." This, says the poet, raised the gorge of Lucifer.

> "With one deep 'Bah' he cowered above those croaking toads like Gabriel,
> Then straightway left the table and went home to hell."

There is an indictment of war as even too devilish for the devil himself. But while I profoundly believe that war and Christianity are incompatible, I believe also that since human nature has not reached perfection, war may sometimes be a dire necessity, and such I regard the war in which Britain is engaged to-day. The fighting instinct is in each one of us; it has splendid opportunities of exercise, of exercise in such a fashion as shall not only bring out what is best in us, but shall be of service to others; but as long as evil passions reign among men it will find inappropriate and mischievous ways of exercise, and therefore we need not forget Christ's own warning when He said, "I come not to send peace on earth, but a sword." Even the Prince of Peace, whose supreme purpose it is to bring peace among men, will not accept peace that is without honour and without purity; and though the Christ would not fight for Himself, though in the midst of all the wrath of His vengeful enemies He presented a splendid silence, yet He would fight for the sake of others, He would fight those traffickers that dared to outrage His temple. Gentlemen, we are no saints, God knows; we had better be humble in these trying days; but it seems to me that our business just now is to find a scourge big enough and strong enough to lay upon the backs of those who dare to desecrate the temple of humanity, and to drive them out.

Gentlemen, we have no quarrel with Germany, considered from many points of view. We have no quarrel with our German fellow-citizens in Canada, provided they are obedient to British law. I passed yesterday through a town which in proportion to its size gave as largely as any other town in Ontario to the Patriotic Fund; half the population of that town, or perhaps more, are of German origin, and the name of that town, curiously enough, is Berlin. We have no quarrel, I say, with much that is made in Germany; we should be the better for some of it in Canada to-day. We are still able to appreciate, for instance, the world-compelling harmonies of Beethoven, the great dramas of Schiller and Goethe, the profound philosophical thought of Hegel and Kant. We are still able to admire what Germany has done in advancing the intellectual and the industrial, and, for that matter, the moral progress of the world. But while this is true, I hold that we have a quarrel, both as Christians and as men, with the Germany which is dominant to-day, with the Germany of blood and iron and fire and sword, with the Germany whose creed seems to be that might is right, with the Germany that ignores treaties, that has turned that brave little Belgian people, whose magnificent stand against oppression is the most heroic event in modern history, turned them into a Hagar nation crying in the wilderness. With that Germany we have a quarrel, and having espoused the quarrel, no matter how great may be the cost, we are not going to end it until that Germany is utterly overthrown. This is a war, it seems to me, of antagonistic principles, which sooner or later were bound to come into conflict. I would hold it to be a great misfortune if nations that are now neutral were dragged into this strife, but while a technical neutrality is a thing to be desired on the part of many nations to-day, I hold that in a war like this it is impossible for any one to be really neutral at heart. This war, and the issues which underlie it, is bound to bring together as allies those who, however much they may seem to differ in certain regards, have at least some passion to enthrone among men the principles of justice and liberty.

" There is no east, there is no west,
No alien flags unfurled,
But Europe, Asia, all are one
When God's hour strikes the world."

This is not simply a war of opposing hosts drawn up in battle array. It is a war of opposing ideals and inspirations; therefore fire and sword have got to be met by something more than fire and sword if we are to have a real triumph at last. You are all familiar, I am sure, with that splendid cartoon which has been reproduced in many places from the London *Punch,* where the Kaiser and the King of the Belgians stand face to face, and in the background of the picture there are burning desolated cities; and the Kaiser says to the King of the Belgians, " Don't you see, you have lost everything! " And the King looks up and answers, " Not my soul." Gentlemen, do you not see that one of the lessons of these dark hours is the lesson that should teach us the eternal significance of things that are spiritual? We can afford to lose a great many things; we can afford to see our bank accounts dwindling and real estate values disappearing, and a great many town lots—that are miles and miles away from any town—disappearing altogether. We can afford to have sorrow and loss and pain; we can afford to have our sons and brothers go from us across the sea, and to behold some of them again no more; we can afford to stand face to face with death itself, so long as we do not lose our soul, for the soul is the man. The soul is not something to be talked about in church alone; it is not for religious purposes only. The possession of a pure, alert soul insures all that is purest and noblest in the life of man, all that gives to life and its forces their true grandeur and their real dignity. It is a word of far-reaching import, not for the church alone, but for the market-place and everywhere, that word of the Master's long ago, " What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? "

I have not the slightest doubt what the ultimate issue of this dreadful war will be. We shall have our dark days, our days of anxiety and sorrow; we shall have grief and anguish in some of our homes. This is the price we have to pay for human freedom, and it is not too big a price if freedom is enthroned, and a brutal militarism trampled under foot for ever. " It's a long way to Tipperary," but by the grace of God we hope to get there again saner men than when in the first flush of enthusiastic zeal we set forth from it. For believe me, victory in this strife is not going to be made complete simply by the silencing of hostile fleets and armies, the issue for which we hope and pray; but by the emergence of a new civilisation, by the enthronement amongst us of all that is purest and best. The battle, the great, unending, inescapable battle of life continues after this war is over, of truth against falsehood, and right against wrong, and self-indulgence against self-sacrifice, and the issue will determine our future as a nation and as a land. Gentlemen, I cannot but feel that Canada is on trial just now and the world is watching her. We have not come to the parting of the ways, thank God, but we have come to a place where the old road, so rich in its associations and memories, broadens before us. Shall we prove equal to the needs of the hour? Shall we measure up to our splendid opportunity? If we ever fall back into the terrible mistake of supposing that money is the main affair; if in our absorption in things immediately before us we never lift our eyes to the wider horizons; if our enthusiasm wanes to achieve the inheritance of the soul, and to make this big land intelligent and true and clean; if the passion of the Christ goes from us and leaves us Christian in name only and not in deed and in truth, then whatever the issue of this war, however decisive it may be, and though material prosperity come back to us tenfold, we ourselves shall be " finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark," our future stripped of its finest fascination and its most exalted destiny, and the blame lying at our own door. But, on the other hand, if in these days of trouble we resolve to pursue the noblest ideals of national life, to keep alert to fresh visions of truth and broader conceptions of duty, to show our patriotism not alone in the firing line of battle, but in our passion for what is beautiful and good; if the religion which we profess, purged of all cant and bigotry, unites us in a common enthusiasm and a common aim; if the whole people of this land, spurred on by beckoning hopes and splendid memories, resolve to put away childish things and to rise to the full stature of manhood—then with our vast domain, heir of an inheritance bequeathed to us by what is still the foremost nation of the world, welded together in bonds of loyalty that are cemented by gratitude and made firmer still by memories of ever-growing sacrifice, aroused to a fuller consciousness of the place we are meant to fill in moulding the destinies of this great continent, and most of all stablished and strengthened by those moral forces which are the main fibre of national greatness, then even if the darkness seems to gather around us to-day, who shall venture to forecast the possible glory of the dawning to-morrow?

A vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker on motion of Mr. Justice Craig.

The Hon. Sir GEORGE E. FOSTER, LL.D., D.C.L., M.P.,
Minister of Trade and Commerce of Canada

THE WAR AND COMMERCE

An Address by Hon. Sir GEORGE FOSTER, M.P.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
March 26, 1915

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I have, in a suggestive way, and without any very great detail, to make a few remarks with reference to the war which is at present raging, and commerce as it is affected by the war.

In the first place, I want to disclaim the idea that war is a promoter of commerce. To my mind, war has always been, is now, and always will be, not a promoter but an enemy of commerce, opposed to all its best interests, and affecting them in the long run in an adverse way, whatever may be said of incidental advantages for limited periods. After that disclaimer I wish to deny the German contention, put forward persistently now and for the past six or eight months, that they have been forced into this war because of Britain's jealousy of German progress in industry and commerce, and that the war was forced upon them by Great Britain for the purpose of destroying Germany's trade, and so getting rid of a hated and very strong rival in the realms of commerce. We are not disposed, after an experience of eight months, to put very much reliance on the statements put forward by the German government as excuses for their action in the war, or as causes of the war itself, and this statement is certainly as unfounded as any of their statements of causes or motives. If you will take the last thirty-five years, you will find that Great Britain has dealt in a particularly generous way with the commercial development of Germany. It is not on record that the British market, which is one of the most profitable of all Germany's markets, has ever been shut to Germany and its products. Britain has given a free market, a market of almost inestimable value, to German products during the last thirty-five years, and has given that market on terms just as free, just as open, just as advantageous as to members of her own Empire, and to the people who live within the boundaries of Great Britain itself. That does not look very much like a jealous rivalry running to unreasonable lengths against Germany's commercial development. If you go outside Great Britain to her dependencies, and take the history of the Overseas Dominions, while it is true that the Dominions have given a preference to Great Britain in their markets, I can tell you from my knowledge of what has transpired with reference to Canada, and it is equally true with regard to the other Overseas Dominions, that this preference to Great Britain over German products has been given to Great Britain not because of one least little bit of an intimation that she would like to have it so, but has been given by these Overseas Dominions from their own initiative entirely. History does not record one single instance of a sphere of influence having been opened in China, in Africa, in any other part of the world, in which Britain has not stood for equal commercial rights in that sphere of influence, giving them to Germany just as freely and just as generously as she has given them to herself, claiming no more for herself than she has given to Germany. There is not a single instance on record of a German merchant ship in any quarter of the world having been hindered or hampered by the British fleet or by British governmental authority all these thirty-five years. Let these facts of themselves tend to reassure any of us who may have heard that argument used that there is nothing in it. The facts absolutely disprove it. Britain always plays fair. She is a sporting nation in this as in other respects, she likes to play the game, and she likes to play it with those that will contest the game with the greatest tenacity. If she wins she does not boast, and if she is beaten she is always ready to acknowledge that better men were against her in the contest. I do not think that the same can be said in respect to Germany in trade, in politics, or in war. In all these they are poor sports.

War is a spectacular thing, and whenever it occurs the attention of the world is riveted upon it. Commerce acts quietly. She makes her advance unobtrusively and peacefully, but when we come to look at long-spaced distances in time and contrast them, there is no page in the whole history of the world which reads more like a romance than the page which records the birth, growth, and expansion and the exceedingly great development of commerce. Unless we actually space off a long distance of time and make the contrast between commerce then and commerce now, we do not get an adequate idea of what has been done.

Commerce, after all, depends absolutely upon production, and production in turn is stimulated by demand. Commerce is simply the carrying of articles to and fro, the interchange of products, one for another. Without production you can have no commerce. Demand comes in and applies its stimulus to productivity. The demand for what is necessary for the world to live, to be clothed, and to be warmed, is the primitive demand which first impels to production. But there is a wonderful deal of production which is stimulated outside of the demands of necessity, and which in turn makes demand all the greater by the abundance of supply. Beyond the necessaries of life, it is the rule that men buy according to their desires, and their desires are quickened by what they see of what is produced, and which they believe will contribute to their comfort, to their happiness, and to their upbuilding. So that to say that commerce is based upon production and demand, I think, puts us pretty surely upon the real foundations of commerce.

Now it is production which has been the really wonderful thing in this great world of ours, and commerce has grown only as production has grown. Back two or three or four thousand years ago, and how little of modern commerce was known. The productive areas were localised; exchange was restricted, there was no mechanism which served, so to speak, to mobilise the products of the world, produced as they were in the different and widely separated localities of the world. That mechanism is transportation. Three or four thousand years ago, transport was confined almost exclusively to the canoe pack, the man pack, and the animal pack, and with this limited capacity people bought and sold over limited areas. To-day look at the mechanism of transport. By sea the great flotillas of immense vessels, leviathans instead of canoes, coursing all waters of the world, taking the smallest products, raised by the smallest producer, loading them into their spacious holds, and carrying them tens of thousands of miles to where demand waits to be supplied. This one matter of water transport, in its volume and capacity, differentiates us from the old world of 4000 years ago by millions of miles of enterprise and skill and constructive ability, and of all that has resulted from the union of these three in multiplying the great carrying process of the world. For the man pack and the mule pack by land, what have we to-day? We have the immense system of railroads running from almost every centre of production, and carrying to every distant point of possible demand. The man pack and the mule pack of three thousand years ago, if they were all put together, would not carry what one small system of railways carries to-day. But those are only portions of the mechanism of commerce. In the early days, as you all know, people could do nothing but barter. One man had more horses than he wanted, and another had more cows than he wanted, and the two swapped their horses and cows. That was very limited dealing. Then gradually token money came to help, then crude methods of exchange, and now you have this immense and complex system of credits, of banking facilities, of bills and cheques, and of various paper instruments, so that gold now lies in the vault and does not make the rounds of the world, except occasionally between certain great centres, whilst based on that gold is a perfect system of credits which moves faultlessly and unerringly the products of the world from every remotest corner to every mart where supply meets the final demand. May I suggest that it would be a good thing for our young men to think over and study deeply the sweep and mission of commerce, because I am certain that a great many of us do not know what a noble instrumentality this world commerce is, and what a potent part it plays in the vital productivities of the world. The two together are twins that can never be disjoined; as long as they work in unison and harmony the world's work is carried on.

Now there are two kinds of production—I am speaking broadly, and not on very detailed lines—and as an illustration of one kind of production we may take the farmers' work. In the preparation of the soil, the sowing of the seed, through all the processes, until the final product is ready for the ultimate consumer, there is not one single maleficent influence. Nor when it reaches the consumer does it stop its beneficent course. It goes to my legal friend here, furnishes food for body and brain, and he is nurtured and strengthened for the arduous work and business of his profession. It goes into the hands of the artist; he is fed, strengthened in body and brain, and fitted to embody the creations of his imagination.

And so the farmers' work, beneficent in itself, feeds and stimulates to further effort and development in every department of world work, and is thus subsidiary to the higher forces of production in all the industrial, social, and artistic lines of life. There is not an unbeneficent influence in it from start to finish.

But production may proceed along other lines and have other ends and aims. It may employ thousands of hands, work up valuable results, put them into certain forms, and these forms may be used for the destruction of material substance, of human fibre, and the mental and moral quality of man. That is what I call maleficent production. We can make a broad distinction between beneficent and maleficent production, and once we grasp that difference we have a foundation for the best action, the best legislation, and the best conservation for human kind and human happiness. War is destruction; that is its end and aim. It is said to take 1,200,000 dollars to maintain the broadsides of the *Queen Elizabeth* in the Dardanelles for one single day. What a terrible thing to contemplate when we recollect that this all means the further destruction of human life, human fibre, human energy. But you say to me, "We must have wars." Well, it has been so in the past, it is so now, it may be so for a further time in the future, but I cannot read history without coming to the conclusion, at this standpoint of time in the twentieth century, which I believe you will all admit, that the world in the last one hundred years—to go back no further—has made immense strides forward to that final period towards which it is struggling, when differences between nations will be settled as differences happily are now settled between men and corporations. This war which is going on now was not prevented, was perhaps not preventible, but how many wars have been prevented within the last fifty years because of this added new spirit of the world, which protests against war as the means of settlement for all disputes which arise between nations? So I am not without hope, and I would not do my work in the world as well as I may be able to do it, nor would you, unless we carried with us a supporting optimism that though we ourselves may not see it, yet the human race is gradually climbing upward and forward to that time when international tribunals will settle disputes between nations as the tribunals of a country settle disputes between the individuals of that country.

In all production it is the purpose which hallows the activity. If the purpose is good, if the spirit is right, the activity is hallowed and spiritualised thereby. If the purpose is evil and wrong, all the activities which contribute to the completion and carrying out of the purpose are waste, and worse than waste, because they end in destruction.

No war in the history of the universe has had such a tremendous effect upon commerce as the present war. That is not due simply to the fact that this war has drawn into active belligerency the greatest nations of the world, combining more population, more wealth, more industrial activity, and more trade values than were affected by any war of the past. This is one element in it, but the other factor in it is that never in the history of the world has commerce been so world wide, and consequently so intensely sensitive to the effects of war. When this war broke out the wheels of commerce immediately stopped. The man who listened intently could have heard the sudden halt, and felt that the world, so far as commerce was concerned, stood still for a time. The mechanism of commerce was absolutely paralysed in all its parts. Wool became unsaleable in Australia, cotton in the United States, sugar for export was a drug on the market in Germany and in Austria, wheat had to be interned in warehouses in Russia, dyes and chemicals were sought for and could not be found;

and so, all through the range of commerce, dislocation, disorganisation, destruction ensued unparalleled in the world's history.

Now Germany, as a participant in that world commerce, has much to lose, and the rest of the world has something to gain, on account of this war. First, what is Germany's present loss, and what is she likely to lose? Germany has developed to a fine art the practice of peaceful penetration of the neighbouring countries. Have you read Dr. Sarolea's book on Belgium? If you have not, it is well for you to read it. There is one chapter in it which brings out this idea. For years previous to the war, Belgium was gradually coming to be a suburb of Germany, through the influence of this fine art of peaceful penetration. Her watering-places and her marts of commerce were filled with German tourists, German financiers, German business houses, German agencies, German dwellers and sympathisers, who were always pressing German claims, and forwarding German interests, sentimentally and otherwise, until Belgium was in a fair way, as were Holland and Denmark and the Scandinavian countries, perhaps in lesser degree, of being so brought under the dominance of Germany as to run the risk of ultimately becoming little more than an adjunct to Germany, first commercially and socially, and later politically. Not only was that so with the near-by smaller nations, but in her trade system, in her tariffs, in every influence that could be brought to bear to compel trade to her way, Germany was peacefully penetrating larger nations near and far. By all the arts of tariff and treaty and diplomacy she pursued her purpose, and forced her trade upon Austria and Russia. In the same way, Servia was compelled for decades to pay business toll to Austria. I was reading the other day a statement made by one of the ministers of the Australian Commonwealth, in which he disclosed the most elaborate combination made by German financiers and capitalists to capture and control the metal interests of the Commonwealth of Australia. So in Africa, in China, in South America, everywhere by settlement and subsidy and concession and spheres of influence, through this fine art of peaceful penetration German interests were planted and extended.

The war has broken that off absolutely. Now that the yoke has been lifted, will these neighbouring countries ever put their necks under it again? When the war is over and peace is established, after having destroyed their homes and fired their cities, after having committed nameless atrocities against the Belgian people, assassinated and murdered the Belgian nation, with what face and with what chance of success could German merchants ever again approach Belgium, and attempt to forward German interests and increase German trade?

That yoke has been thrown off—a yoke that was long borne, but that will never be borne again. Belgian trade will seek other channels. Germans and German trade will be suspect. So in other adjoining countries, and in the allied and neutral countries. That is one great advantage which Germany enjoyed which by this war she has forfeited and has forfeited for ever. She has lost more. This war has entailed a vast burden upon Germany—the tremendous burden of a most costly war in material and human assets destroyed, in the industrial and economic accumulations of centuries gradually and irretrievably swept away in the wild and destructive whirlpool of war. Her fleet has been able to hide behind the fortress of Heligoland and the Kiel Canal, and save a portion of itself, but her vast commerce has been swept from the world's marts, and her immense mercantile marine has vanished from the world's waters. Her river approaches and seaports, upon which she depended so largely for needed raw materials for her industries, and for exit for her manufactured goods to the markets of the world, have from the first been greatly obstructed, and to-day are pretty nearly absolutely blocked. That spells immense loss to Germany.

She has taken her most virile and active men from productive activities and is rapidly using them up in the waste of war. She has not only robbed herself of that active virility of profitable production, but she has imposed upon herself for generations the tremendous burden of maintaining the maimed and human products of that war, and all the dreadful train of deteriorating consequences which follow. Then comes the further incalculable burden of slaving and rebuilding the multitudinary activities and industries destroyed by war. Her factories have, in many cases, been closed, in most cases depleted, and her industrial forces scattered, disorganised, and much of it will be entirely dissipated before this war is over. But there is more. After the war the doctors' bills remain to be paid, and these will be presented not by her own doctors, but rather by those of the allied belligerents. Germany must pay to the uttermost possible farthing for the ruin she has wrought, for the wanton destruction she has caused, and the frightful inhumanity she has practised—a sum total which is almost incalculable in arithmetical figures, and which day by day and hour by hour she is loading up for inexorable payment by the German people, which will remain incumbent upon them, first, asking for its interest, and later for its capital, payment for which cannot be evaded. Put all these things together, and we can reach a fair conclusion as to how greatly Germany in this mad war has depleted her home base of future operations, and crippled her possibilities as a competitor in the future. There is one other consideration stronger than all. Beaten in war after a contest begun without reason, pursued with an expression of heart hate unexampled in the history of the world, accompanied with atrocities which cannot now even be enumerated, but which will never be forgotten, can it be supposed that when peace is at last made Germany will be invited to the banquet table of the Allies as an honoured guest to whom generous treatment is due? She may pick up what crumbs she can as they fall from the table, but as an honoured guest not for generations to come can she be admitted to full market privileges, and allowed to replenish her thinned blood by drawing sustenance from the work and activity of the allied nations in commerce and in trade. She has richly earned and should undoubtedly be allowed to experience the salutary discipline of commercial ostracism by the nations she has sought to destroy. In addition to all there is the force of outraged moral sentiment which Germany has stored up against her future. Her own ally, Italy, ashamed of the alleged causes assigned for the war, refused to fight by her side, and thus furnished one of the strongest arguments against the conduct of Germany and Austria. Counting largely on Turkish support, she made great sacrifices to draw the Ottomans to her side, counting on wide and far-reaching reaction in the Mohammedan world. Turkey has proved but a limp support upon which to lean, and when within the next few weeks the Dardanelles shall have been cleared of their mines, and the adjoining coasts of their forts and guns, and Constantinople lies at the mercy—and it will be a tempered mercy—of the allied forces, Turkish influence shall have passed away from Europe, and Germany will have reaped no advantage, moral or otherwise, and her long-projected progress to the East will have proved but a dream. The one strong moral influence which weighs against Germany, and which will be counted against her for generations to come, is her treatment of the small independent nation of Belgium. Every day in the wilds of Africa, in the midst of India, in the heart of China, in every well-populated centre of the world, the story of Belgium's sufferings and heroism is being told, and films are being shown which portray her injuries, and hearts are stirred with sympathy, and tears drop from the eyes of all races and nations, cultured and uncultured, all the world over, and the question in the heart is, Why such barbarity, why such atrocity, and who has wrought this great wrong? To every mind there comes but one answer—Germany!

A man cannot go far in a community if the moral sentiment of the community is against him. A nation cannot go far in the great international race if the feelings engendered by such triumphs of atrocity as that are widespread, and are amongst the deepest and strongest held in the human heart. The world to-day condemns Germany. The world to-day remembers Belgium, weeps for her and works to assuage her sufferings. The world for generations to come will not forget that it was Germany that brought all these terrible consequences upon a peaceful, unobtrusive, unaggressive, loyal people, dwelling beside the borders of their country, under the plighted guardianship of stipulations signed by the very power that afterwards ravaged her territory and drove her people into exile. After this war there is a Belgian nation of 7,000,000 of people to be repatriated and rebuilt; there is Poland, about which we hear so much less, but which has suffered almost as grievously, with the added pathos that in the struggle in Poland the Pole has been compelled to meet his brother Pole in the death conflict. Poland then has to be reconstructed; and infinite damage has to be made good in various other quarters of the belligerent field. All the resources of the world will be called upon to make that reconstruction. And now if it be at all allowable to mingle commercial considerations with this great theme that we have been discussing, Canada's opportunity is a fair one. She need not avoid it, she has a right to face it, and to take her part not simply for commercial reasons, but on the broad basis of contributing to the reconstruction and upbuilding of the ravaged places. She has a right to consider her resources, to organise her forces, and to systematise them so that her products and her industries may find their way to these desolated spots with credit and profit to herself and also as contributing to the great work of world-building.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Mr. Woods, President of the Toronto Board of Trade, and seconded by Hon. Dr. Jamieson.

OUR JAPANESE ALLIES

AN ADDRESS BY REV. C. H. SHORTT, M.A.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, April 8, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—It gives me a very great deal of happiness to have the opportunity of meeting you all to-day and speaking to you, and I want first of all to thank you for giving me this opportunity to be here and speak on the subject of that second home of mine, Japan, where I have been living for the last fourteen years and upwards. I would have very little excuse for speaking on the subject at all if I had not been there as long as that. When I first arrived in Japan I had the pleasure of meeting an old Canadian who had been there since 1872. He said, " How long have you been here? " I said a week. Then he asked, " Have you written your book? " I did not understand him, but he said, " If you do not write your book about Japan now, you will never write it." If writers would only wait more than a week there would not be so much rubbish written.

It is difficult to generalise on a nation of 54,000,000 people, with a history such as theirs, but the longer we live there the nearer we get to understanding at least how much there is to know. I have been living there fourteen years and have had the good luck to have been in almost the whole of " the sixty-six provinces," and to have met a great many different classes of people in the country; it is owing to that fact that I have the impudence to speak about Japan at all, because if I do not know anything about it, I ought to.

Everybody knows that ever since 1868 there has been increasing attention turned towards Japan. I say 1868, because, as you all know, that was the year that the country was opened, at the time of the restoration of the Emperor to his proper place as the real ruler of Japan. From that time forward the country has been open, and therefore attention has been turned towards it; but the thing which drew most attention to Japan was, of course, the succession of the three wars in which she has been engaged. First of all the Chinese war, then the Russian war, and now the present war. That has turned people's attention to Japan, and one of the consequences of people turning their attention to that country is that the various nations of the West have begun to estimate Japan in a proper way. That has affected all their policy. First of all there came the move in the early nineties, begun by Great Britain, towards revising the old treaties, because they found they must consider Japan on the same footing as any other properly organised country, not as it had been treated before. Then followed the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1902, which has since been twice revised and extended. Then came another move, and Great Britain again led in raising her legation in Tokyo to an embassy, thus recognising Japan as one of the ten great powers. The others followed afterwards, but I am glad to say Britain was the first. All these things turned a good deal of attention to Japan, besides the increased travel and the abundance of literature which has been produced on the subject. People have found out a number of things about Japan itself and about the people; I cannot stop to-day to talk much about any of those things; you have multitudes of books to read and pictures to look at. I have some more important things I should like to speak of.

You know all the travellers find pretty much the same thing and tell about the same story; they say, of course, that when they came to study Japan they found it was indeed a civilised country, and not only that, but a country with a very ancient civilisation—in fact a highly-civilised country. When it was opened it was not a new thing; there is no mushroom growth there. If they had not had so much behind them it would have been impossible to adopt the number of things from the West they did, so quickly. When people have understood that, they have ceased to wonder so much at the suddenness of the movements in Japan. They found it was a highly-civilised country when opened, and that it had behind it about the same length of history as Great Britain, that is, a thoroughly written and established history. It is nothing, of course, to compare with the length of the history of China, but it has about the same length as our own, and an intensely interesting history, well worth your study. They found the people were clean, polite, law-abiding, artistic, and many other things with which you are quite familiar. One thing was commonly said—I found it in many books and in speaking with many people—they said, "Are not the Japanese the French of the Pacific?" I say in the main that is true. If you must make them the Anything of the Pacific, if they are anything more than themselves, then they do perhaps resemble the French more than any nation in Europe. There are a few particulars in which this is very manifest. Living among the French for a while, one finds them very warm-hearted, and you find the Japanese the same. They have quick perception just like the French; provided the language difficulty is out of the way, an idea is grasped instantly, precisely like the French. The French love their word "solidarité"; they love to act as one body, and they always do; that is precisely the same with Japan, and always has been, they love to move and act as one great body; solidarity is a popular word there as in France. And there is another point of great concern to us; they have an exceedingly high sense of national honour like the French. That is the reason why the French so often have remained faithful to an ally when it was greatly to their own disadvantage, and I am perfectly sure the Japanese will do the same thing, even if it is greatly to their disadvantage. I say that concerns us now, because that brings us down to the period of the present war. The fact that Japan is pro-British is nothing new, and had nothing to do with the alliance, because that sentiment was there before. I remember what a relief it was to arrive in Japan in 1900. I had been travelling about Europe just before that, having been in the United States and then in Europe, mostly in France. Then I came out from Naples in a German ship; there were a great many people from Holland on board—and the Boer Warwas going on! You can imagine pretty well what the atmosphere was all along; it was not exactly pro-British. To arrive in Japan and find the people not only pro-British, but enthusiastically pro-British, was indeed a relief. After the greatest victory in the Boer War, the only ruler in the world who sent congratulations to England was the Emperor of Japan. I say those things ought not to be forgotten, and I do not think they are forgotten. When this horrible war broke out last summer, Japan was put to the test. A request was sent by the British Government on the 4th of August to Japan to participate in the war. A very short time was taken to consider it, though the alliance did not demand it. The government sent in its agreement at once, and said they would participate in the war. There was rather an amusing thing connected with that, which perhaps you missed. They had no love for Germany before, none whatever, and no reason to love Germany, for you may remember that it was owing to Germany coming into what was called the Triple Interference, after the Chinese War, that it was necessary for Japan to yield back to China everything she had won from her. They were not at all surprised at Russia and France taking that action, because Russia wanted it herself, and France was her permanent ally, and therefore backed her up as she always will back up an ally. But what Germany had to do with it nobody in Japan could see, and nobody else, outside of Germany. But they "butted in" as we say, and sent a demand from Berlin to Tokyo that Japan should recede to China the territory she was now occupying. The wording of that I cannot give you, but it was remembered in Japan, and as soon as this war broke out and Japan was asked to come into it, she sent an identical note, copied exactly from that one, asking Germany to recede to China the territory she was occupying. Of course it was indignantly refused, coupled with a threat that after the Emperor had humbled England and France, and had conquered Russia, he would deal with Italy and Japan. One of the Tokyo newspapers, just after that, put a very short note upon it, saying, "Then we have plenty of time to prepare."

Well, you know how they have carried out their obligation. You noticed, I have no doubt, how completely they swept out the eastern and western Caroline Islands, the Ladrones, the Marshall Islands, and in the North Pacific everything that Australia and New Zealand had left, and then turned down to Tsing Tao and reduced the fortress in twenty-nine days—the only German fortress, by the way, which has yet been taken by anybody. She also patrolled our coasts for us; she sent over the best of those magnificent battle cruisers, which they have been building recently in Japan itself, and the *Izumo* has been patrolling the British Columbia coast for us ever since the beginning of the war.

Now what do you think we ought to do personally in the way of showing our appreciation of all that our western neighbour has been doing, and the attitude that she has kept up so strictly all the way through? I think you and I can do a good deal personally, because the only thing Japan really suffers from now is the prevalence of one or two horrible slanders that have gone all over the earth and are commonly believed by everybody, and it is only fair that you and I should do what we can to contradict those slanders. I do not say to take it on my word, but look into them well and if they prove to be slanders, nail those lies, and you will be doing a good act, because they are injuring Japan very greatly throughout the world at the present time.

One of those slanders, commonly heard, is that the Japanese are dishonourable and dishonest and untrustworthy as a nation. People ask me about that all the time, everywhere I go, and it is quite worth our while to help them get rid of that. There is nothing so hard to get rid of as a thing that has any truth mixed up with it at all. Somebody has said that the most dangerous lie is the one that has most truth in it. There is a little truth mixed up in that horrible lie, and it is just as well that we should know where it is so as to be able to distinguish. I spoke of the opening of the country in 1868. Before that time, the whole organisation of the country was feudal, as you know. Beneath the nobility, the people were divided into four classes, sharply marked off one from another. It is not so now, but was in those days. The lowest of these classes was the mercantile class; the merchants were very much despised, and to a great extent they deserved it. People act as they are expected to act, and nothing was expected from the merchants, and not very much was got from them. What happened? In that year all the old barriers were broken down, equality was proclaimed among all classes, and there is now no recognition of this class by law, although, as in other cases when a similar thing happens, it takes a long time for the customs based on these conditions completely to die out. As soon as foreign merchants were admitted to the five treaty ports in Japan, as soon as merchants came there from all the countries of the earth, the old mercantile people were the ones to rush down to those ports, because there was something to be got; and what they did not know they learned from those foreign merchants. Then you must remember that until the revision of the treaties, which came into action in 1900, these were the only people the foreign merchants ever met. These were the only people they knew anything about, and they judged the whole nation by one class, one restricted class, too, and one class that by no means represented the rest of the nation. That is the amount of truth there is in it; those merchants from all the countries of the earth went about the rest of the world and filled it with stories about Japanese dishonesty, many of them no doubt true. What has happened since that? As a matter of fact, all the classes are now going into business, and it is not necessary for me to tell you, for you know about the strong business concerns that have been built up in Japan, which simply could not have been built up if they were people such as these stories represent.

I must try to nail the most ludicrous lie I have ever heard circulated about Japan. It has not any truth in it at all; it is made absolutely out of the whole cloth, and yet I hear it continually. I can hardly quote it without laughing. It is this: people say, " Isn't it true that the Japanese are so dishonest that the banks all have to employ Chinese clerks? " I have heard that over and over again, and all the missionaries from Japan have the same experience; wherever they go they hear this story. Where did it come from? It not only is not true, but it never was true; I do not believe there ever was a solitary Chinaman employed in a Japanese bank; I do not believe any bank dare do it, even if it wanted to. There is just a possibility that the solution one person gave is the right one, and what he said is that when the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, which is a British institution, put a branch in Tokyo and in Kobe, they brought their Chinese clerks to those two banks, and for some years they remained there. Now they have substituted Japanese clerks, but some travellers may have gone to that bank and have mistaken it for a Japanese bank—when it was really a British one—and seeing the Chinamen there jumped to the conclusion that the Japanese had to employ Chinese clerks. It may have come from that, but some person must have put it into his book or magazine article, because it has circulated around the earth, and it has no truth whatever in it.

Another charge against Japan now is that she is grasping, looking about for opportunities to grasp other people's territory. Some people tell you that they began by emigration, getting people into the countries and increasing influence, and so on, and so on, ultimately intending to grab the country, and that she has some ulterior designs upon China now; some one even asserted that she was going to annex the whole of China. That sort of thing is commonly said, and it is just as well to be able to nail that lie, because that is a very unfair charge indeed. I do not think anybody can bring up any substantial facts on which to base any such opinion. None of the other wars have been undertaken in any such spirit at all. Until she does something to cause such a charge to be brought, it is not fair to bring it against her. I am not concerned with the California question, nor with the Australia question, nor any other one, but we are concerned all of us, as Canadians and as Britons, with the British Columbia question, and all I would say is that we must do our best to try and get those British Columbia people to be a little less hot-headed. One of them told us we must expect them to be hot-headed because they are a province of young men; I thought that came very well from British Columbia, and I hope that all will realise that. We must try to get them to look at things, not provincially, but imperially, if they can; and by all means to get them to distinguish the issues. The British Columbia issue has nothing whatever to do in any respect with the California one, even if some of the California and Seattle agitators want to drag British Columbia into it, and to drag Great Britain in. Keep your eye on them; that is what they did before in 1906, and with some success. We have nothing to do with the California matter, and do not let them mix it up. Another thing, try to get them to remember that when they are dealing with Japan it has nothing whatever to do with the Chinese question or with the question commonly called the Hindoo question —although I do not think there is a Hindoo in it—the question of India and the Sikhs from there. The question of India is a domestic matter for the British Empire only. The Chinese question stands altogether by itself, and must be dealt with individually until there is a government in Pekin that people can deal with. The Japanese government is recognised everywhere as a government that another nation can deal with, and a government that never yet has broken any of its treaties, and therefore one that must be dealt with as they would deal with the government of France or any other country. Keep the issues on this side separate, and keep the governments on the other side separate, and then we shall not have any difficulty. It is too big a question to go into at all closely; but I ask that this should not be allowed to bias anybody's judgment in regard to Japan's action; it is no proof at all that she has any grasping ideas. People say, Isn't she proving it now? She is trying to grab a piece of China. Now what has the Japanese government done? They have said from the beginning if Germany would not relinquish what she got from China, Japan would take it from her. She did that, and included with it the whole of Kiao Chow Bay and the railway concessions depending on it. That is what the trouble is about, whether it included the railway concessions or not, and now China seems to have yielded. Japan will not give that back till the war is over. They have no confidence at all in the President of China, and I do not think anybody has much reason to have confidence in him. Outside of China he is not trusted. In that case it would not be safe to hand that territory back, because it might be sold to another country to-morrow, might be sold to Germany again, or Russia, or the United States, and Japan does not intend that anything like that shall happen until the war is over; and then with the full agreement of her ally Great Britain, and the other allies; what is fair will be done you may be sure.

All I shall say in conclusion is that it is the wisdom of Canadians, as well as their high privilege, to make friends, real friends, with our neighbours to the west of us, the island Empire of the East, which resembles in so many respects our own mother country. It is our wisdom to make real friends because when one gets underneath the outer crust of customs, and so on, which are a little different from our own, and when one lives among them, it is astonishing how very much like ourselves they all become. If we make friends with them we shall not then have misunderstandings, and if we make friends with them and a misunderstanding comes up, through a mischief-maker or in some other way, it can be easily settled because we shall know them. Let us make every effort to know one another.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker on motion of Mr. Akira Yamauchi, Councillor of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce of Japan, seconded by Mr. S. Ubakata, of Toronto.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

An Address by NORMAN SOMMERVILLE, M.A.

Under the Auspices of the Empire Club of Canada,
Exhibition Military Camp, Toronto,
April 12, 1915

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—When you find a lawyer in jail you find him in what many people think is his proper place, and that must have been Stanley Brent's idea when he told you, in introducing me, that I had been in jail in Austria, because he has known of my erring ways from boyhood. When the chairman asked me to speak to you of my experiences in Austria and Germany after the outbreak of war, I thought that by this time it was an old story, that it would be bringing back to you some things that had been told you so often, and that you had read so frequently, that it reminded me of Booker Washington's position on one occasion, when a darky preacher who lived near the Tuskeegee Institute took him down to his congregation to smooth over a difficulty that existed between the pastor and the congregation. Booker Washington says that when he got there he found the trouble was that the pastor was not getting his salary. " So," he says, " I proceeded to argue with them that the servant was worthy of his hire, that the work must be continued and must be paid for, and I used every argument I could possibly think of, but every argument was met by one of the darkies in the back of the hall saying, ' We ain't gwine ter pay no more salary this year.' Finally, in exasperation I said, ' Tell me, brother, why you won't pay any more salary this year? ' ' Well,' he said, ' we done gone paid for them same sermons last year.' "

Although the subject may not be new, I trust I may be able to introduce a few sidelights, some things that are commonplaces, but that have been brought forcibly home to me at least enough to interest you in some of the conditions that existed in those countries.

Last year was to have been Germany's great year, it was the year of years in which Germany was on exhibition, whether in the field of art, industry, or of commerce. The great exhibition of Cologne was but a sample of the progress and development of Germany along industrial lines; the great exhibition of Leipsic, of the progress in the industrial world of book-binding and printing. The development of this science, and the way in which it had been brought to such a prominent position in Germany, by the work of the masters throughout the ages, just perfected in these recent years, was being shown to an astonished world at Leipsic, one of the grandest exhibitions that had been held on the Continent. In the field of music, at Bayreuth and Munich there were being celebrated and performed the great masterpieces of German musicians. In all the fields of art and science, of industry and commerce, German exhibitions last year attracted more tourists than any previous exhibitions have in any part of the Old World. If one could but get a glimpse within the doors of some of those exhibitions, one could observe the remarkable development that has taken place in Germany during these years. During the last forty years, the development along commercial and industrial lines has been the study of the whole world; it has been the most remarkable development that old Europe has ever seen; and this was exemplified particularly in the field of industrial art at Cologne. In that exhibition, brought to the highest perfection, were the works of the best industrial establishments of Germany. One might take the textile industry and go into the building devoted to silks, and one could find a revelation there as to the great advance that had been made by that country that was so soon to wreck it all and throw it into the melting-pot, for the sake of the ambitions of the ruling classes. In this one building, in one case, one would find a wild canary with its beautiful colourings of yellow and black, and beside it you would find the whole effect of that wild canary carried out in the most gorgeous webs of silk, produced in imitation of the design of the Almighty Himself as seen in the canary. In another case one would find a shell from the South Sea Islands, with its beautiful interlinings of mother-of-pearl, colours of grey and purple and blue making an almost impossible colour to copy, and yet reproduced so perfectly by the imitative art of the German artisan carrying out the colour and effect of that shell, that one almost thought that the shell was lined with the work of the looms. From all parts of the world there had been gathered the works of nature and reproduced by striking imitation in the works of man on the looms of Germany. From the forests of Brazil the most magnificent butterflies, reproduced in colour and design in the most gorgeous silk. The same high development would be found among the workers in gold and silver and bronze, and among the marbles you would find the masterpieces of the past brought from the museums and reproduced in the most perfect way, as a result of the modern development of Germany.

When one went throughout the land, one found a prosperity such as Germany had never known. Commercially she never had so much business in all her life. Her overseas trade reached 10,000,000 dollars a day every day of the year. That tremendous overseas trade was reflected in the prosperity, in the splendid position, and in the happiness and comfort of the people, that one saw on all hands. There were no evidences of great poverty, though it existed years ago; no evidences of conditions that existed in Germany not more than fifteen years ago, but everywhere happiness, contentment, peace, and prosperity, so that the materialist might say, Here, indeed, have we reached a position that should continue for all time and nothing should be allowed to interrupt it.

But not merely on the one hand was there the magnificent prosperity and development of Germany, but alongside of these peaceful pursuits by which Germany had made such a conquest in the commercial world, there had grown up a cankerworm in the system of the German democracy. As one went from those buildings, one thought, Surely these must be the products of a magnificent type of refined people. What a sad sight it was to go into the streets and find among all classes of people, in all social circles, a condition of life and thought that was not conducive to that refinement, that culture, that development, that we know of as being essential to the best and highest in the national life of the people. On the contrary, one found a coarseness, a vulgarity, a crudeness, that was almost vicious, in all circles of life, and one looked for the reason. We found it down in the old university town of Bonn, one of the oldest university cities of the Continent. Bonn is to Germany what Oxford and Cambridge are to England; it represents, or should represent, that same refinement of culture that we see emanating from these English university centres, and making itself felt throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. In Bonn we were introduced to Prussian militarism in its worst and rankest form. One might expect to find among the grandfathers of any nation the most peace-loving of its people, and we found in Bonn thousands of the grandfathers of Germany, men of sixty, sixty-five, and seventy years of age, there for the purpose of celebrating—the advance of peace? No. Celebrating the day upon which they had left the army, and the day upon which they had ceased to have their connection with the Landsturm. Celebrating the day of their release from the enemy because they were glad of it? No; but rather that they should impress upon the young life of the nation the absolute necessity of every man in the nation sticking to the army, sticking to the principles for which it stood, and remaining firm to the policy which had been outlined for them and for the army of Germany. We talked with these old men during those days in Bonn about the advance of Germany in times of peace, and they said, " Certainly Germany has advanced, she cannot help advancing." We said, " She has advanced alongside of England "; they said, " Not alongside of, but in spite of England, and the day will come, and is not far distant, when we shall wipe England off the seas, and then German advance shall know no end, but shall conquer the world as she is doing now in the commercial world." But we said, " That is a very large programme." " Yes," they said; " it is a large programme, but it has been mapped out for us; it is the programme on which we have been working for years; it was laid down for us by the Kaiser in 1900, and we have been working towards it ever since. It was in our dreams, it was our national desire, and the Kaiser epitomised it all in 1900, when he gave us the splendid slogan, 'Our future lies on the sea, the trident must be in our hand.'" We asked, "How do you propose to do it?" (They took us for "Amerikaners," and "Amerikaners" are supposed to be the enemies of England, and therefore they told us many things they would not have dreamed of telling us if they had thought we were British subjects.) They said, "We are going to do it, and the time is not far distant when we shall set in motion part of the programme that will be the beginning of the thing that will accomplish our desires and our ends. Our first programme is to destroy for all time the rivalry and the danger of French ascendancy. Our first effort will be to make a swift, sharp, tremendous blow at the heart of France, and once in possession of Paris, according to our programme, we shall bring France to her knees. With France on her knees, we shall not take from her territory, but we shall remove all possibility of her being a rival in the future. She shall be disarmed; her forts shall be destroyed; she shall pay to us an indemnity"—which they very calmly fixed at five billions of dollars—"and having paid this indemnity, she shall hand over to us in good fighting trim every battle-ship that she possesses, and shall deliver them in Kiel Harbour. We have been planning it for years; we have got the money; we have got the men; we have got the Kaiser, who wants it, and we are going to do it. That sharp sudden blow at the heart of France will bring France to her knees before she is ready, and when once we have accomplished that, the rest of our task is easy." "Well," we asked, "what is the rest of your task?" "Well," they answered, "France and Russia are allies for offence and defence, and once we make a blow at France, we must expect that the Russian will proceed to carry out his part of his pact with France, and that part is that he shall as speedily as possible mobilise and attack us on our eastern frontier. But we know the Russian; we know that Russia is slow of movement; we know that her equipment in arms and transportation is bad, and therefore it will be some time before Russia can be a real menace to us, and before we need fear the onslaught of the bear on that side of our borders, we will have finished with France and made our terms. We have our programme mapped out as to how long it will take us, and know exactly when we shall reach Paris."

If we had received this notion from one man, we would have said he was a fool; if we had received it from a few who had just entered the army, we would have called them dreamers; but to find business men who had stood high in the commercial life and industrial world of Germany, to find them seriously declaring a programme of this kind at least a month before war was declared, to find it not in one mouth alone but in twenty, and to find it not merely in Bonn, but samples of it in Nuremberg, in Wiesbaden, in Leipsic, in Dresden, in Magdeburg, gave evidence of a well-understood programme. There was no mistaking the desire of Germany for this great thing—the domination of Europe.

" But," we asked, " how about Russia? " " Well," they said, " having settled with France we can lick Russia. We can never conquer Russia because she is too vast a country, but we can beat the Russians in the field and we will make terms of peace with them that will be entirely satisfactory to us. We will not take any money from Russia because she has no money to give, but we will take Poland, for we desire to round out our Empire, and in addition to that we will disarm her forts, and in addition to that we will have delivered in Kiel Harbour all the Russian warships, in good fighting trim." We laughed to ourselves when this programme was put before us, but let me tell you that it was just as sincerely and seriously believed in as you and I to-day believe that it shall never be accomplished—just as truly and implicitly believed in by these German people as we believe that the domination of the Anglo-Saxon civilisation shall never be questioned. But because it was believed in, it was a real menace. We said, " Suppose France and Russia should decide to blow up a few of these ships and not deliver them in Kiel Harbour? " " Oh, we have thought that all out, and for every ship they did not deliver in Kiel Harbour, there would be an extra indemnity of $5,000,000." It was almost as cruel and crude as it was ludicrous, but because of the implicit faith of the men in it, one had to recognise it as a national danger. When the war was declared newspapers throughout Germany and Austria featured that programme in one form or another in the first three days of the war; there was hardly a man in the country that would not have told you, "That is what we are aiming at." "That is what we shall accomplish."

We asked, "Why do you want this fleet?" They answered, "Well, that is just the one thing we do want. We have got the army, and we do not need to use our fleet just now; but our enemy is not France, our great enemy is not Russia, but our ultimate determination and end is that we shall wipe Britain off the seas, and with the fleet of France and the fleet of Russia added to our own, it will not be many years before we shall build a fleet that will be twice the size of Britain's, and then Britain shall be no more." They believed it, they were led to believe it, and so cruelly did they work it out that they told us the reason they fixed that indemnity at five billion dollars. Five billion dollars with interest at 4 per cent. would produce just $200,000,000 a year, which, they told us, is a little more than the amount spent annually on the British navy, and they said, "Without going into our pockets at all, we shall have this interest on our French indemnity for navy extension, and then Britain will suffer." One can hardly realise to what an extent that cankerworm of militarism had eaten into the heart of Germany, and when the opportunity came as it had been planned, and when the moment came to strike the blow, so absolutely unanimous was the German and Austrian population for the war, that we saw the Socialists, who were the greatest peace advocates in Europe, who were looked upon as the salvation of Europe from the spirit of militarism on the streets of Dresden and Leipsic and Carlsbad, we saw them march up with their red flags to the centre square of the town and destroy these flags and say, "No longer shall we follow the flag of Socialism, there is but one flag for us, the flag of Germany." When we saw men doing that, it became a serious proposition to think that any people could be led to throw into the melting-pot the happiness, the contentment, the prosperity, the industrial development, the overseas trade, the whole combination of German life, that they might get—what? Get an indemnity from France? That was not the ulterior object of it. To get a few ships from Russia? That was not the object in the end. But to get that place in the sun that they say Britain now occupies. They would get it by the absolute destruction of British ascendancy.

Fortunately we got out of Germany just two days before war was declared. We got down into Austria, and the warm-hearted Austrians were not quite so cruel and crude as the Germans. On the morning of the 24th of July, the Saturday when the note to Servia had been delivered, and the answer had been given, the announcement went throughout Austria that the answer should be quite satisfactory to Austria, that Servia had been humiliated, and that there would be no war. The result was that we went to bed quite at peace on Saturday night, and on Sunday we saw our first great sample of the workings of militarism. At six o'clock in the morning when we got out, as was the custom of that place, to take the cures, we saw pasted all over the town the yellow printed mobilisation notices calling to arms all the men between seventeen and twenty-nine. Every man was called out to the colours, to report at twelve o'clock that same day, to proceed to a place of encampment. I never believed that a system could be so perfectly devised and carried out as we saw carried out that day. One would see the men rushing down, and their families or wives or sweethearts rushing out to see the notice, to see whether the particular man in which they were interested was among those called out. Many were the sad scenes one saw that day as one realised that every home in the land, every business in the land, irrespective of the private interest, irrespective of duty or responsibility upon him, irrespective of every private consideration, considering only the interests of the state, every man was obliged to march forth. In that little town at twelve o'clock that day, 1700 men were lined up at the railway station ready to proceed to encampment, and within two days, at the nearest encampment, there were 250,000 Austrians gathered, a mobilised army equipped and ready for the front—250,000 men from that part of Bohemia. The system is magnificent, but what about its effect on the man? The private interest was subordinated entirely to the public interest. No man had any rights; the state had all rights. The state had the absolute right to the man's liberty, to anything that he possessed, to all that he stood for, and exercised it at the state's own will and for the state's own benefit. That Sunday morning at six o'clock every train in Austria stopped at the nearest station and every traveller got out and waited for the next train; and the next train was just three weeks later. Every railway was held up for those three weeks in order that men and supplies might be rushed to the front, and that the interest of the state might be advanced. The next morning, shops all over the land would be found with the notice posted on them, "Mobilised." That was all; it spelt a world of meaning. Whatever might be your business you left it just as it was on Saturday night; whatever might be your calling, you left it just as you had left it the evening before, and if it was there when you came back you took it up again, and if it was not then it was your loss, not that of the state. In the morning we determined that the best thing we could do would be to get hold of some money, so we repaired to the bank with our various letters of credit; but we were met at the door with the announcement, "We are very sorry, gentlemen, we cannot give you any money, we have just issued a notice required by the government, that we are not required to give any man more than 3 per cent. of his own deposits every two weeks; and when we will not allow our own people to draw more than that you cannot expect us to give it to outsiders." Well, with half-a-dollar in your pocket, it was not a bright prospect. The gathering crowd of Americans around that bank door included millionaires, politicians, judges, bankers and their families, but in spite of our needs or our protest, we all met the same answer. The air was rather blue, and the language not exactly what a reporter would have published in the United States. But it was no use. These conditions existed for some weeks. We were told that there would not be any possibility of our getting out till after the war was over, that we would have to remain there. Fortunately, there were so many of us that our personal liberty was not as much interfered with there as in some other places. In Breslau, where there was the danger of Russian aggression in that part of Silesia, the German government had issued the order that every Russian was to be arrested. I met one young man from Boston, a naturalised American citizen, who had gone over to be married to a young woman who was a Russian. She was to come from Russian Poland to Austria and meet him in Lemberg in Austria, and he was to come to Austria, where they were to be married. The day he arrived in Breslau he was arrested as a Russian. The day she arrived in Lemberg she was arrested as a Russian. Their marriage was set for the 5th of August; they were arrested on the 1st of August, and each of them kept in jail for ten days. The young fellow had humour enough left, that on the day on which the wedding was to have been celebrated, he passed around among the other prisoners in the jail the wedding invitations that were left in his baggage; and he said it was a mighty poor wedding breakfast they got, consisting merely of black coffee and rolls in the morning and poor soup at night. The girl was shipped to Roumania, he was sent home to the United States. We sympathised with him, but thought perhaps the war was a good thing after all (at least for the girl), after we had had a good look at him.

One other incident we encountered was that of a poor old Russian who had never taken a holiday in his life. He had built up a splendid business in Russia from small beginnings; he had sent his sons to Germany; they had graduated as doctors and returned to Russia, and then they induced the old man to come down to Germany for a holiday. He arrived in Berlin the day before war was declared, and the next day he was arrested and put in jail. Four days later he was given the very comforting news that his own home town, on the border of Russia, had been destroyed, the buildings razed, his family dispersed he knew not where, and he was told he would have to remain till Russia was conquered. That old man was almost heart-broken, and one German-American, who had gone over there, relates it like this: "It makes my heart sick when I come in to see the poor old man, to see the condition he was in. I never cried in my life, but when I see that man I did weep; I never weep so much in my life. I go out to the street and try to get cheer up and I come back again and see him and I was weeping again. You know this was my honeymoon; we never took our honeymoon thirty-five years ago, and we went to Berlin, but the d—— war broke out. But to see this poor old man, this Russian—although he was a Russian I was sorry for him—and every time I saw him I weep with him, until my wife take me away from Berlin."

Many were the sad incidents we learned in the course of our conversation with people; but none were quite so sad as those connected with the women of the land who were left behind, because this German system of militarism apparently entirely ignored the existence of any obligations in the home life. One little mother had six sons taken from her; and one young mother with a child in her arms had a husband taken and nobody left to provide, no means of provision made, no state aid, and that little mother with the baby of less than two years. She had to go out and work herself, and the only work she could get for her own sustenance was to take a contract for carrying coal from the street up a two-storey apartment house into the bin of the people who lived there, and, as she had no one to care for the child, we saw that child sitting the whole day in the coal heap while the mother was shovelling coal into a bushel basket, getting it on to her shoulders and trudging up two stairways, in that apartment house, simply because Austria demanded her man, regardless of the rights of any one, absolutely ignoring the rights of individual, of home, of social circle, of business connection, of any relationship in life. They sacrificed all to that great god of war whom they were worshipping, as they worship no other god in those two lands.

And this was the thing they were going to bring to us; this was the thing that grew out of German Kultur; this was the thing that they were going to place in the prominent and dominant position in the world, in place of that liberty that recognises in Britain the right of any man to say whether he would or would not fight, whether he had ties that kept him, whether he had relationships that bound him, whether he had interests that demanded his attention.

Instead of the state existing for the benefit of the people in Germany the people exist merely for the benefit of the state that knows no morals, that has no honour, that treats with contempt its pledged word, and that disregards every international treaty or relationship it has ever entered into. This was the thing that was to be forced on Europe, and this was the thing that was to be forced through Russia, through France, through Belgium, upon Britain. And what an answer Britain gave to them for that military system that found its expression, as you will find as you men march to Berlin, in signs, " Verboten, verboten," written up and down the land—" Forbidden, forbidden." (Almost everything in that land is forbidden, until you come to the conclusion that it would be far easier for them to put up a few signs of what you may do, than to put up signs of what you may not do.) In place of that " Forbidden "—" Thou shalt not,"—Britain with a hundred thousand voices answered, " We shall," from all the seven seas, " We shall," and you men of Canada, " We shall; we shall for honour, we shall for justice, we shall for truth, we shall for liberty; we shall strive, we shall fight, we shall conquer, that those standards and principles of civilisation shall never fail as long as there is breath in Britain's sons." When that call came to us in Canada, blest as we are beyond any other country under the sun, with a heritage such as no people ever have received, the answer came from every valley in yonder seaside province of Nova Scotia, clear across the hamlets and the prairies of central Canada to yonder Pacific, the answer came to that grand old call of Canada to her sons in this hour of stress,

" Give me men to match my mountains,
Give me men to match my plains,
Men of action, men of vision,
Men with Empire in their brains."

To that great call there went forth an answer that the world shall never forget. The Empire rose to the call, and Berlin will learn, as Berlin must to-day believe, that the end is in sight, and that German domination shall never be accomplished. Just as surely as Germany has learned through her teachers that her place is in the sun by domination, she shall learn by her greater teacher, experience, that the place of all domination shall be in the hands of the men who recognise honour, who honour truth, who love liberty, and who shall never sacrifice the freedom they possess. One of the best things produced since the war began is that cartoon in *Punch* that represents the Kaiser, six months after the war began, in his sneering way saying to Albert, King of the Belgians, " Would it not have been better if you had taken my money and let me go through? You see you have lost everything." Then that hero, Albert, King of the Belgians, in his own quiet, determined way, answered, " Not my soul."

In the days to come when history shall be written, there shall be no greater hero than that Albert of the sacrificing people, Albert, King of the Belgians, who was willing to sacrifice—his honour? No; but he was willing to sacrifice everything else in the world that he might maintain that honour, that he might stop the gap, that he might hold back the torrent, that he might break the programme, that he might give time to Britain's sons from overseas to rally to the standard, and there meet Germany face to face, and there roll back that same volume that had been preparing for thirty years, and there cast into the teeth of that same German autocracy the time-honoured British slogan that Britain's subjects always shall be those who honour truth, who love liberty, and who maintain right against all odds.

BRITAIN AT WAR

An Address by J. M. DENT, Esq., of London, England

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
April 15, 1915

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—It is a great pleasure to speak to my fellow-countrymen in Canada. A very great privilege it has been to me to travel through the United States; but when I cross this border I come home, and here there is no need to be an apologist for England, as I might have had to be were I in some foreign country. I know your hearts beat as warmly as mine for that little Island, for it is the centre of our Empire, and not only the country of the British, and I know I shall meet with your sympathy when I try to give you some little picture of the Homeland at this time.

But indeed this is not very easy. I always envied Antony more than Brutus, for Antony told us that he could speak "straight on," while Brutus was an orator; but I could do without eloquence could I have Antony's gift of speaking "straight on," that is with proper sequence and lucidity. I am afraid, therefore, that you will perhaps find it difficult to listen to me, and I ask your patience.

I will not begin by reviling the Germans, though in my heart of hearts I condemn them, and put upon them and their rulers the responsibility for this terrible calamity. Nor need I go over the old ground, which I am quite sure you business men have followed as closely as I have myself; but I would like to point out one or two cases which have come to my own knowledge, and which may possibly have slipped your notice, which bear striking evidence to the long determination and preparation of Germany for the war in which they have involved the world. One incident I found in reading through the law news in the American courts, where a German ship was brought up for not delivering its cargo. It was sent over before the beginning of the war with specie for England from America, so many millions of gold. It turned back when war was declared and secured its cargo in an American port. For this dereliction of duty it has been condemned, I believe, in a very heavy fine. Why did it turn back? It was a German ship, and the captain confessed that he had had a sealed envelope containing instructions given to him when he went on his first vogage, which he was not to open until he received a wireless message with the word " Siegfried " in it; he was to understand when he received that, that he was to open the package and get the message interpreted. He did so, and he found it to be: " Germany at war with France, Russia, and England; turn back." Gentlemen, that letter was deposited with that ship in 1912, two years before the world ever thought or dreamed of war with Germany.

You know, too, that when the Italian papers were published in 1913, we discovered again that Germany and Austria had both approached Italy with the desire that she should join them in the compulsion of the Balkan States, and especially of Servia, so that the war clearly and distinctly had been planned, not only against France, not only against Russia, but against this country. I give you this evidence as absolutely unbiassed, and I think it will help you to see clearly that we in England can conscientiously say that not only the people, but the government, were entirely ignorant of the machinations of the German government. If we had not been so we should to-day have been criminally responsible if we had not made very different preparation from that which we had done for an event which we expected and which we felt sure would come when the war opened. Nor could we, knowing that, have stood still and not prepared Belgium, as well as ourselves, to save it from the most horrible and devilish cruelty which any nation has ever suffered since Christianity came into the world.

And now if I may talk a little about the inward life of England, I would like to go back to the beginning and tell you how it impressed us. You remember that the first Monday in August is a bank holiday in England; the banks are closed and no business is done, in fact, it is the last great holiday before Christmas, and, therefore, an exodus takes place from all the great towns to the open country. There had appeared on the Friday morning in *The Daily News* an article by the editor, Mr. A. G. Gardiner (impressed as he was by the coming danger that England should be involved in the war which Germany had declared against Russia, and which of course included France), praying the government not to be drawn into the vortex. It was an article full of eloquence, and full of a great patriotism. The author had no special love for Germany; but he wanted to save this great Empire from something that was to leave with us infinite pain and suffering, besides burdens, for many years to come. Another paper also followed in a similar strain. Gloom and fear were upon the country. It was not craven fear; but what man thinks of a great war, and remembers its consequences, who has not fear at such a time? England wanted no war, it was busy with its social questions of great import — it was almost looking forward with dread to some kind of civil trouble with Ireland—and our last thought was of a great European war.

Like the rest of the great public, I went down to the sea for the week-end to meet my family, in great depression and fearing the worst. The people at the sea, too, were under the shadow, and there was nothing like a crowd; nor were the visitors so numerous as on an ordinary bank holiday. Indeed the people were too intent upon getting the news by telegram or newspaper to spend much time upon the beach. On Saturday the suspense was still hanging over us; we could get no news that was satisfactory; we only knew as the hours went by that the country had not yet gone to war. And then Sunday followed, and all round the little seaside town people neither went to church, nor enjoyed the saunter on the beach; but seemed restless and stood about in groups discussing what was to come. It was a terrible day. Remember that we had no preparation for this sudden dread. We went to look at the telegrams, we could get no newspapers, and we watched and wondered what the decision of the government would be. Numbers of anxious women I found looking there, they knew and felt the coming times as we men do not, and they knew the costs. At last on Monday we found a late telegram, saying that war had been declared on behalf of England against Germany, and we *blamed* the government. Then on Tuesday morning we had the report of Sir Edward Grey's speech, and our hearts and our minds were entirely changed, we felt that England had only one way, and that was to keep its word and honour. On Tuesday morning Mr. A. G. Gardiner withdrew his article, and said that, in the light of Grey's speech, England had but one duty, and that was not to escape from the terror; but to do its best for righteousness' sake.

Well, the days passed like that; I never knew anything like the quiet unanimity in my time. I have lived through a good many wars with England, and of course the Boer War, when fully half the country was against it, and if the government that was in at that time had been changed I believe the war would have been stopped. You know there was in the House of Commons a strong disagreement on the government policy as to South Africa—the attempt to govern a colony against its will, and so on, was all against the sense of freedom in England—and in the Boer War there was constant contention between the government and the opposition and the people. But this time, in that great assembly, crowded to its uttermost, there was not a voice raised against the government's policy; not even a Quaker Friend rose up to say " No "—not one. Yes, there was one—one of the madmen, I am sorry to say, we still have in England—Mr. Keir Hardie. It would be a great relief if he and Bernard Shaw would leave their country for their country's good.

Well, gentlemen, I never saw a country whose resolution was so calmly made. There were no fireworks. We understood how big a task it was before we started, and we knew that we could not go into this war without it involving tremendous military preparations and a great increase in our army. There was no Mafeking, there was no shouting, there was no fuss; but I tell you that from every office, from every workshop, from every church I was going to say, there issued men ready to fight who had never thought of fighting in their lives. Quietly and seriously and earnestly they went about it, without any bumptiousness or any pretence of anything but doing their simple duty, and there was no doubt about their duty. I am a pacifist, and all my friends are so; we never dreamed that we should ever again be drawn into a great Continental war, in spite of all the warnings and all the fears we had. But there was not one of us who did not give quietly all we could. In my own office, where there were about sixty people employed, twenty of them—every one who was able to go—went. I am glad to say my two boys went. From the works some forty more went. I know of a man who was a married man with a family, he had a boy old enough to go to war; he disguised himself and got into the army when he was forty-two, representing himself to be thirty-five. But his boy went into the army at close on twenty, so that he must have been born very early in his father's career.

But there was one great question which we had not anticipated, and that was the difficulty of finance. No one, not even the great financiers, seemed to have realised what would happen when three great countries like Russia, France, and Germany were to be engaged in war. It seemed to bring the whole of the financial affairs of the different countries to a standstill. America owed England thousands of millions of dollars, which England wanted in gold, and the same occurred with every nation where they had been in the habit of exchanging their produce one with another, and when it came to war and gold was required instead, they could not at once pay their debts, so that monetary matters were paralysed for the moment. Fortunately we had in Mr. Lloyd George a man who—though he had never been a financier until he became Chancellor of the Exchequer—grasped the situation in the boldest and strongest manner, and with hardly a day's hesitation he stepped into the breach and gave us the Moratorium—gave us paper money quickly—and so relieved the tension and enabled us to tide over the time until things should settle down to something like a normal state again. In a week or two all the difficulties had disappeared, and trade went on in quite a normal way as you know it is now doing.

But think of the strain of this kind of thing. Remember that the best army we could raise was something like 100,000 men, ready and free at any rate to go abroad. It was a voluntary army, a free army, men who had taken up soldiering as a profession because they liked it—what the Germans have called a "mercenary army"; indeed they call all our army a mercenary one. We have laid down all that we care for because of love for our country, and because we know something of honour and something of duty. Men who had never thought of soldiering in their lives immediately began to prepare for the fight. You in Canada and in America evidently thought that we were taking things too quietly, and doing nothing; but it was not our business to put up a notice declaring how many were recruited each week, and so letting the Germans know how we stood. But if you could have taken a car and gone from town to town, you would have seen the men standing at the recruiting stations in long queues waiting for hours to be made soldiers of their country. I remember seeing in London even at the corner of Charing Cross, near St. Martin's church, a long stream of men waiting patiently all day to be made soldiers, and really it was as much as ever you could do to keep the lump down in your throat when you saw it all. How many mothers' sons were going to their death? How many lads had given up their whole career? Remember there was no great showy panoply of war, no shining metal helmet and showy uniforms, no flags or bands, never one of them, not a band, not a coloured uniform. Even the recruiting sergeant put on his khaki, which meant business, and men went to the war because there was nothing else to do. Many an instance could I give you of all this. I remember one young doctor, an intimate friend of mine, who had joined another doctor in practice, hoping to take over the practice when the senior had installed him properly, as he intended to do in a year or two. When the war came he simply threw it all up, giving up all the money he had paid for the practice, and walked quietly into the recruiting station and was made a lieutenant in the R.A.M.C. Another lad—one of the brightest I have known—I hope he is still alive! He was in the thick of the fighting the other day. Nineteen he was, the only son of his father. He had had a wonderful career at school, taken a fine exhibition at Oxford for four years, and was preparing for a scholar's career. Without asking his father he threw it all up and went straight to be recruited. When I asked him why he had been so rash he answered: " I cannot shame the dear old Dad "—his father would have been shamed if he had not gone. Many and many an instance of this kind could I tell you of, you have had them in Canada, and you have done well. The same thing has happened in almost every household; but it is well to be reminded that it is the same thing the whole empire through. Why, I know one man who came all the way from Australia that he might be re-recruited in his old regiment—all the way from Australia to fight for the Old Country, at forty years of age.

But what is the use of piling up these things, you are as familiar with them as I am, and I am glad to say that the spirit grows stronger and stronger day by day in England. You do not see much of it in London, you see it in the quiet country towns where the government has sent the men for exercise and drill. A little quiet place like Bury St. Edmunds, in ordinary times as dead-and-alive a little town as you could find in all the Eastern Counties, is full of soldiers now, the women taking the men in and looking after them keenly and eagerly. In one of our towns were 60,000 soldiers, and now the army which began at 80,000—which was sent over so successfully at the very moment of the outbreak of the war and which no doubt saved the situation—has grown to something like 2,200,000.

Perhaps you would like me to read you a few extracts from a letter I have received from my boy who is now in France, about one of the great battles in which we have lost some two thousand, I mean the battle of Neuve Chapelle:

" The night our company went out a maxim was turned on us and swept back and forward, but without any result. We were too quick. You should have seen how the men all fell where they stood; no getting in clear places, but any old puddle was good enough. The first day we were in the third line; the second day in the second line, and the third in the firing line. Some time during the morning a most infernal bombardment started from our guns. This lasted about an hour and a half, then there was a sudden stop and an attempt was made by our fifth battalion to carry the trench of the Germans before them and sweep on up to the edge of the wood. As soon as they had started advancing we had to follow them. We took up our position in the first line of trenches and had the pleasure of receiving German shells intended for our own artillery. We lay there for some time while troops were brought up, until at length, feeling so cold, and there being no sign of moving for some time, I started to dig myself in. I passed the time very well and got it finished just when we started a second charge on the German entrenchments in the wood. We got only a desultory reply until we finished our fusilade. The shells were something awful, and I still feel them whistling and whirling over my head. It seems hardly credible that anybody could live through such a shower of projectiles. For a whole afternoon it was hell, lying in the little holes we had made and wondering where the next shell would burst. Jack Johnsons, double and triple shells all came over. There were some wonderful escapes. One Jack Johnson blew one man from one trench to another and he was unharmed, while others near me were all knocked over. A piece of shrapnel killed an Indian, passed through one of our men's packs on his back, and killed another Indian on his other side, while he stood unharmed. A Jack Johnson fell within three feet of another man and myself and nobody was hurt. Jack Johnsons have a wide explosion when they fall. I feel the heat of the beastly thing on my face now; when it exploded I was rocked in my cradle of clay. We lay there all day and came out at nine o'clock at night when the relief troops came up to take our places. One day a piece of shell knocked the top off my trench and passed over my head—I had only just stooped down. Another man had a lucky shave; a piece of shell struck his musket and cut a piece of his lip, and a piece of the wood, but he was safe."

Then he tells how he went on with this thing for five days, lips all parched with sulphur from the shot, his eyes half blinded, and then had to walk back some considerable distance and get their first sleep from Monday night up to Saturday. That is just the experience of one battle.

The return was fearful; the roads were filled with debris and ammunition wagons, and so on, and it took them five hours to do five miles.

What more can I say, or what more can I tell you? How can I more assure you that the heart of the country is determined to carry through this great war to its final conclusion? That we shall never lay down the sword until Belgium has become again the flourishing nation it was when Germany destroyed it, and never again shall we allow this terror to come to Europe. As Mr. Winston Churchill has declared, if France failed us, or Russia failed us, it is Britain's task to fight it out to the end.

You know the Germans have a great Hymn of Hate against this land of ours. They can forgive Russia and France; but never can they forget or forgive a country which came in to change all their plans, and which stands in this matter simply for righteousness and honour. That Hymn of Hate has been copied into all the school books, and is sowing the seed of hate for the coming generation; but it has been replied to by an American, and I want you all to know it, and if you can put it to music, to sing it. It is called " A Chant of Love for England ":

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love—
England.

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magic words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not;
Hers is the glory, hers be the glory—
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can stay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—
Deem ye the game of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round'
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, splendour eternal—
England!

But there is another poet whom the Germans have lately claimed as their own, they say that Shakespeare is far more German than he is English. Somehow, though they know him well, they have overlooked a few things he has said which we English people remember, and as Shakespeare spoke for England then he speaks for England to-day when he says:

"This England never did and never shall lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true."

Yes, and that is not only the voice of Shakespeare's England—it is the stern voice of the British Empire, round which the seas for ever roll and upon which the sun never sets.

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS

AN ADDRESS BY THOS. O'HAGAN, LITT.D.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
April 22, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I am very grateful to you, Mr. President, for the kind manner in which you have been pleased to introduce me, and to you, the members of the club, for the cordiality with which you have been pleased to receive my presentation.

Just exactly three years ago, at your invitation, I broke bread at your table and shared in your friendly hospitality. The subject of my address upon that occasion was that great master of fiction, Charles Dickens. It was the Dickens' Centenary Year. I then came to you from the great throbbing and seething city of Chicago. I now come to you after a brief residence at the capital of the American Republic, with its legislative atmosphere whence the current of its political life courses to the most distant and remote outposts of that great nation.

The subject of my address is one which makes appeal to humanity. It is the story of a little kingdom—a small people before whom last July there lay two courses—the one leading to peace, preservation, and dishonour, the other leading to the horrors and devastations of the most unhallowed war that has ever enveloped the world. Brave little Belgium chose the latter—drew its sword in the face of brutal tyranny, and elected to lose everything but honour. The world has applauded its course, and you do well to applaud it also.

Let me say that I do not intend in my address to-day to deal with Belgium and its people either academically or historically. I simply desire to convey to you the impression which this little country and its progressive people made upon me when I first visited it in the summer of 1900, and again while I sojourned at its chief university as a student in 1903.

You have all no doubt noticed the wonderful persistence of race characteristics down the centuries. Strabo, the old Greek historian and geographer, who was born about the middle of the first century B.C., in dealing with the Spain of his time gives us a very accurate chacterisation of the Spaniard of to-day. The Teuton of our day will be found as to character fairly well depicted in the pages of *Germania,* by Tacitus, while Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries throws much light upon the character of the Celt and Belgian of our time.

In his very opening chapter of the *Bellum Gallicum* Cæsar tells us that all Gaul was in his day divided into three parts, inhabited respectively by the Aquitanians, the Celts, and the Belgians; and of the latter he says, "*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ,*" "Of all these the Belgians are the bravest." How true! Is not this a characterisation of the Belgians of to-day.

As I have already stated, my first visit to Belgium was in the summer of 1900. I was very anxious to gain some knowledge of these Belgian people who had done so much in the Middle Ages for industrial and commercial Europe—whose chief cities in those days, Bruges and Louvain, were great centres of industrial activity and commerce through which flowed much of the wealth of Europe.

In a study of the Belgian people you are at a loss first to understand why they are so many-sided in their genius and gifts, but when you realise that here the Celtic character with all its imagination and idealism has blended with the practical, orderly, and progressive spirit of the Teuton, the versatile character of the Belgian is easily understood.

Belgium, as you know, is a limited monarchy. Its constitution stipulates for freedom of conscience, of education, of the press, and the right of meeting. Its legislating body is made up of two chambers—an upper house and a lower house. Seven members constitute its cabinet, each member receiving about $4000 dollars.

There is practically manhood suffrage in Belgium. Every young man of twenty-five years of age has the right to vote, and when he reaches thirty-five, if he is married and pays five francs direct taxation, he is given an additional vote. Two other votes may be added because of official status or diplomas.

Education is now compulsory by law. First come the municipal or elementary schools, then what are known as "Les Ecoles moyens" or middle schools, then the Athénées, which correspond to the Gymnasiums in Germany, the Lycées in France, and the grammar schools in England, and finally the four universities of Liege, Ghent, Brussels, and Louvain. The first two are state institutions, the latter two free.

Belgium stands high in the matter of education, the attendance of students at its universities being the largest in proportion to its population of any country in Europe. After Belgium ranks Norway in this respect.

The population of Belgium is made up of French and Flemish, almost equally divided, the Flemish being a little in excess. Both Flemish and French are taught in the schools, the parent having the right to say in what language his child shall receive instruction.

Seeing that I spent some time in one of Belgium's renowned universities, Louvain, now, alas, in ruins, I feel sure that the members of the Empire Club will be pleased to learn something of the character of this renowned seat of learning—something of the spirit which has marked this the first and greatest of the Catholic universities of Europe.

As you know, Louvain was founded early in the fifteenth century. In the history of mediæval universities Louvain comes after Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Montpelier, Salamanca, and Heidelberg. Early in the sixteenth century when humanism had passed from Italy to Northern Europe, and had found a fostering home at Oxford and Louvain, a warm friendship grew up between that great English humanist Sir Thomas More and the renowned scholar and leader of the humanists of Europe, Erasmus, who at this time occupied a chair in the university of Louvain. In these two great scholars the humanism of England and the humanism of Belgium were united.

Louvain University also resembled Oxford and Cambridge in the number of its colleges. In truth in the eighteenth century Louvain had forty-two colleges, while Oxford had but eighteen. It is worth noting here also that it was not an uncommon thing for some renowned scholar early in the sixteenth century to spend six months of the year lecturing at Oxford, and six months at Louvain.

But I make no doubt that it is with the Louvain as I knew it in 1903 that you are most interested. In the sixteenth century Louvain rivalled Paris as a great seat of learning. It had in those days an enrolled studentship of six thousand, hailing from well nigh every European country, attending its lectures. When I attended its courses in 1903 it had between two and three thousand registered students. Its courses are splendidly organised, and I do not know of a weak department in the university. Of course its philosophical department is most renowned.

Early in the nineties of the last century Pope Leo XIII., desirous of establishing a great school for the study of scholastic philosophy, selected Louvain, and here was established a philosophical institute at the head of which was placed an erudite and saintly young priest, Mgr. Mercier, the present fearless and distinguished Cardinal of Malines. Pope Leo wished to see the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas studied in conjunction or side by side with the modern sciences—physics, cosmology, chemistry, etc.—and Louvain presented every opportunity for the carrying out of this wish. I had the pleasure and privilege of following Mgr. Mercier's course in psychology when at Louvain, and I remember well the fine personality of the man. He was beloved, I was going to say worshipped, by his students. He is the kind of man you make saints, heroes, and martyrs out of.

I may say that Louvain looks much more to England and France for its ideals of scholarship than it does to Germany. It has never as yet been inoculated with German "Kultur." This, by the way, reminds me of the absurd claim put forth by Germany that it possesses a monopoly of the culture of Europe. Culture or a monopoly of it does not belong to any country. Culture belongs to humanity. A nation may die, but what is valuable in its culture remains. The ancient Greek nation is no more, but Greek culture remains, and is as potent to-day in the civilisation and refinement of nations as it was when Leonidas held back the Persian hordes at the Pass of Thermopylæ.

But pray do not mistake my words. I am not making an attack upon the German people. If they were a great people before the war they are a great people to-day. In some things they easily lead Europe. In organisation and municipal government, for instance. But they by no means possess a monopoly of the world's culture.

The university of Louvain, which was the pride of the Catholic world—indeed the pride of all scholars Catholic and non-Catholic—lies to-day in ashes, because of Prussian ideals of warfare. Its greaty university library of 250,000 volumes, rich in mediæval history and literature, with some 400 invaluable manuscripts, is no more. The Prussian torch and brand have done the work.

Is it any wonder that we her *alumni* who walked her classic walks and knelt at her classic shrines, and drank her classic wines, should burn with indignation at this outrage of Prussian soldiery:

LOUVAIN

A shrine where saints and scholars met
And held aloft the torch of truth
Lies smouldering 'neath fair Brabant's skies,
A ruined heap—war's prize in sooth!
The Pilates of Teutonic blood
That fired the brand and flung the bomb
Now wash their hands of evil deed,
While all the world stands ghast and dumb.

Is this your culture, sons of Kant,
And ye who kneel 'round Goethe's throne?
To carry in your knapsacks death?
To feel for man nor ruth nor moan?
What 'vails it now your mighty guns
If God be mightier in the sky?
What vail your cities, walls, and towers
If half your progress be a lie?

The smoking altars, ruined arch
Of ancient church and Gothic fane
Have felt the death stings of your shells
And speak in pity thro' Louvain.

Wheel back your guns, your howitzers melt,
Forget your World Power's cursed plan,
And sign in peace and not in blood
Dread Sinai's pact 'twixt God and Man!

By the way, I cannot fully agree with the opinion expressed some time ago by the distinguished lecturer Mr. Cowper Powyes, that if Schopenhauer, Heine, Goethe, and Nietzsche were living to-day they would not be ranged with Germany in this war. Schopenhauer was a very prince of German pessimistic philosophers, and pessimism makes for barbarism, which is the very keynote of the German strife waged to-day. Heine, of Jewish extraction and German birth, turned his back both on Judea and Germany, but he had no love for England. Goethe, it is true, refused to write war songs when Napoleon was devastating his native country, alleging that he had more interest in humanity than he had in war. As to Nietzsche, he was a moral anarchist, and would have put dynamite any time under Noah's Ark. The havoc of war would have delighted his heart.

We fortunately who have been reared amid English institutions can well distinguish the English ideal of freedom from the German ideal. We know and appreciate the privilege of living in a "land where girt with friend or foe a man may speak the thing he will." With us the doctrine of the divine right of kings is no more, for, in the words of Tennyson, we reverence both our conscience and our king.

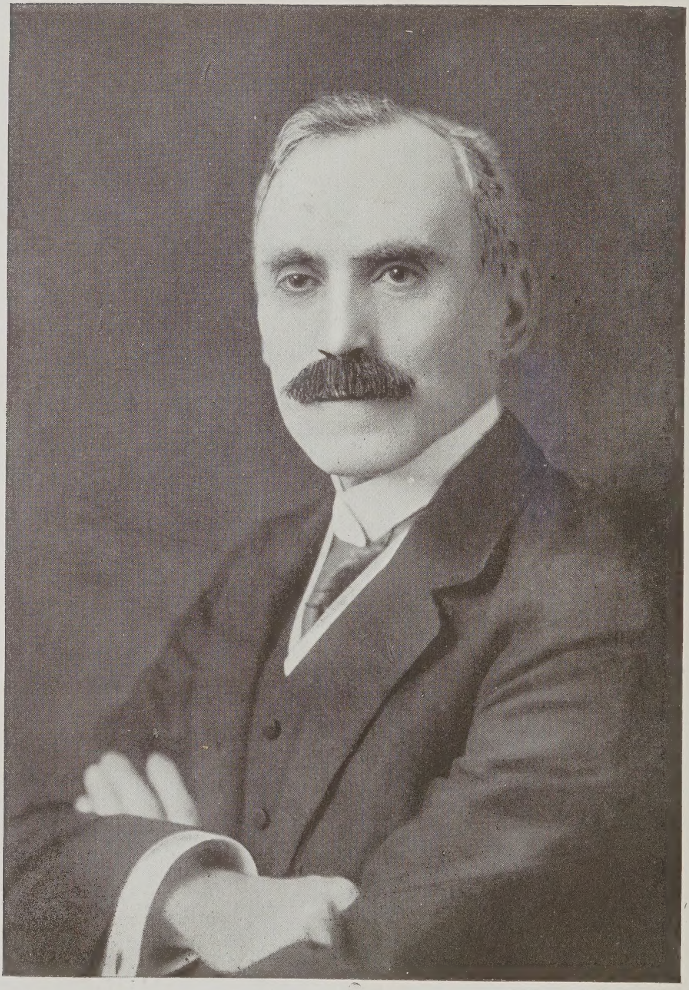
But to return to Belgium, I have forgotten to speak of the greatest figure in that brave little land to-day. I refer to Albert, King of Belgium. You know the history of this bravest and most democratic of sovereigns. When a young man, and little dreaming that he would ever ascend the throne of his uncle, King Leopold II., he made a tour of the world, and spent some time in the United States, and it is said did newspaper work as a reporter on a Minneapolis paper. No need to depict his character here. As an American journalist said to me some time ago, no matter what great generals may accomplish in the field King Albert is sure to emerge from this war with the greatest glory. May I then close this address with this tribute to the brave, noble, and fearless King, who at the head of his people is fighting for the preservation of his Kingdom.

I TAKE OFF MY HAT TO ALBERT

Albert, King of Belgium, is the hero of the hour;
He's the greatest king in Europe, he's a royal arch and tower;
He is bigger in the trenches than the Kaiser on his throne,
And the whole world loves him for the sorrows he has known:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

Defiance was his answer to the Teuton at his gate,
Then he buckled on his armour and pledged his soul to fate;
He stood between his people and the biggest Essen gun,
For he feared not shot nor shrapnel as his little army won:
So I take off my hat to Albert.

King of Belgium, Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders all in one;
Little Kingdom of the Belgæ starr'd with honour in the sun!
You have won a place in history, of your deeds the world will sing,
But the glory of your nation is your dust-stained fearless King:
So I take off my hat to Albert.



[*Champlain Studios*

NEWTON W. ROWELL, Esq., K.C., M.P.,
Leader of the Opposition, Ontario Legislature, Toronto

DEMOCRACY *VERSUS* MILITARISM

AN ADDRESS BY N. W. ROWELL, ESQ., K.C., M.P.

Before the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto,
April 29, 1915

BEFORE the address, the following resolution was proposed by J. M. Clarke, Esq.:

"That the Empire Club of Canada has heard with the highest satisfaction the official report of the gallantry of the Canadians in the field, and, further, that it expresses its deepest sympathy with those who have suffered bereavement in the Empire's cause."

Supporting this resolution, Mr. Clarke said: "We all fully knew that the Canadians at the front would act in the most heroic and skilful way, but I think it is fitting that this should be put on record. The deeds that we refer to will live in history. We refer only to the 'Empire's Cause,' it only being necessary to say in this club that that cause is the cause of honour, liberty, and civilisation."

Captain Perry, in seconding the motion, said: "I can only repeat what General French gave us to understand, that the Canadians saved the situation, and as I have often heard Mr. Justice Riddell say, Canadians have frequently saved the situation, and we are all proud of the boys that saved the situation on this occasion. It is not the last occasion, I am sure, when we shall witness that the Canadians have saved the situation. The boys to go forth yet will do their part; we are all very proud of them. At the same time we are sorry in our hearts for the families that have been bereft by the consequences of that brilliant charge.

The resolution was put and carried by a rising vote.

MR. ROWELL: Mr. President and Gentlemen,—There is one thought uppermost in all our minds to-day, in the minds of all the people of Canada, of all the citizens of our Empire, and that is the great conflict in which we are engaged. It is not simply a conflict of so many thousands or hundreds of thousands of men ranged on either side, but it is also a conflict of ideals, of policies touching the welfare not only of the nations immediately involved, but the welfare of our common humanity—and in the time which is allotted to me I shall endeavour to touch upon what appear to me to be two of the ideals back of this war, so far as those ideals are expressed and exemplified by the German Empire on the one side and the British Empire on the other.

The ideals of militarism are domination and conquest by the power of the sword, and its watchword is, "Might is the supreme right." The ideals of democracy are just the reverse; they are human liberty, free government, and equal justice to all. Its watchword is "Right is greater than might." Those two forces, democracy and militarism, have been contending for the mastery in Germany during the past one hundred years and more. Until 1840 the policy of the government of Prussia was one of repression, and many leaders of the democratic movement in the early part of the last century were banished and outlawed because they proclaimed the doctrines of human liberty, which are commonplaces to us to-day. From 1840 to 1862 the cause of democracy in Germany made very marked progress, and it did look as if free, representative, and responsible government would be established. You all recall the great wave of democracy that swept over Europe in 1848, and which shook all the thrones of Europe to their foundations. At that time the revolution in Prussia and the other German states brought promises of reform, promises of constitutional government, promises of larger liberty to the masses of the people. From that time until 1862 the people did exercise some control over their governments in the different states of Germany. In Prussia in the election of 1862 the Liberal or Progressive forces won an overwhelming electoral victory. They were in the majority in the Prussian parliament by two to one, as a result of that electoral struggle. That was the critical hour in the history of Prussia; as a great historian of Prussia has said, she faced at that time the same issue that Great Britain did in the days of Oliver Cromwell—the issue of whether the parliament or the king should rule. When the then king of Prussia, King William, who afterwards became Emperor of United Germany, thought of conceding to parliament the demands it was making, he called Bismarck to be his Chancellor, Bismarck who had been a leader of the minority combatting the democratic movement, and Bismarck as his chancellor undertook to govern the country on the basis of the absolutism of the monarchy supported by Prussian militarism. He defied the power of parliament, and carried on the government of the country, raised and expended public moneys and increased and strengthened the army, without the sanction of the people. Bismarck, by the policy he then adopted, struck the greatest blow which free and democratic government received in Europe during the past century. The effect was manifest in all the other countries of Europe, and we have not recovered from those effects to this day. Bismarck's biographer describes the effect of his action in the following language: "From that time the confidence of the German people in parliamentary government was broken. Moreover, it was the first time in the history of Europe in which one of these struggles had conclusively ended in the defeat of parliament. The result of it was to be shown in the history of every country in Europe during the next twenty years. It is the most serious blow that the principles of representative government have yet received." If democracy had triumphed in 1862 I believe we would have been saved this world war. From 1862 down to the present date, absolutism, based on Prussian militarism, has been steadily increasing its power and influence, not only in Prussia but throughout the other states that now make up united Germany. To-day Prussian militarism is dominant and resistless within the whole German Empire, and is seeking to make itself dominant and resistless throughout the world.

Since 1862 the policy pursued by the governments of Prussia and Germany in combating the democratic movement has passed through two phases. During the first part of that period Bismarck followed the repressive policy which had been pursued in the early years of the century, and sought to defeat the liberal and radical movement as expressed through the Social Democratic party by repressive measures, by punishing and imposing disabilities on its leaders. More recently that policy has been changed, and Prince Von Bülow in his *Imperial Germany* outlines the course which he believes is preferable to the policy of repression. It is this: To undermine the strength of the Social Democratic movement with the people by an aggressive national policy, to divert attention from social and constitutional reforms by engaging the nation in great national enterprises through a vigorous foreign policy. One can get an excellent idea of the attitude of the German government towards the Social Democratic party, which now largely represents the labouring classes in Germany, by reading Prince Von Bülow's own book *Imperial Germany*. He states the Social Democratic movement is the antithesis of the Prussian state, that Prussia has built up her power as a state of soldiers and officials, and the strength and power of Prussia rests on her soldiers and officials. He also tells us that one of the great problems of the German Empire to-day, one of the two great problems of the Empire, is fighting the Social Democratic movement. The other great problem is the national movement, the expansion of Germany. Von Bülow says it is essential to the life of the monarchy and the state that the Social Democratic movement be defeated. It is so vital to the life of the state that the government must not leave it to the political parties to fight. The state itself must wage the war. Against whom? Against the masses of their own people struggling for liberty and for a larger measure of self-government. The government of Germany has made war on human liberty within her own borders. She is now making war on human liberty beyond her own borders. Prince Von Bülow declares, at the conclusion of his book: "It is not the duty of the government in the present time to concede new rights to parliament, but to rouse the political interest of all classes of the nation by means of a vigorous and determined national policy, great in its aims and energetic in the means it employs. The criticism, to which every policy that is not colourless must give rise, does no harm so long as positive interest is aroused. The worst thing in political life is torpor, a general and a stifling calm."

In pursuance of this policy to undermine the power of the democratic movement by an aggressive national policy and also to give voice and expression to the militarist ideals, the government has sought to educate the German people, through the public press, which is not free as with us, but is subject to the control of the government, and through their schools and universities, which are also under government control, to accept the government's ideals, which are that the monarchy is divinely ordained, that the state is non-moral, that war is a good thing in itself, that in national affairs Might is the Supreme Right, and that world empire is the rightful destiny of the German people. The government has endeavoured to cultivate the feeling in Germany that other nations are jealous of German success, and are arming to make war on the German people; that the democratic governments of Great Britain and France are weak and easily overthrown. Their object has been to raise up a generation which would believe that the strength of the state rested in the monarchy and the military arm, and that its highest expression would be found in the manifestation of its military power.

Such has been their success in this movement that in the year 1907 the government succeeded for the first time in securing the support of the whole Liberal party, both the national Liberals and the ultra-Liberals, for their enlarged military programme, but even in 1907 the Radicals and Social Democrats still opposed the government's military measures, and fought against the government's military policy in the general election which followed. But with that persistence and thoroughness which are so characteristic of the German government this policy of educating the nation has continued with the result that in the year 1913 for the first time in history the government secured the vote in the Reichstag of the Social Democratic representatives for one of the greatest military measures it had ever proposed. It is interesting to note that under the constitution of the Social Democratic party they vote as a unit; the decision of caucus settles how all their members vote.

In an article recently published a very interesting light has been thrown on the circumstances under which the Social Democrats supported the military measures of the government in 1913. In the caucus there was great difference of opinion, and the argument which finally won over the majority to support the government was this: The government proposed that the new taxes necessary to support this enlarged army programme should be raised largely on land. This would impose the burden on the Junker class, which in the past had been the leading supporters of militarism, and they succeeded in convincing the majority of the Social Democrats—so the apologists for the Social Democrats say—that if they permitted this programme to go through, and the landowner class had to bear the burden of the increased taxes for this greatly enlarged military programme, they would gradually become sick of militarism themselves, and it really would be a movement in the interests of anti-militarism and peace. By that method of reasoning, and others, they succeeded in 1913 in getting a practically unanimous vote of the German Reichstag in support of the large military programme which the German government submitted at that time.

This, in brief outline, is the history of the struggle between the two movements and forces in Germany, so that to-day militarism and autocracy are dominant in Germany, and by the teaching of the ideal of world empire and an aggressive foreign policy, they have, in large measure at least, secured support for their policies from even the Social Democrats. To-day Germany is the great representative military autocracy of the world, and the menace that is to the world is shown by Germany's conduct in this war. Christian civilisation itself is at stake.

By way of contrast, what has been the history of the struggle between democracy and military autocracy in Great Britain? From the earliest times our fathers have resisted the right of the Crown to dominate and control the government of the country; they have resisted the right of the military to control the civil power. In the days of Oliver Cromwell our fathers settled once and for all, for the Anglo-Saxon people, the question of the divine right of kings, and of the supremacy of the civil power. So strong is the control which the civil authorities of Great Britain—the people—exercise over the military arm—in contrast to Germany where the military dominates the civil power—that His Majesty, Mr. Asquith, and all his government, could not maintain a standing army of ten men without the consent of parliament. So resolute is the control which parliament retains over this privilege that they never extend the right of the executive to maintain a standing army beyond one year at a time; and in the Act by which the extension is granted, they specify the exact number of soldiers that may be maintained.

The supremacy of the civil power is one of the cardinal principles of government in Great Britain. The people of Great Britain are determined that they never will let go that control, that the military shall be a useful arm to aid the state in hours of national emergency, but the military shall never dominate the state in the management of its affairs. In order that absolutism in government should control an intelligent and progressive people, it is essential that it should be supported by strong military forces. Militarism and absolutism go hand in hand. But in Great Britain, where democracy controls its own affairs, and where we have free representative and responsible government, the military is the servant of the state and not the master.

From the days of Oliver Cromwell, the rights of the democracy in Great Britain have been steadily and increasingly enlarged. The whole history of the development of the British constitution is a history of the ever enlarging power and control of the people over the management of their own affairs. To-day Great Britain stands as the great representative democracy of the world. Now what has been the result upon the two nations themselves? In Germany, Prince Von Bülow again being the witness, the people do not possess the faculty of government; he says, " Of the many great talents possessed by the German people, the talent of government has been denied them "—naturally and inevitably denied them. If you deny to men the right to share in the management of their own affairs, and to develop the faculty of government, you will find the men without that faculty. In that one sentence, Prince Von Bülow passes one of the most severe judgments which can be passed on the autocratic and militarist form of government in Germany. What has been the result in Great Britain? The people, by the practice of self-government, have learned how to govern not only themselves, but a world-wide empire. Throughout the Empire we enjoy free government and representative institutions, and the Imperial Parliament recognised by all nations as the mother of free parliaments the world over, and the greatest bulwark of democracy and free government in the world to-day. Democracy fought and won its battle in Great Britain. It fought and lost in Germany. Militarism and absolutism won the victory in Germany over their own people. They are now seeking to preserve their position in their own country and carry out the ideals for which they stand by endeavouring to impose their will and their ideals upon others by the might of the sword. Back of this world conflict lies the issue for which our fathers fought and for the triumph of which they gave their lives. Our fathers would not accept the tyranny of their own kings. Shall we, their sons, submit to the greater tyranny of alien kings? Militarism and democracy — these two great forces as represented in those two great empires—now face each other in this the supremest conflict democracy has ever faced. Professor Delbrooke, who succeeded Treitschke in the chair of history in the university of Berlin, said as late as 1914: "It will take another Sedan, effected not by us but on us, before the army and its officers will recognise the supremacy of the German parliament." The path of liberty for the German people themselves, the only path of liberty, lies in the overthrow of militarism and absolutism in Germany. On the other hand, the only path of continued freedom for us rests in our pressing this war to a victorious conclusion,—for only thus can we preserve the liberties our fathers won for us.

We all appreciate and greatly appreciate what the government of Canada has already done. We appreciate what the people of Canada individually, and through their patriotic and philanthropic organisations have done. We appreciate what the provinces of Canada have done, but when we congratulate ourselves on what we have done, it is well for us to bear in mind how small relatively is the sacrifice we have made, compared with that made by the people of the Mother Country. According to the best information one can secure, Great Britain has under arms to-day either at the front or in training between two and three millions of men. If we in Canada had the same number in proportion to our population we should have between 350,000 and 500,000. The city of Birmingham alone, which has a population only slightly larger than Toronto, has given to the colours over 60,000 men, more than Canada will have in the fighting line when both our contingents are at the front. And notwithstanding this great army of men, within the past few weeks, the government of Great Britain and the recruiting committee, representing all parties in Great Britain, have commenced a new campaign of public meetings throughout the United Kingdom calling for more recruits. They recognise that such is the struggle before them that up to this time they have not provided all the men necessary for the successful accomplishment of the task. I for one—and I have said it ever since the war opened, and I repeat it again to-day—cannot see why we in Canada, in proportion to our numbers, should not give just as many men as the Mother Country. Are not free government and human liberty as precious to us as to the men of England or Ireland or Scotland? Does not the defeat of the pagan doctrine that might is right mean as much in the life of this new and growing nation as it does to the life of the older nation? I cannot bring myself to the conclusion that we have done our whole duty until we have done at least as much in proportion to our numbers as the people of Great Britain.

It is fitting, Mr. Chairman, that at this Empire Club one should pay a tribute to the valiant men from Canada who have died that the Empire might live. They have died for us, and for each of us and for every lover of human liberty the world over. They are worthy of Canada, all nations join in paying that tribute to their memory. A much more searching question for you and me is this: "Are we worthy of them?" Does their death, which we mourn, and the sympathy which we extend to the ones who are bereft, inspire us with a new and stronger resolve and with a nobler faith and passion that by all the power and strength that in us lie we will take up the task they have laid down, having given their all for its accomplishment, and carry it through to a successful conclusion? I ask you as I ask myself this afternoon, what an inspiration it would be to the men who yet remain in the trenches, what an inspiration it would be to the people of Canada and all the people of the Empire, what a note of courage and confidence it would give to the men who are now leaving us to go to the front, if our government were to cable to Great Britain and say, because of our belief in the cause, and the love we have for the men who have fallen, in addition to all that we have promised or offered, we will send another hundred thousand men into the fighting line to see this thing through. And if, in addition to that, all our political leaders would go through this country and on a common platform tell the Canadian people how vital is the issue to our future well-being, how deep is our concern in the success of this war, and appeal to the common patriotism, the common love of liberty of the young men and the older men who have made Canada what it is, Canada would respond as one man to that stirring and noble appeal. And just as our brave men have mingled their blood on the soil of Belgium that we may maintain our freedom, so men of all classes and races and creeds in this country would unite in one holy and common resolve and say, " To the last man and to the last dollar Canada is in this fight to see it through "; and we would prove ourselves worthy of the men who have died for us in this, the supremest hour in our national history.

A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Mr. Justice Riddell, seconded by Sir John Willison.

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, TORONTO, *May* 6, 1915

PROGRAMME

DINNER at Six o'Clock

PATRIOTIC MUSICAL NUMBERS BY:

Mr. C. M. ROSS
Mr. EDWARD WODSON
Mr. PERCY D. HAM
Mr. J. H. CORNER
Mr. AUGUSTINE ARLIDGE

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS—R. J. STUART, Esq.

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT—Mr. EDW. WODSON

SPEECHES

Hon. Mr. JUSTICE RIDDELL
Dr. J. M. HARPER
Commissioner E. J. BOYD

TOAST TO THE VETERANS AND VETERANS' SONS PRESENT

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

GOD SAVE THE KING

After the loyal toasts, President R. J. Stuart said:—

GENTLEMEN,—I desire to thank you for the honour you did me in electing me President of the Empire Club one year ago.

I was reluctant at the time to accept the office, being conscious of many shortcomings that I fancied might hamper the good work of the Club.

If I have been able, in any degree, to discharge the duties which the honour involved, then I must gratefully acknowledge that my success has been largely due to the loyal support and encouragement of the executive and members of the Club.

During the year that is closing we have passed through experiences unequalled in the memory of any living person.

Our beloved Empire is at war, and at war with a power whose bitter hatred and inhumanity have no parallel in history.

It has been emphasised by many of the speakers to whom we have had the honour of listening at our luncheon meetings, that our enemies recognise no right but "Might." In December of last year the Honourable Arthur Meighen, our Solicitor-General, stated that the question for us was—"Is Might going to spring to the cause of Right?"

We have answered that question, gentlemen.

Within the past two weeks our gallant Canadian soldiers have given the answer, sealed with their blood. By their courage and initiative they have earned the unstinted gratitude and praise of our noble King and the highest military authorities of the Empire. To-day, Canada's sons take their rank, for all time, in history amongst the bravest of our Empire's hero sons.

We have given our sons, and of our material resources, for the cause of Empire and the Empire's ideals. Under that Glorious Flag—the Flag of Freedom—we are out to befriend the weak and helpless—to observe our plighted word, though it be written merely on a "scrap of paper"! And because our cause is RIGHT, and because MIGHT *has* "sprung to the help of right," we are confident of the issue.

The Honourable Charles Doherty, you may remember, spoke of the "lightning flash that broke through the war cloud, revealing how absolutely ONE the whole Empire was at heart." And Mr. Dent—a few weeks back—reminded us of the German boast that there would be no British Colonies when she had finished with us.

We know that Germany was right in this, gentlemen. There are no colonies to-day. Through the blood of her sons our Empire is ONE. From "protected colonies" we have passed to "participating nations."

Your executive has had a busy year.

Immediately after the declaration of war the committee met and passed unanimously the following resolution:—

"Believing that the peace of Europe and of the world has long been menaced by the military oligarchy which rules in Berlin, that the ambitions of the German Kaiser and his warlike advisers have resulted in the creation of the most powerful land army in the world, and of a needlessly large navy, and that these preparations have for years past kept the nations in a state of perpetual anxiety: Remembering that the British Government—in possession of a negligibly small land army and a navy consonant with the insular position of the United Kingdom and the world-wide extent of the Empire—has repeatedly proposed to the German government a mutual scaling down of armaments, and these pacific proposals have been rejected as an indication of weakness on the part of Great Britain: Recognising that the German Kaiser has struck suddenly at his opponents at a time when he thought he descried weakness in their armour, and that it is essential to the welfare of the world and the progress of mankind that a despotic militarism shall not triumph over responsible government and free institutions: Therefore the EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA hereby places on record its unqualified belief in the justice of Britain's cause, and in the necessity for the struggle in which, in alliance with other free peoples, the Mother Country has engaged, to the end that civil liberty and democratic institutions may not yield place to bureaucracy and militarism: The Empire Club of Canada desires to place such services as it can render at the free disposal of the Canadian and Imperial governments, until the present alarming menace against the Empire and against civilisation shall be wholly removed.

Further, as an initial contribution, the Empire Club now advances FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the funds of the Canadian Red Cross Society."

This FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS was paid into the funds of the Red Cross Society, and I believe I am right in saying that ours was the FIRST contribution to the funds of that society to be paid in this Dominion.

It was further decided to hold a patriotic demonstration to augment the contribution. This demonstration took the form of an illustrated lecture on the "Royal Navy," delivered by Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P. At this meeting, held in Massey Hall, upwards of FOUR THOUSAND people assembled. In addition to Mr. Ames' lecture the National Chorus of Canada—under the direction of our imperial musician, Dr. Albert Ham—rendered national and international songs and choruses. Amongst the speakers of the evening were: Hon. W. Hearst, Premier of Ontario, Hon. Rudolph Lemieux, and Ven. Archdeacon Cody.

As a result of this effort we were able to augment our contribution to the funds of the Canadian Red Cross Society by another SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, making a total on ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS subscribed.

The executive has met seventeen times during the past year.

A wreath, accompanying a message of sympathy with the bereaved ones, was sent by the Club to the funeral of victims of the *Empress of Ireland* disaster.

A message of sympathy, also accompanied by a wreath, was sent to Lady Whitney on the decease of Sir James Whitney, one of the Club's late honoured members.

A Christmas greeting to our boys in camp at Salisbury was cabled on Christmas Eve, and a reply was received from General Alderson thanking the Club and reciprocating the message.

A message of sympathy with our Prime Minister, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Borden, in his recent bereavement, was also sent; and an appreciative acknowledgement of it received from Sir Robert.

The speakers at the weekly luncheons have included:

The Premier of Canada (Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden), Hon. Arthur Meighen (Solicitor-General of Canada), Hon. Chas. Doherty (Minister of Justice), Sir Douglas Mawson, Prof. H. M. Tory, Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Rev. Byron Stauffer, Lieut.-Col. Ponton, Mr. S. N. Dancey, Chancellor McCrimmon, Rev. Dr. Herridge, Sir George Foster, Rev. C. H. Shortt, Mr. J. M. Dent, Dr. O'Hagan, Mr. Norman Somerville, Hon. N. W. Rowell, M.P.P.

On the evening of Thursday, March 4th, Mr. Dancey addressed a meeting of our soldiers at Exhibition Camp, under the auspices of the Empire Club. This was a new and special feature of our work, cordially approved by your executive.

Also, on Monday evening, April 11th, Mr. Norman Somerville, M.A., addressed the soldiers at the camp on his " Impressions of Germany and Austria one month after the outbreak of War."

At both of these meetings I had the honour to preside, supported by several members of the executive and of the Club. Mr. J. A. Arlidge kindly contributed patriotic songs at the first of these meetings; and Mr. R. A. Stapells and Mr. Slack rendered a like service at the second.

Each of these meetings was truly appreciated by the large audiences; and it is good to think that perhaps some seed of Imperial thought may have been sown in the minds of those whose work for the Empire takes them to the battle trenches of Europe.

The war, and all that it means and will mean for our Empire, has provided each of the speakers, throughout the past season, material for the presentation of inspiring thought.

This means that our next volume of Empire Club Speeches will have a literary and historical value that cannot be over-estimated. It was the wish of the executive that this volume should be a " Treasury of Imperial Inspiration," and I think I am right when I say that this is just what the 1914-15 book will be.

The Club identified itself actively with the Toronto Patriotic Fund. Time and interest were given without stint, and our Empire Club Team was the means of obtaining many thousands of dollars for that cause.

The Empire Club is a man's Club, gentlemen, but there is not one amongst us who will withhold the gratitude we owe our dear, brave womenkind, for their help in these efforts on behalf of our soldiers and our Empire.

The Hon. Chas. Doherty, you may remember, said: " We cannot speak of what the war means in destruction; of what it means in sorrow that is harder to bear than pain; of what it means in loss of those things beside which loss of life is a trifle.

" The greater heroism of all this belongs to our women.

It is our women who are giving up their loved ones without a thought for themselves."

No words of mine need be added to these. We all humbly and gratefully accept the fact.

We have prepared an "Honour Roll," on which appear the names of those of our members who are on active service. Our late Secretary, Mr. G. B. Hunt, was one of this number. Before leaving with the first contingent for England, he was presented with a small token of our regard, and of our good wishes for his welfare at the front.

I am pleased to be able to report that our relationship with the Royal Colonial Institute, with which this Club is affiliated, is of a cordial nature.

We were fortunate in the selection of our present Secretary, Mr. Wodson. Under the circumstances of our late Secretary's resignation, the books and affairs of the Club were not left in so clear and definite a condition as we could have wished. We realised that it would be difficult to find a Secretary possessing the requisite ability, as well as the time, to undertake the duties.

However, Mr. Wodson has now, I believe, a thorough grasp of his work, and fully appreciates his responsibilities. As we all know, gentlemen, a great deal of the success of any organisation depends upon the work of the secretary. I believe that our's has discharged his duties faithfully and well. His report, duly audited, will show you in detail our general standing; receipts from all sources; expenditures, and balance in hand.

The annual volume of speeches for 1912-13, 1913-14 (two years' speeches in one book) is now ready for distribution, and may be had by any member present on showing his membership card for the current year.

I wish to tender our thanks to the Press of Toronto for the generous reports they have given us of our meetings.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I would like to say: I have been asked sometimes, "What is the use of the Empire Club, anyway?" And a member in conversation a short time back said that the "work of the Empire Club was finished, now that the war has proved the solidarity of the Empire."

In answer to these suggestions, gentlemen, I urge that the work of the Empire Club of Canada is—in a special sense—just beginning. Imperial ideals, and questions of Empire significance will demand closer attention in the near future than ever they did at any period of our Empire's history.

Looking backward I suggest that our existence has been more than justified. Generations yet unborn will cherish the names and memories of those far-seeing patriots, who, feeling that a Club with "CANADA AND A UNITED EMPIRE" for its watchword was good for the encouragement of an Imperial ideal, founded the Empire Club of Canada.

I say that if, as a Club, we never met again, the work accomplished in the years gone by has been well worth while, and has wrought a sentiment that will endure for all time.

I bespeak for my successor the same cordial support that you have accorded me through the year that closes to-night. If I may suggest, I would like to think that some means can be found whereby the executive and the members of the Club can be brought into closer intercourse in the future, and I take the liberty, as your retiring President, to remind members accepting office for the coming year, that the success of the Club rests entirely upon the heartiness or otherwise with which they discharge the duties they voluntarily accept.

Once again, I thank you, members of the executive and members of the Club, for your loyal support during my term of office.

Time will never erase the happy memories I have of the harmony and good-fellowship that have characterised all our meetings, and my gratitude for the many kindnesses I have received at your hands is very real indeed.

As I pass on the office of President which you entrusted to me, I breathe once more Admiral Lord Nelson's prayer, so fitting just now to rise from the hearts of all true Britons: "May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory. Amen, Amen, Amen."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR

An Address by Hon. W. R. RIDDELL, LL.D.

At the Annual Meeting of the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, May 6, 1915

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—In human affairs none, save perhaps the most simple, springs from a single cause. To determine the real causes of such an extraordinary complex occurrence as the present war may well seem almost if not quite impossible. Many facts are still unknown, others are beclouded by misleading concomitants, no few cannot appear in their true significance from national prejudice and predilection. Nowhere else as in war can be found all the *idola* in such full vigour—the *idola tribus*, idols of the tribe, fallacies common to humanity in general; the *idola specus*, idols of the cave, misapprehensions due to the peculiar bodily or mental constitution of the individual; the *idola fori*, idols of the market-place, errors due to influence of mere words or phrases; the *idola theatri*, errors due to imperfect presentation—all are abroad, and it requires the utmost clearness of thought and intellectual honesty to escape, even in part, from their harmful control.

I distinctly and emphatically disclaim ability to free my mind wholly from noxious gas fallacy. I cannot pretend to be quite impartial; but I shall endeavour to state my views as well as I can, uninfluenced by anything but the truth as best I can discover the truth.

We commonly say that the war between Germany and Britain was caused by the invasion of Belgium. That this infamous assault upon an innocent, honourable, and unoffending nation precipitated the conflict is most true. That it consolidated public opinion as nothing else but an attack upon Britain herself could have done is also true. Without it we have the best authority for saying the cabinet would have been hopelessly divided on the question of war. Without it, had Britain declared war when she did, she would have gone into the war with some of her strongest statesmen determinedly opposed, and public opinion in a most dangerous state of indecision and helplessness. As it was, the cabinet was almost one. Only the aged Morley, Burns, who had in great measure outlived his usefulness, and another of even less importance, resigned, and of these it is understood that at least one, and probably two, would gladly have gone back.

Public opinion was practically unanimous, due in no slight degree to the sturdy patriotism of the opposition leaders. A few like Keir Hardie, who is never so happy as when girding at British ideals, and stirring up strife if not sedition; the labour fire-brand Larkin, who endeavoured to win back some of the favour with which he had once been considered, but which he had lost through the stern discountenance of labour's true leaders; Sir Roger Casement and his like, open traitors and Germanophiles—these stood apart and threw sand into the machinery which they could not control. The great heart of the nation was one, and continues to be one—these are negligible.

But the war was in any case inevitable—human nature, British nature, and Prussian nature being what they are. Nay, more, unless human nature British or Prussian should undergo such a metamorphosis as is unthinkable, circumstances were certain to occur which would consolidate the nation as thoroughly as is at present the case—and far more thoroughly than it was in the time of the war in South Africa.

This war, and much as it is, with Britain unanimous and determined as she is, was inevitable in the very nature of things, and did not depend upon an incident here and there, a detail trivial and avoidable. *Rivulos consectari, fontes rerum non videre.*

The real and efficient cause of the war, the actual *fons et origo belli*, is to be found in the ideals of the Prussian governing class, and the irreconcilable conflict between these and the modern spirit.

Much has been said—not too much—of Treitschke and Bernhardi. Treitschke, however, can be credited or debited only with making the Prussian ideal known and popular in the rest of Germany; Bernhardi with pitilessly applying Prussian principles to the existing world and the near future. The ideal was there, living, active, growing, energising, long before these, and had they never existed would have found other agencies.

In essence the predominant conception of the Prussian is and always has been that it is God's will and plan that one man shall rule, that he shall be but little lower than the Almighty himself, and shall be the Vicegerent on earth in temporal matters of the Almighty, and shall be chosen by Him alone.

To the Prussian, the proposition that kings should owe their power to the people is wholly repugnant. The predecessor of the present King of Prussia refused to become Emperor of Germany by the will of the people, he preferred to be King of Prussia by the grace of God rather than Emperor of Germany by the grace of the people. *Vox populi* was not *vox Dei* in his conception. Any such sovereignty as is gloried in by our own King, " broad, based upon the people's will," is wholly repugnant to those who hold the doctrine of right divine to govern wrong.

This view of the power of the King was a favourite of the Tudors and the Stewarts, but the tragedy of Whitehall and the Revolution of 1688 made for it an eternal quietus in our system. Its recrudescence under the third Guelph and later was possible only in remote colonies across the seas, and there the cannon and rifle in one part of the Empire and in the motherland persistent constitutional agitation, and a sense of decent fair play and ordinary justice, put an end to it despite the efforts of the Bourbon element on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Prussian King, the German Emperor, is an anachronism, a survival of a former evil condition of the body politic.

In that system it follows of necessity that the state is everything, the subject but a subject fit for nothing but to support the state, and whose wants, desires, all must be in subjection to the assumed needs of the state—the state is an end in itself, the individual exists but for the state. Let no one imagine that this is a pose, an affectation. The Kaiser most honestly believes in his heaven-sent mission, he has no qualms of doubt as to the constant attendance of the Divine, whom he looks upon almost as an ally. His people are equally convinced—that is, that part of them who have any share in administering the affairs of the nation.

In an American periodical has recently appeared an article by the American wife of a German noble. She tells of the sermons of the pastor of their church not being wholly satisfactory to the commander of the troops in that district; they were not patriotic enough; and the colonel went to see him. Before this the Kaiser was represented as the main agent in the hands of God, but thereafter it was hard to distinguish the Kaiser from God Himself.

But all this was honest and thoroughly heartfelt. It has always been the case that the assumption of vice-regency for God on the earth or in any part of it, however small, leads to arrogance. This imparts its like into those in contact with it; the insufferable arrogance of the Prussian is proverbial.

Ex necessitate, the state can make no mistake: what it wants for its complete development it ought to take. No other party, state, or individual has any right which Germany is bound to respect; any opposing force should be, and must be, crushed. There is no such thing as morality to be observed in relation to other nations. Germany produces a surplus of babies every year; she must have a place to put her surplus population, and if the unoccupied land be in the possession of other nations, so much the worse for other nations.

Germany is desirous of being a great manufacturing people: if she is met in the markets of the world by the competition of Britain, so much the worse for Britain. If Britain is invulnerable except with a great fleet, a great fleet Germany will have.

If Belgium, whose neutrality has been guaranteed, affords the easiest and speediest routes by which Germany can smite those she desires to conquer, Belgium should give way and leave the way open. No thought is given to the position of Belgium if France should repulse the invader and herself require to follow him over the Low Country.

If the United States by selling arms furnishes the enemies of Germany with means to fight her, she is lengthening the war; regardless of the certainty that if Germany is to be beaten this will shorten the war.

Germany pleads for neutralisation of the narrow waters, ignoring the fact that the only narrow waters which require neutralisation are those of her ally, Turkey. She wants freedom of the sea, which has always been free to her till she wanted to dominate it.

With principles like these it was absolutely certain that Germany would at some time, no matter how or where war started, be guilty of acts as infamous as the invasion of Belgium, and thereby consolidate British public opinion, and make it practically unanimous as it is now.

It was therefore, to my mind, providential that she showed her hand so soon.

Britain is our motherland, and we are apt to look upon her with a partial eye; but no one will say that she is not a sincere and convinced lover of human freedom. She is therefore and equally a lover of democracy. She recognises that man is man and not merely a cog in the wheel of state, that the state exists for the individual, and fulfils its functions best when the happiness of the individual is best secured; the greatest good of the greatest number is her end and aim.

Having no undue illusion as to the source of power, the state is but a means to an end; it is bound by the same rules as the individual. The pledged word must be kept. Magna Charta was but a scrap of paper, so was the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, and no Briton despises the scrap of paper. The epithet " Perfidious Albion " was invented by or for an emperor who aimed at the mastery of the world: long a cant phrase in France, France has learned its falsity. Never again will that Albion be called perfidious, which stood by harassed and threatened France at Agadir, which stood by France bewildered and well-nigh destroyed at the Marne.

The eternal laws of God are binding on the nations; the laws of morality do not lose their validity at the border.

Two nations with such antagonistic principles may live in peace, but only if each keeps itself within its own sphere. Germany could never allow Britain to preach her anarchistic and blasphemous doctrines in Germany's land, and when

Germany set about it to attain world-power, Britain must say nay; and if Germany attempts it by arms, by arms must Britain withstand her.

This is no war for a strip of territory, for the safety of a dynasty; this is a war of ideals: autocracy and democracy, divine right and the people's voice, the forced remaining content in that sphere of life to which it has pleased the authorities to call him and the free development of the individual along the lines his nature and tastes dictate.

Our keen-eyed neighbours to the south early recognised the significance of the conflict. With the exception of those of German descent, for whom all allowances should be made, a few professional Irishmen whose occupation is just about gone, a few wrong-headed such as are to be found in any community, that free and independent people are with us. The American poet voices the sentiments of that people:

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

"Oh, England, in the smoking trenches dying
For all the world,
We hold our breath, and watch your bright flag flying,
While ours is furled;

We who are neutral (yet each lip with fervour
The word abjures):
Oh, England, never name us the timeserver!
Our hearts are yours;

We that so glory in your high decision,
So trust your goal—
All Europe in our blood, but yours our vision,
Our speech, our soul!"

Contemporary opinion is said to indicate the decision of history. Not only the people of the United States, but those of all free countries are on our side. We need not fear the verdict.

In the broad realm of Britain, wherever the Union Jack flies, under its folds a British folk, there is only one voice: We are one. Writers like him whose play has been largely attended recently in our city may have thought to make their account by slighting references to our stand; but the assurance of even a Shaw had to lower its brazen front before the seriousness of a free people in deadly earnest.

And our own men. Our hearts swell with pride when we think of their valour. I may be allowed to copy a few words of mine written in view of the glorious struggle of that splendid day in April:

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*—Sweet and fitting it is to die for the fatherland. Never were these words more splendidly justified, never more heroically exemplified than in the terrible conflict by the Yser, which has made the name of Canada illustrious throughout the world.

"We knew our men were brave. As they went out from us we knew that, as in another war, no commanding officer would be forced to begin his despatch with 'I regret to report.' But perhaps few appreciated the utter depth of gallantry, unquenchable valour, grand self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice which was in them all. They had an opportunity which comes to few, and seldom, to exhibit their all of bravery, skill, endurance; and magnificently did they seize it. The oaken-hearted warriors of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the heroes of Creçy and Poictiers, of Bannockburn and Stirling, of Ramilies and Malplaquet, of the Peninsula and Waterloo, of Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay, of Ladysmith and Paardeberg, acclaim them as very brethren. When shall their glory fade? Every soldiery in the world may make it their boast: 'We fought like Canadians.'

"To those who are left behind, the great heart of the nation—aye of the Empire—goes out in sympathy; the anguished widow and weeping orphans must be our care. What Canada can do to make less felt the loss of those who gave their lives for her—and oh! how little that is—must be Canada's first thought.

"To these glory is as naught, but as time goes by they too will say, 'My husband, my father, died as a man should, thinking only of duty and giving himself for his people.' They will join with us in honouring the dead. Wet-eyed widow, broken old mother, will at length recognise, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

Our boast has ever been *Civis Britannicus sum,* now we add with even greater pride, *et Canadensis.*

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

AN ADDRESS BY DR. J. M. HARPER

At the Annual Meeting of the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, May 6, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Since I came in touch with the details of the programme for the evening, I have had to reconsider the scope of my subject, which is set down as " The Gospel of Peace and the Economies of War."

My purpose, therefore, is to take up the time allotted to me with only the first part of my topic, leaving the consideration of the latter part of it for a more convenient season, in order that the speakers to come after me may have an opportunity of expressing themselves on the topics they have chosen to speak on. I am very much pleased to be with you again, even though I cannot be given the time to say all I have to say to you, on one of the most momentous questions of the day. The present meeting puts me in mind of another delightful time I had about a fortnight ago among my brother Canadians down in New York City, where I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Canadian Society. It is not necessary to say that the members of the said society were all glad to meet one of their own Canadian kind, just as I was glad to see them, hailing as they did from all parts of our fair Dominion from Cape Breton to Vancouver. Nor could I keep from saying to myself: Can it be possible that such a society may be of the character of " the little leaven that is eventually to leaven the whole lump " of fraternal continentalism? And a like idea I have in my mind, as I stand before you this evening. I do not as yet know you all personally, as you have been called upon to know me by previous announcement; but I hope that before the evening is over, we will all know one another in common, as we call to mind that our Empire Club may safely be taken as a little bit of leaven that is to leaven the whole lump of our broad

Canadianism with the notion of a British Empire one and indivisible for all of us.

In the world at large in all of our national systems, there is an over-civilisation and an under-civilisation; and it sometimes seems stranger than fiction how the latter every now and again tries to teach the former a little bit of a lesson in ethics. Such a phenomenon is to be seen in the lesson which Russia and France has lately been giving to the British Empire and the American Republic as well, in the suppression of the manufacture and sale of certain intoxicating beverages, in order to remove a stumbling-block in the way of their ethical advancement. And I have no doubt you are all aware by this time, that, in a more humble way, the Chinese residents of some of our Canadian cities have done away with the celestial pig-tail. Perhaps that olden-time prejudice has disappeared from the streets of Toronto. And though we may laugh at the suppression of such a national prejudice as a very minor matter, it brings us in presence of the fact that the suppression of any kind of a prejudice, great or small, cannot be indulged in without being found fault with. Even the Chinaman has not been able to escape being blamed for dispensing with his pig-tail by our Anglo-Saxon civilisation. At least, the other evening, when I told a lady at a social gathering that the Chinamen of Quebec had lately cut off their pig-tails, she said to me, "Oh, I am so sorry." And when I asked her why she regretted the disappearance of such a conventional prejudice, she made the remark: "Well, you know, the Chinaman's long and carefully plaited queue was so picturesque and nationally romantic." And surely the remark proves to you and to me how hard it is for any civilisation—an over-one or an under-one—to get rid of such a momentous prejudice as the one which claims that, when the logic in an international prejudice fails, there is nothing for it but to have a recourse to the shedding of blood on the battlefield, no matter what Madame Grundy has to say for or against it, as a means to an end.

And I beg of you not to classify me as a mere mollycoddle because I venture to talk to you of peace, after my friend, the preceding speaker, has so eloquently been referring to the patriotism of the battlefield. When I wrote my last book, entitled the *Annals of the War,* I devoted a full chapter to " The Peace Coming After," the whole volume being issued as commemorative of the peace that has just entered upon its second century of duration; and possibly on this account, as well as from some things I may say to you to-night, you may be inclined, at first thought, to classify me and all others who are theorising about peace in presence of the terrible war now raging in Europe, as so many molly-coddles. But let me tell you that, while the war of 1812-14 was still raging, just as the European War is at present raging—even while Generals Jackson and Pakenham had each other by the throat down at New Orleans—away over yonder in Europe in the little city of Ghent, there were half-a-dozen Sir Edward Greys sitting around a table in one of the chambers of its City Hall, planning and wondering and deliberating how a peace might be formulated and brought about satisfactory to the two nations who were gnashing their teeth at each other, however long their wrath might continue afterwards. And it is a pleading in behalf of such a premeditation on the part of our statesmanship, that I am here to-night to enunciate.

I have said in the hearing of others often enough that the war that is on in Europe at the present moment has to be fought out to a finish with the Hohenzollerns of Germany. The militant marauders of Germany have to be dealt with as were the pirates and ruthless iconoclasts of old. To-night, however, I cannot refrain from emphasising the lesson which our own hundred years' peace has placed in evidence, and bring it home to our hearts even at the unhinging moment when they are being racked and rent by the echoes of disaster from our own boys at the front. We of the other cities of Canada have a high opinion of the over-civilisation to be met with in Toronto; and, whenever there is a movement on foot to develop a right kind of Empire notion, we look to Toronto to help it out. Some of you are sure to say, why not wait until the present war is over and done with? But that was not the case previous to the inauguration of the hundred years' peace. Besides quite a number of our prominent publicists have been considering this most momentous question, with the hope throbbing their statesmanship that there is moral energy enough in the civilisation of the twentieth century to bring about a right kind of consensus as to the kind of international peace to be maintained in the future, other than by a challenging rivalry in the amplifying of armaments, and more and more by the cultivating of forbearance in the adjusting of claims between disagreeing nations, as has been the case, in one instance at least near Canada's own door, from the signing of one treaty to another between Britain and the United States, within the last hundred years or so. And so, with you, the men of Toronto, I leave the enunciation and elaboration of the proposition, to be worked out, if you will, along the lines of thought advanced by many of our most astute statesmen, whom you can hardly, by the severest strain on your imagination, set aside as so many molly-coddles.

When I look around this audience I wonder how many of you have ever been in hell. Oh, no, you need not look at me like that! I do not mean to indulge in profanity near or remote. I make no reference to the theoretical orthodox abode of the wicked in the hereafter, which, through the grace of the logic of the late Archdeacon Farrar, so many of us expect to escape. What I mean is, have any of you ever passed through the phases of that complaint which our physicians call nervous prostration, in which the poor victim goes groping around in the cloudland of his despair to find some sort of a justification for the shedding of his own blood; or otherwise in that state of mental aberration in which some half-mad creature who gnashes his teeth and clenches his fists with the passion on him of shedding the blood of some one else, merely because the argument has gone against him. If the Chinaman and the Russian have been found willing to clip off some of their secondary ethical prejudices such as the wearing of pig-tails and the drinking of vodka, surely it is time for our twentieth-century civilisation to set aside the adage, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," as a worn-out principle of conduct to be followed up as a final step to be taken in the settling of our international disputes, if not as a stupid bit of realism in the idealism of hate, as well as an economic folly. Our universally accepted moral code contains the eternally fixed precept, "Thou shalt not kill"; and when one finds that decree developed in its fuller meaning in the Sermon on the Mount, we cannot but accept it—with no molly-coddlism in our acceptance—as an established realism in the idealism of "peace on earth and good-will." Listen! "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." And what is that judgment? What but the judgment delivered against us by our environment, call it a policeman, or public opinion, or our advancing civilisation, or by any other name you may think of as a promoter or upholder of the public peace. In the war of 1812 there was a shedding of blood being indulged in while the terms of the Treaty of Ghent were being formulated. Had the terms of that treaty been in evidence sooner, would the two nations at loggerheads have refrained from the shedding of blood on the battlefield sooner than they did? That involves a theorising we do not care to indulge in for the moment. But what we know for a certainty is that since that treaty was ratified there have been sundry battles royal between the two nations involved, in which the shedding of blood was omitted. Was there not such a battle royal, whenever a treaty was being formulated in behalf of these same two nations during the hundred years' peace that has, let us hope, entered upon a lease of another hundred years of its prolongation. And it is in face of this fact that I take up the plea for some arrangement that may be made to come after the present war is done with—some ethical understanding in our contentions, so necessary for the world's progress—so that all our national and international battles royal may be made to stop short of the shedding of blood. And has not Shakespeare taken us within one of the holy recesses of his dramatic output to give us a pretty broad hint as to how this may be brought about. Has he not told us that

"The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from hēaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown."

There is no need for me to give the passage in full no more than it is necessary for me to preach a whole sermon to you on the universally accepted precept, " Do unto others as you would wish others to do unto you." You have your Bibles and your Shakespeares at home, and may take more time than there is at my disposal to-night, to deal with the question in the closets of your own hearts, of this " attribute to God himself," which should adorn the over-civilisation of the world that is to be. And if you would have a test of the molly-coddlism that may be found in the above, here it is in concrete form, with bravery as a complement to cruelty of spirit. Here it is on this scrap of paper which I have accidentally picked up on my way to Toronto, with no comment of mine to interrupt your final judgment on the matter. It has a heading in large type of " The Headquarters of the British Army, Northern France," and is published as a true story of the battlefield:

" A surgeon found a British soldier lying dying after an unsuccessful German charge. He had a bullet-hole in his head, but refused to be made comfortable. ' For God's sake, doctor, give me one more shot at them: please don't fuss with me until I have had one more chance,' was what he urged. The bullet had completely blinded the poor fellow, and he insisted on being given the range and the direction. When these were given him, he asked the doctor to fix the sight and hold him up. And then he fired and fell back, and in a few minutes was dead."

And there in that heart-thrilling episode of battlefield ethics, one may see for himself, with aid from no one, whether such a trait in our advancing civilisation is right or wrong. I leave the question for you to decide all by yourselves, until I have a chance of addressing you again, on what has been called " The Economies of War," after the war has run its course and Germany has been brought to her senses, with no end of human blood shed to bring it about under the auspices of militancy.

Have you read Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's last book on this world's war. If I had been given the time, I would have been glad to quote one or two of its paragraphs in your hearing. His conclusion that President Wilson has been but marking time since war broke out, with no thought of mobilisation, is otherwise embodied in an anecdote that is going the rounds of late concerning two youthful Scotsmen who had taken their seats in a street car the other day. As they sat conversing with each other, a handsome-looking Scottish maiden entered the car and passed up to a seat in the front. The one Scotsman said to the other: "Eh, man, isna she a braw lassie?" "Of course she is," said the other, "and full weel I ken her." "And why do ye no gang furrit and sit doon beside her?" "Jist ye wait awee: I'll dae that in good time. Ye see she hasna paid her fare yet."

And so it seems to Colonel Roosevelt, and to some of the rest of us too, that President Wilson has been standing apart until Germany or somebody else has been made to pay her fare. We all have an opinion as to what that fare is going to be in the case of Germany. That country is more than likely on the way to being bottled up, with the Hohenzollern dynasty for a stopper in its bottle, and it is not far to seek as to what is going to happen if the ethical gases within the bottle do not drive the said stopper out into the sea of oblivion. If this latter does not happen the bottle itself is sure to be broken up into pieces from the forces within, until there comes into its civilisation a regeneration of present-day German *kultur*.

Perhaps I ought not to say it, but Colonel Roosevelt seems to be anxious to encourage some kind of a repetition of German militancy in his country. With his coat-tails flapping behind him in the wind of the last presidential election, the valiant colonel seems to think that President Wilson and his ministry have been guilty of falling asleep in the matter of mobilisation of the militant type, for the upholding of the prestige of the United States. He does not believe that statesmanship can conduct a war that stops short of the shedding of blood. Whereas we all know that a rightly-balanced statesmanship can conduct a war that does stop short of the shedding of blood. Statesmanship has actually succeeded in maintaining a peace for fully a hundred years, however near there came to be a shedding of blood in its demand for an international peace and good-will between Britain and the United States.

And the problem stands facing our civilisation this very moment, with the blood of thousands upon thousands of our bravest lads staining the battlefields of Europe; the problem whether it is possible for us to think of statesmanship ever being able to keep the nations from going to war, at least to the obviating of the outrage and folly of drenching some battlefield or other with the best blood in the veins of this nation or that one. In spite of the seemingly inborn germs of ancient and modern Teutonic barbarity, is it ever going to be possible for the nations to settle their disputes otherwise than by the breaking of the universal eternal precept of the decalogue, "Thou shalt not kill." Can statesmanship restrain the nations from indulging in bloodshed in their strivings to win in the race of international ascendency? Is the quality of mercy, the attribute to God himself, able to stand up against such a strain?

The other night in New York I attended the most impressive so-called moving-picture show I have ever seen. It was called "The Birth of a Nation." The pictures and the music played upon the emotion of the vast audience in a marvellous way—patriotically emotional for the American citizens present—but, Oh! how overcoming to every one, when the climax was reached in the murder of Abraham Lincoln in his box in the theatre. The whole thing was an epic of bloodshed from beginning to near the end, when at last the welcome was given by an immense throng to the new nation finally consolidated. And amid that rejoicing throng there came, as if by a miracle of light, the uplift figure of Jesus of Nazareth into view, as if it were an announcement to all of us that the new nation had made up its mind to perpetuate itself by giving heed to that first principle of Christian ethics, peace and good-will. Is it likely that society will ever be brought to decree, even theoretically, against the utter folly of destroying thousands upon thousands of lives as a means to an end of some nation or other getting its own way as it reaches out towards national aggrandisement. If war be but peace demanding its own, there must surely be methods of its getting its own other than by a breach of common sense or by an outburst of economic insanity. A prejudice is a prejudice; and if the Chinaman has been able to bring himself to make short metre of his pig-tail, and the Russian has been able to stay his appetite in the matter of a national beverage, surely our over-civilisation can bring it about to have its disputings and rivalries, so necessary for progress, settled and co-ordinated otherwise than by a process of blood-letting. A fool who hits you in the face, when he has no argument to advance against yours, soon has the policeman on his tracks, with the execration of the whole community against him. In fact he soon has no neighbours. His environment at once passes him on to " the judgment." And can it not be made to come to pass that the nations can be made to grant peace its own without indulging in bloodshed. What more efficient international policeman could the world have than this same bringing of a nation-culprit up before the " judgment," and passing the sentence of non-intercourse upon it? An effort has been made to organise our over-civilisation, and our under-civilisations too, in this direction, as in the case of the Hague Council. And sneer as we may at the failure of its decrees to obviate war in face of Germany's rampage, the influence of its advocacies has brought to our twentieth-century civilisation the high hope that some kind of a Supreme Court of Adjudication may eventually be organised, with the enforcement of its findings backed up by this same non-intercourse acting as policeman or deterrent in the way of an appeal to arms. The last time I addressed the Empire Club I tried to make out that the most powerful ethical force in the world for the time being is the commercial spirit, with a forecast as to what the world might become when once the fashion came to be established of having our millionaires developed into mediums for the beneficent distribution of the wealth of the world and the advancing of a patriotic and benevolent consensus in any growing nation. And at this moment it is not necessary for me to say in your hearing what that baton of non-intercourse could be made to do in the hands of our millionaires and the commercial spirit, to provide some other means for bringing peace to its own than the folly of shedding our best blood on the battlefield.

There are, as we all know, two phases of warfare: (1) Peace demanding its own by fair and civilised methods, and

(2) Peace demanding its own by a process of blood-letting and battlefield disaster. And, leading up to the latter folly, there are three stages: (1) A breach of etiquette on the part of some nation or other; (2) A breach of conduct; and (3) An unstatesmanly disregard of consequences.

The last time Sir Andrew Frazer, the philanthropist, visited Canada, I happened to hear him in your own city tell a story illustrative of these same three stages of the quarrel that too often culminates in a final blow. Two little girls were kneeling down one night at their bedside saying their prayers, when their mischief of a brother came along with a peacock's feather in his hand and proceeded to tickle the exposed soles of their feet with it. In Johnnie's act there was a breach of etiquette. This was followed by a breach of conduct on the part of the eldest of the sisters as she was heard say parenthetically in her prayer, "Please God, excuse me for a minute till I catch Johnnie and give him a good cuffing for his naughtiness." And soon after the disregard of consequences was to be seen in the pommelling the two sisters gave their mischievous brother. And so I leave with you in all seriousness, with your laughter to help you out with it, three of the phases of the greatest of all problems of the day in presence of the heart-breaking phases of the most horrible war the world has ever seen. The breach of etiquette came either from the royal family of Austria or from the Serbian assassin of the Grand Duke. The breach of conduct came from the insult to the Belgian neutrality; and last of all, there is the disregard of consequences in the attitude of the misguided Kaiser as he stands before the world with his arms nonchalantly akimbo and tells us that the war he was the direct means of inaugurating is a case of "*Me and God.*" And what a momentous question, say I, is there in these three phases to take up, when our civilisation comes to ponder what is to be its status when once the war is over. And I hope there will be no misunderstanding of my pleading even by those who would turn their backs on any of the precepts fulfilled or filled out by the Sermon on the Mount, or would classify Shakespeare as he enunciates the principles of peace and good-will and the quality of mercy and forbearance as qualities of God himself, as something belonging to the realm of molly-coddlism. As I have said more than once, the time has not arrived for any direct pleading for peace on the part of Great Britain and her allies. But the time is ever with us to consider the question why the warring that involves the shedding of the blood of men should not be eliminated as an ethical prejudice so illogically upheld in our way of doing things. And, with the veil lifted by the poetic art to show us how war comes to be, the bringing into play a substitute in the processes of statesmanship to secure for peace its own may surely be taken up by any one and every one for discussion without their being classified as so many molly-coddles.

"God's laws are final, storm, or calm, avowed
From day to day in love and not in wrath:
God's ire, you say, is in the thunderstorm,
While others claim—beating about the bush
For praise or gain, or playing short of light—
That war is offspring of the giddy's pride,
Accoutred cock-a-crow; whereas war comes
From envy, source of every other vice,
And fed to a surfeit, on the husks of gain,
To men and nations, victims one and all.
Ay, put your finger on that throbbing spot,
And there you'll find the elemental source of war:
Envy for envy plying the storm to come,
Until at last the battlefield is reached!
Envy, alas, on the village peaceful street,
Envy for envy in the trading mart:
Envy for envy in the palace hall:
Envy among our prophets, priests, and kings.
What checking is there for the pesky thing?
Ah, would you have it by the neck, say I,
Keep nipping it in times of peace, or have it die
In its swaddling clothes on the storm-tossed battlefield
With its cradle-coverings torn to tawdry rags.
There stands the problem, solve it as you may—
Its gospel yours, not mine, to preach to you!
War comes from envy, breeding hate for hate:
So, what have you of both within your soul?
Nay, do not laugh, since any fool can laugh
An answer back, with envy riding aye cock-horse!
Have you the germ that makes for war in you?
Then beg I of you not to let it spread
By feeding it upon the husks of gain;
But, soul uplift, blight out its subtleties—
Giving it nip-for-nag from day to day,
Until escape be yours from giving aid,
Whate'er it be, to involve the world in war!"

THE WORK OF THE JUVENILE COURT

AN ADDRESS BY COMMISSIONER E. J. BOYD

At the Annual Meeting of the Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, May 6, 1915

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I suppose I am really entitled to speak to the Empire Club because, to some extent, I am a recruiting officer. The work of the Juvenile Court is, practically, to make men who will be fitted for anything that may lie in front of them in life, and to make men out of material that is not always the easiest to work with. The Court was established some three years ago in the city of Toronto; it was given temporary and unsuitable quarters, which it still retains; and it was given a staff of a clerk, a chief probation officer, and four assistants. Two of these are women, two of them are men. The cases that came before the Juvenile Court in the first year of its existence amounted to about 2600, the second year about 4100, and last year about 2900. The statute which brought the Court into existence says that these children are to be treated as requiring nursing rather than castigation and imprisonment; and it authorises the Court to treat them in one of four ways, either to return them to their homes after they have been before the Court, to make them wards of the Court, putting them on probation, or sending them to an industrial school.

The children that come before the Court are boys and girls up to sixteen years of age. A juvenile delinquent is defined to be a boy or girl up to sixteen years of age who has committed some breach of the law; whether it be Dominion, provincial, or municipal law, for which breach he or she may be fined or imprisoned. On account of the numerical weakness of the staff, I may almost say that the probation system does not exist. The only probation work which is done, or which can be done, under the present existing equipment of the Court, is to bring the unfortunates once a week into the court and give them a little talk. Saturday is probation day, and the average number attending on probation, between the hours of nine and one, has been about 150 children. There are two officials only able to receive them. Consequently the two officials have to do the rejuvenating work for 150 children within the period stated. I presume all of you have been Sunday school teachers to some extent, and you know that it is generally stated that one hour a week is hardly sufficient to lead into the way of righteousness the children that attend our Sunday schools. You can therefore realise how much two men, sitting and receiving calls from 150 boys—the girls have no chance—how much they can do with these 150 boys in that short time on Saturdays. In consequence of that, I felt that it was absolutely necessary to devise some other scheme to get some probation work done; and, very much against the wishes of the chief probation officer, who thought that the work should be held entirely in the Court, I have been endeavouring to use outside agencies. Last year I sent out 232 boys to outside agencies on probation, using the Boys' Dominion and its different provinces, the Y.M.C.A., and the ministers of the parishes where the boys came from. I found of the 232 that were sent out in that way only 25 repeated. I am not going to give the figures of repeats among those who attend in the Court; I do not wish to give them because they are not so encouraging; although I must say that the very greatest effort possible is made with boys who come to the Court on probation. You will, I think, appreciate that where there are a large number coming every Saturday in this way, with two people only to receive them, that the influence of the few minutes' talk with each boy may be somewhat counteracted by the gang influence that is outside the door while the different members are awaiting their turn to go through the short interview which is available for them.

The only other method of dealing with the children is to send them to an industrial school, and I find (I regret to say I do not think it is as widely known as it should be) that our industrial schools, magnificent as they are in conception, and splendid as are the efforts of the officers in charge of them, are working with an impossible task. In Victoria Industrial School at Mimico, which is always filled to its capacity, there are about 300 boys. There are various estimates of the number of boys there who are capable of being improved. The question of the feeble-minded child is one of the great menaces, one of the great factors, which is making it impossible to rejuvenate the children of this province through the industrial school. One of the high medical authorities in this province on this special subject, told me, after hearing me mention that there were 25 per cent. of the boys there who come within the meaning of the term feeble-minded, that I was entirely wrong, that there were at least 40 per cent. and probably 50. That does not mean, by any means, that that large percentage are what we would in the ordinary sense call feeble-minded. The feeble-minded are graded the same as sane people, and they run all the way down from the child who is only a year or a year and a half or two years behind its normal standard of intelligence, to the child who is eight or ten years behind. The moment the child is five years behind its standard, they say there is very little chance of its coming back. And there are in that institution, and also in the Alexandra School for girls, a very high proportion of this class of child. If any of you have ever attended any of the annual meetings of either of these institutions, you could not help being struck with the class of face that you see there, and it would not take you long to realise what an effect it is having on the children themselves. Some two months ago I attended a meeting called in the Zionist building on Beverly Street to organise the Big Brother Movement among the Jews, and I heard a young man get up there, who stated that he had been a teacher at the Victoria Industrial School at Mimico, and he described the moral tone among the boys as being very low. He said, " Men, you have no idea of what goes on in that institution among the boys. The talk, the language, and the tales that pass from mouth to mouth there are a disgrace to humanity, and the feeble-minded child is made use of by the quicker-witted boy who has no moral sense, and the result is very bad indeed—and yet there are splendid men on the staff of that school who are doing their best under existing circumstances. I fully believe that no one could do much better than is being done at the Alexandra School for girls, under existing conditions, than the present head, Miss Brooking. She is a marvel among girls, but she has been given an impossible task; and it does seem to me that the citizens of this city and the inhabitants of this province should rise in their vigour and compel the proper authorities to take out of these institutions these unfortunate feeble-minded children. There have been endeavours made before the council of this municipality, and before the local government, to get this question solved. Last year the government passed an Act called the Auxiliary Classes Act, authorising the Board of Education to create an institution for the care of the feeble-minded of a certain standard, the child who was of the mental age of not less than eight years. The Board of Education put in their estimates for this year the sum of $200,000 for the purpose of securing property and erecting buildings to start the work; and the Municipal Council threw out that item, claiming that the stress under which we are now living is such that they could not now undertake it. No member of the Municipal Council, and, I think, very few of the citizens of the city, appreciate the awful menace under which we are living in connection with this question of the feeble-minded.

That is the problem, both among the adult and the juvenile, which raises an awful difficulty in dealing with children. I am sending to the Wednesday clinic every week children to be examined. And the report comes back, This child is so many years backward; it is feeble-minded; it must be kept under strict supervision. The present state of affairs in this city is that every public institution has closed its doors to these children. The Shelter, the Boys' Home, the Girls' Home, every institution in the city says, "We will take no more of them." There is no place at the present moment, there is absolutely no place where you can send these children to be cared for, except the Industrial School; to increase the seething mass that is already there. That is the actual condition of affairs in this city to-day.

A HEARER: What do you suggest?

COMMISSIONER BOYD: A home where these children could be cared for. There are lots of them capable of maintaining themselves under proper supervision in a proper home, by manual labour, when properly trained. It is being done in the United States all the time. Some of them would always have to be kept under supervision; a few of them would have to go into institutions like Orillia; but the vast majority of them would gain so as to be able to earn their own living in whole or in part. To-day they are a total care; they are not only a total care but they are taking the last chance of the same boy who has fallen morally, by herding them all together in a mass; for you can easily appreciate that the boy with ginger—and it is very often the boy with ginger who gets into trouble and is sent to a school—the very boy who ought to be saved is placed right alongside the boy of feeble mind, and he is the feeder for that boy in keeping him wrong. That is the condition in the industrial schools, the last chance for the boy who has had no chance. They should be separated. We should have 500 to 1000 acres at Mimico, with cottages properly graded; then undoubtedly we would have something to work on. To-day you are asking the Juvenile Court to do the impossible; although I do not say that we are not doing a lot of good, too! I could tell you some stories of boys that have responded wonderfully to the treatment of trusting them. I had a little Jew boy fourteen years of age, who had been before me eight or ten times. Let me tell you that the first thing that struck me when I went into the Juvenile Court was the number of cases of thieving, and the apparent lack of moral sense in the children as to the wrong-doing in stealing. Let me tell you something else; it is not only the street boy that comes into the Juvenile Court. I had before me to-day five boys, absolutely decent boys, boys whom you would be astonished to see there. They come up and say calmly, " Yes, I am guilty of thieving," " I stole the bicycle," and say it without a suggestion of hesitation, or any feeling of wrong-doing. It is appalling; it shocked me. I am perhaps getting a little hardened to it now, but it was a shock to find how wide was the absence of moral sense. This little Jew boy had been before me eight or ten times. When he came up the next time his father came and said, " Mr. Boyd, I am through with him, I have done everything I can for him; send him to Mimico, or do anything you like with him." The boy was a soft-spoken little fellow, and I said to him, " Ikey, you hear what your father says? Well, I am not through with you, Ikey. I am going to give you another chance;" and I put my hand in my pocket and took out an old penny, a King George penny, and I said to the boy, " Do you see that? " He said, " Yes, sir." I said, " Do you know what it is? " "No, sir." "Well," I said, "that is a King George penny, it was coined in the time when there were no weights, and you threw your penny on the scales and got a pennyworth of bacon, or whatever it was. You can take that down to the coin dealers and they will give you a dollar for it. I know you have been stealing and staying out at nights, I know you belong to what they call the Swipers' Gang. I want you to give me your promise that you will play no more truant, that you will not stay out at nights, that you will steal no more, while you hold my penny. I am going to give it to you; I am going to trust you to keep it for me, and while you hold that penny you have got to remember that I have got your promise. Can you do it? " He said, " Mr. Boyd, my brothers go through my pockets every night." I said, " I am sorry then, I cannot do it, for I value that penny." " Yes," he said; " yes, Mr. Boyd, I think I can." " Well," I said, " I will take a chance," and I handed him the coin, and I said, " You have been here so often that I am quite sure you want something else beside your promise, although I am going to trust your promise, and I think we ought to see each other pretty often. You sell papers after school, and I want you to come in and sell me a paper every day; if I am not here, leave the paper, and I will know it is all right." The paper was there for four days; the fifth it was not there, and I sent a probation officer after the boy. It was four days after that that he was found. When brought in he was a sight; his hair and clothes were covered with filth. But what caught me was the look in the boy's face when he came in and saw me, and had to look me in the eye. He knew he had broken faith when I had trusted him, and I thought of course my penny was gone. I said to him, "Ikey, I am sorry for this; where is my penny?" And he dived into his pocket and brought out the penny. I should have told you that I had said to him when I gave him the penny, "Remember, I am trusting you, but if you break faith, you go to Mimico, unless something unforeseen occurs." I did not know what to do; he had kept the penny, and I made up my mind if possible in some way to keep my word with him, and yet if possible to avoid sending him to Mimico. It was Friday he came up, and for want of some reason for saying that I would not send him to Mimico this time, I adjourned the hearing till Monday. I was asked on Sunday to go down to the meeting at the Zionist Club in the Jews' quarter, where they were organising the Big Brother Movement. After they heard the President of the Big Brother Movement and myself and another—after we three had spoken—a Jew got up in the back of the room and he commenced to abuse us in every way imaginable. He said, "Look what the Christians have done to the Jews in Russia; look what these people have done to us everywhere. I don't believe there is any necessity for this Big Brother Movement. If it is necessary let the City Council appoint officers and pay for them; we pay our taxes. I think they are grossly exaggerating the evil of our boys." He was all against the institution of the Big Brother Movement to help the boys. I asked the chairman of the meeting to allow me to tell them a story, and I told them the story of this boy Ikey, and I said to them, "There is nothing under heaven standing between that boy and Mimico, unless some of you will undertake to be his big brother, and be responsible for him." That started the Big Brother Movement among the Jews, and they have to-day one of the best organisations, and they are looking after their people now just as well as any church or any other body in the city. That boy was taken into partnership by a big brother, a Jewish commercial traveller, and he is now in the newspaper business; the commercial traveller having put up a dollar capital, and the boy reporting once a week, and he is in part supporting a broken home, and is in a fair way of becoming a decent citizen. He certainly was on the ragged edge. I cannot guarantee yet where he will land, but he is a fine boy at the present time.

I could tell you dozens of stories like that. You can get these fellows when you put them on their honour and trust them; and even the feeble-minded are amenable to a certain extent. But we are badly handicapped in this matter of the feeble-minded, and in the want of a fuller staff and proper equipment for the Court.

A vote of thanks to the speakers of the evening was tendered on the motion of ex-President J. F. M. Stewart, B.A.

The special toast of "The Veterans of 1866, and the Canadian Contingents of To-day," both of which were represented by invited guests, was entrusted to Mr. F. B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C. The splendid continuity of the old British spirit, passing from sire to son, was emphasised; and a graceful tribute to the wives of the Veterans and to the mothers of the young men of to-day was paid by Mr. Fetherstonhaugh by the recital of his poem, "The Vigil." Replies were made by Capt. J. B. Perry, who recalled the incidents connected with his distinguished comrades at the Veterans' table; and by Col. Geo. Denison, jun., who eloquently vindicated the soldier's duty, and, like Captain Scott in the Antarctic, committed their families to a grateful country's care.

The election showed that the newly-chosen president was Albert Ham, Esq., Mus.Doc., F.R.C.O., whom the retiring president felicitously introduced.

Dr. Ham said: "It would not be kind on my part to keep you any longer. We have had a most delightful evening, and have heard some most delightful speakers. I can only say that I appreciate the very high honour that you have conferred on me in electing me to the presidency of this Empire Club. I shall use my best endeavours to carry on the work that has been carried on for some time. The question has been asked, 'Are we justified in going on with the Empire Club? Have we not finished? Has the Empire Club outrun its usefulness?' Gentlemen, after the speeches of this evening I feel there can be only one answer to that, and that is that we are only just beginning. When we look into the future, when we think of the ideals we stand for, as we have heard to-night from Mr. Justice Riddell, the thought comes to us that we ought to remain in existence, at any rate until this terrible war is over. We have to see that pledges of national honour are not broken with impunity. We stand for national honour in this Club, and, gentlemen, peace-loving people as we are, we cannot allow these war-lords of Germany and their Kaiser to try to crush this Empire of ours that has always stood for the right. Their moral sense is so warped that in the cause of humanity alone it is our duty to do all we can to crush that militarism and that dreadful spirit that now exists in Germany, for the sake of Germany itself. But we ought not to stop now; we must go on because if we stop too soon our children's children will have to fight this over again. I must apologise for even touching on the fringe of this subject, but it is so tempting. Our ideals are so high; and, I am sure, every heart in the Empire Club beats in sympathy with my own in saying that we will do our level best to uphold the dignity and honour of the British Empire. Gentlemen, we have a very serious task facing us in the future when all this is over. When peace comes we have a very grave responsibility; and we, as members of this Empire Club, ought to make up our minds to assist those who are in power, to devise some means whereby we shall preserve this unity of Empire. It bristles with no end of difficulties, but if the Empire Clubs throughout the world make up their minds to solve those difficulties, I think the British Empire will be greater and greater and greater. Let me thank you very much, and again reassure you that I will do my best to further the interests of this Empire Club."

The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

LIST OF MEMBERS

OF THE

EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

1914-15

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Mason, Col. James
Scott, Hon. Walter
McBride, Hon. Richard
Borden, Rt. Hon. Sir R. L.
Blachford, R. Thos.
Clouse, Dr. Elias
Fetherstonhaugh, F. B.
Heywood, Jas.
Hanna, Hon. W. J.
Pellatt, Sir H. M.
Wood, E. R.
Hughes, Major-Gen. Hon. Sam
Crowther, W. C.

Abbott, F. E.
Addison, Dr. W. L. T.
Aikens, Dr. W. H.
Abbott, Arthur
Armstrong, J. J.
Anderson, Geo.
Ahrens, Carl
Allen, Thos.
Anderson, C. W.
Aird, John A.
Adams, A. Andrew
Alexander, J. F.
Atkinson, J. E.
Alley, J. A.
Alley, H. R.
Arnoldi, Frank
Arlidge, Augustine

Beardmore, A. O.
Boeckh, E. C.
Bredin, Mark
Bruce, Col. Jno.
Boulter, Geo. E.
Brooks, Wm.
Bull, Dr. Emerson
Bruce, Dr. Herbert
Beatty, H. A., M.R.C.S. (Eng.)
Beatty, S. G.
Bishop of Toronto
Brophy, H.
Bucke, W. A., B.Sc.
Burns, Stephen W.
Boswell, J. E.
Boyle, Rev. Dr. T. S.
Brett, Prof. G. S.
Bourlier, H. C.
Black, S. W.
Barr, W. J.
Baldwin, L. H.
Baker, Prof. Alfd.
Blain, Hugh
Begg, H.
Beatty, Capt. Jas.
Blachford, F. A.
Barber, R. A.
Balfour, D. A.
Baker, Geo. A.
Boynton, J. R.
Black, R. G.
Bowers, A. S.
Blackwell, W.
Brown, Col. Walt. J.
Beer, G. Frank
Brigden, Geo.

Beaumont, R. B.
Bristol, Edmund
Boyd, Commissioner E. J.
Boyd, J. Tower
Beatty, E. P.
Black, Dr. W. A.
Birmingham, A. H.
Button, Hy.
Barrett, A. T.

Campbell, Geo. C.
Chadwick, E. M.
Cody, Archdeacon
Crane, Sam.
Clarke, J. B.
Cleal, J. P.
Craig, Hon. Justice
Campbell, A. G.
Campbell, W. M.
Christie, R. J.
Croft, Wm.
Craig, Wm.
Cockshutt, W. F.
Clemens, M. C.
Clendennan, Dr.
Croft, A. W.
Cross, W. H.
Curry, J.
Cox, H. C.
Case, Allan
Campbell, Geo. H.
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